Michael Moorcock's Hawkmoon

Castle Brass

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Copyright Information

INTRODUCTION

You hold in your hands a book of many things. This is a book detailing Castle Brass, home to the most famed mercenary in the whole of Europa, Count Brass. It is also a guide to the walled town of Aigues Mortes, which Count Brass is sworn to protect. So too is this a book that tells you of the Kamarg, that vast marshland wherein dwell the horned horses and giant flamingos – and the dreaded, slithering baragoon, along with many other remnants of a Bulgar sorcerer's vile experiments. This book tells of Arles, that famed city now a shadow of its former glory.

It also tells a story.

Within these covers you will learn of the fiendish plots of the Avig Brotherhood, a nefarious group who would see the old ways of the Kamarg's former Guardian restored and sorcery returned to the peaceful water lands of the region. They would see Count Brass deposed, his daughter, the fair Yisselda, enslaved and Brass's closest friend and confidant, Bowgentle, paraded through the streets of Aigues Mortes in humiliation.

Yes, this book is many things, as are the Kamarg and its protectors. Noble knights, cunning mercenaries, beautiful damsels and wise counsellors. The Kamarg is wild country, ancient country, forgotten country. As the dark shadow of Granbretan gathers in the north, casting itself incubus-like across the heartlands of the nation once called France, the Kamarg stands alone, an island of peace amidst a marsh with its own traditions and cultures and its own stories to tell.

I, Bowgentle, bid you welcome, weary traveller. Rest here for a while and I will tell you of this place, it's history and it's present. You will have questions, no doubt and I shall do my best to answer them as fully as I can. If I fall silent from time to time, it is because there are some things I cannot discuss or choose not to. I am not being discourteous or impolite.

So, shall we begin?

About this Book

A sourcebook for *Hawkmoon the Roleplaying Game*, this book does precisely what Bowgentle promises. Use it as a guide to Castle Brass, the Kamarg and the Kamarg's inhabitants. Use it as a basis for adventure and intrigue amongst the narrow, ancient streets of Aigues Mortes and Arles and use it as a developing campaign that tells of the deeds of the Avig Brotherhood and their plans to rid the Kamarg of Count Brass.

The book is arranged into the following chapters.

Chapter One - The Kamarg
In which we learn of the Kamarg and its history

Chapter Two - Aigues Mortes
In which we discover more about the town of Aigues Mortes and its people

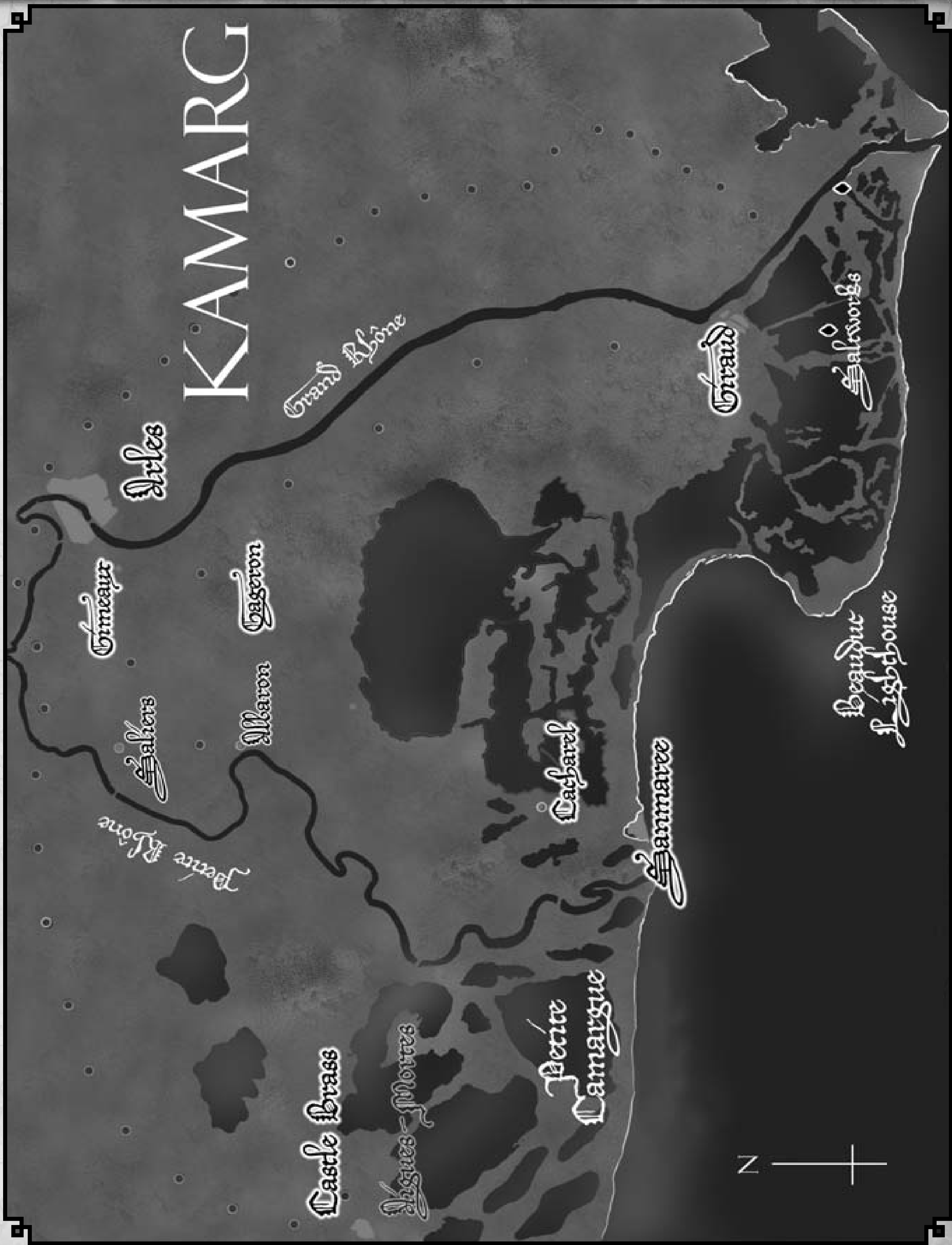
Chapter Three - Castle Brass
In which Castle Brass is described, and we learn something of its illustrious past

Chapter Four - Tarnished Brass
In which we learn of the Avig Brotherhood and a conspiracy to depose Count Brass. This chapter is displayed as a participative entertainment; a scenario of cruel plots and the opportunity for great deeds in the Kamarg's service.

A variety of maps and charts of the Kamarg region completes the offering.

What More Could You Need?

Only the *Hawkmoon* rulebook, some companions and your own strength of will, with which to protect the Kamarg from the predations of vile intent.


KAMARG
Arles
Grand Rhône
Grand
Saltworks
Beauduc Lighthouse
Gimeaux
Saliers
Petite Rhône
Cacharel
Petite Camargue
Aigues-Mortes
Castle Brass
N

The Kamarg

'That ancient land of marshes and lagoons lay close to the coast of the Mediterranean. It had once been part of the nation called France, but France was now two dozen dukedoms with as many grandiose names. The Kamarg, with its wide, faded skies of orange, yellow, red, and purple, its relics of the dim past, its barely changing customs and rituals, had appealed to the old Count and he had set himself the task of making his adopted land secure.'

– The Jewel in the Skull

Occupying the Rhone delta and bordering the Middle Sea, the Kamarg is an 800 square kilometre expanse of low marshland, swamp, reed-beds and wild grasslands that is threaded with secretive causeways and peppered with many small islands that are home to the region's varied wildlife. Few live here; the Kamarg is ancient, untameable country with many treacherous areas concealed within its eerie, romantic beauty. A few hardy crofters occupy some of the larger patches of stable ground but the majority of the Kamarg's people live in the towns of Arles and Aigues Mortes, preferring to keep the watery wilderness at arm's-length.

Travel through the Kamarg is slow and dangerous, if one does not know the causeways and paths of stable land. The flat, almost featureless countryside makes it easy to become lost or to lose one's bearings and one false footfall can send the unwary headlong into the marshes, quicksand or other natural hazards that are swift to catch, hold and drown. As if these natural hazards did not make the Kamarg treacherous enough, the land is home to natural and unnatural predators alike: the Marsh Bears; the Reed Serpents and most notorious of them all, the slithering, gibbering Baragoon.

Before Count Brass became the Kamarg's Lord Protector, the region was used by the sorcerer Bogomil as a breeding ground for his foul experiments and the wetlands hold all kind of half-hidden remnants of his studies. Things that crawl and ooze; things that swim and snake; things that lurk just beneath the surface of the water and wait for easy prey to blunder by.

The Kamarg is no place for the unprepared.

Travelling the Kamarg

Safely navigating the Kamarg requires a successful Lore (Kamarg) test for every hour of travel. If the test is unsuccessful, the traveller becomes lost for two hours and makes no progress in his journey. To regain his way he needs to make a further Lore (Kamarg) roll at –40%. A Navigation roll can be substituted for Lore (Kamarg) but all tests using Navigation are at half the skill's value, not including modifiers for getting lost.

Even the most experienced traveller of the Kamarg can fall foul of its natural hazards. For every two hours of travel, check the following table to see if a hazard is encountered. If the traveller is lost or has deliberately strayed from one of the safe causeways, add 5 to the result of the die roll.

1D20	Hazard
1–9	No hazards encountered.
10–12	Lose footing and fall.
13–14	Treacherous ground. Lose footing and fall suffering 1D4 damage to a random location.
15	Hallucinations.
16	Waylayer.
17	Quicksand.
18	Reed Serpent.
19	Marsh Bear.
20+	Baragoon.

Lose footing and fall

The character is drenched from head to foot as he tumbles into one of the streams or small lagoons. Gain one level of Fatigue from the cold and extra weight of sodden clothes and equipment.

Treacherous ground

As above but also lose footing and fall suffering 1D4 damage to a random Hit Location.

Hallucinations

The haunting quality of the Kamarg plays tricks on the tired mind. The character sees something in the distance that is either falsely comforting, such as a non-existent

inn or a Kamarg Guardian waiting to act as a guide; or sees or hears something disturbing, such as the shadowy figure of a baragoon slipping into the nearby reeds, waiting to pounce. A Persistence test is allowed to see through the illusion.

Waylayers

Waylayers are groups of thieves and bandits who, upon hearing of someone setting out in to the Kamarg, use personal knowledge and secret pathways to get ahead of the traveller and then attempt to rob and murder him, consigning the body to the quicksand. Waylayers often pretend to be Guardians or claim to be as lost as the travellers in order to gain the characters' confidence first, before striking.

Characteristics: STR 13 CON 12 DEX 13 SIZ 12 INT 10 POW 12 CHA 12
Skills: Athletics 55%, Dodge 45%, Lore (Kamarg) 80%, Perception 55%, Persistence 55%, Resilience 55%

Armour & Hit Points

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1–3	Right Leg	2/5
4–6	Left Leg	2/5
7–9	Abdomen	2/6
10–12	Chest	2/7
13–15	Right Arm	2/4
16–18	Left Arm	2/4
19–-20	Head	2/5

Leather Hauberk, Trews, Cap: –14% Skill Penalty

Weapons

Type	*Weapon Skill*	*Damage*	*AP/HP*
Club	55%	1D6	3/10
Broadsword	60%	1D8+1	4/14

Special Rules: *Combat Actions:* 3, *Strike Rank:* +12, *Damage Modifier:* 0, *Movement:* 4m

Quick sand

A patch of firm-looking ground turns out to be quicksand 1D6+1 metres deep. It requires a successful Resilience test to avoid struggling and being sucked 0.5 metres deeper into the quicksand pool. If the Resilience roll is successful, the character can make an Athletics test to relax and allow their body to float in the quicksand and resist being sucked down further. If three such Athletics tests are passed in a row, then the character breaks free and climbs out.

If the Resilience test fails, the next Resilience test is at –10% as the power of the quicksand takes hold and sucks the character down. If three Resilience tests are failed, the character is sucked beneath the surface and starts to take Suffocation damage as outlined on page 96 of the *Hawkmoon* rules.

Reed Serpent

A nest of Reed Serpents is disturbed provoking at attack. See the Reed Serpent description on page 14 for the creatures' statistics.

Marsh Bear

The travellers' scent is picked-up by a Marsh Bear, which starts to stalk the potential prey through the marshlands, taking up to 1D3 hours before deciding to make its attack. Characters are allowed to make a Perception test, opposed by the Marsh Bear's Stealth, to see if they realise they are being stalked. Whilst being stalked, any navigational tests to stay on course suffer a –20% penalty, in addition to any other modifiers. When the bear decides to attack, its statistics can be found on page 14.

Baragoon

As above but the stalker is a Baragoon. See the statistics on page 12.

The Guardians

'The guardian, like all his fellows, was equipped with a flame-lance of baroque design, a sword four feet long, a tamed riding flamingo tethered to one side of the battlements, and a heliograph device to signal information to the other towers.'

– The Jewel in the Skull

The Guardians of Kamarg are an ancient tradition. Men and women appointed by the citizens to protect the region from all harm, to preserve the sanctity of the Kamarg's wetlands and to ensure and maintain its peace. The head of this special order of warriors is the Lord Guardian, which is currently the much loved Count Brass.

Brass has held the position of Lord Guardian for almost 10 years. Before that, the Lord Guardian was the reviled sorcerer of the Bulgar, Bogomil. Bogomil did little protecting. He filled the ranks of the Guardians with his ruthless cronies and sell-swords, men with little interest in preserving the Kamarg from harm and used



his position to pursue his sorcerous experiments, which resulted in all manner of horrors being introduced into the Kamarg's wetlands. Rather than guarding the Kamarg, he ensured its vulnerability. Bogomil invited the wealthy, the sadistic and the vainglorious to come to the region to hunt the monsters he had created, turning the peaceful wetlands into a deadly playground. The Guardians he had appointed ensured that the hunting parties were free from interference by the rightful citizens of the region and frequently joined in the hunts themselves. When not pursuing, for sport, the natural wildlife of the wetlands, the Guardians swaggered through Aigues Mortes, Arles, Cacharel and the other small towns, carousing and trouble-making. Those who stood up to their bullying ways were either dealt with violently or snatched from the streets and taken deep into the Kamarg interior to be hunted – either by the hunting parties, themselves or the slithering baragoon. Under Bogomil's guardianship, the Kamarg became a place of fear and hatred, with the so-called Guardians abusing their position at every turn.

This all changed when Count Brass came to the area, searching for a home for himself, his nine-year old daughter and his trusted band of warriors. Believing he would find a place of peace and tranquillity, Brass was horrified to see what Bogomil had done to the area and the terror etched into the faces of the good folk of the Kamarg. His stomach was turned by the sight of the Guardians raping both the local women and the land itself – the criminalisation of an old and noble warrior order. He was appalled by the kind of men paying to use the Kamarg as a hunting ground; the kind of men Brass had spent long years battling throughout his many campaigns in Europe.

Count Brass decided things would change.

He summoned his trusted cadre of warriors, led by von Villach and went to war against Bogomil, the corrupt Guardians and the hunting parties. Brass sought-out the men who had been upstanding Guardians before Bogomil arrived and retrained and rearmed them. In Aigues Mortes he captured several captains of Bogomil's Guardians and beat them soundly; then he put them on trial for their crimes. The worst were put to death. The rest expelled. Steadily, methodically he broke the stranglehold of the corrupt Guardians over the region replacing them with the men he had found and retrained.

Enraged, Bogomil summoned the hunters to come and hunt Count Brass and his followers. He created more baragoon and summoned viler creatures from unspeakable places to protect the castle where he had made his home and to infest the wetlands and decimate the natural wildlife. Count Brass was unimpressed. As a man who had studied sorcery himself and aided by Bowgentle's wise counsel, Brass was able to counter whatever charms and runes Bogomil decided to level against him.

When the hunters came to punish Count Brass, led by the Marquis of Pesht, Brass met them with equal force, fighting them across the wetlands and finally defeating them at the battle of Mejanes where the hunters paid for their villainy with their lives. Finally, Brass and von Villach marched on Bogomil's castle, accompanied by the assembled mass of the good people of Aigues Mortes and demanded the sorcerer's immediate surrender. Afraid, perhaps for the first time in his life, Bogomil fled using sorcerous means but not before turning loose the contents of his laboratories. Those Guardians who had remained loyal to the spirit of the Kamarg hunted Bogomil through

the marshlands – as he had hunted so many – and when they finally caught him skulking in the ruins of an ancient church, snivelling and terrified, they tore him apart with such savagery that little remained.

The Kamarg was freed, at last, from eight years of Bogomil's tyranny. Count Brass was offered the position of Lord Guardian by the grateful people of the region and he accepted. Bogomil's castle became Castle Brass and Brass set about undoing the Bulgar sorcerer's harm. A new order of Guardians was established, using the local people who knew and loved the Kamarg, trained by his own warriors. Brass then set about the task of clearing the wetlands of the baragoon and other foul things unleashed by Bogomil during his tenure. Count Brass returned the Kamarg to those who loved it and understood it. He brought peace back to the region and to ensure that peace would never again be broken, he set about installing the ring of defensive towers that now protect the Kamarg from insurgency.

The Guardians of the Kamarg are thus men who are loyal to Count Brass and the ways of the region. They are chosen for their dedication and understanding of the Kamarg and every warrior is pledged to ensure that it remains free and unmolested. Every Guardian is trained in the secret roads and causeways through the marshes, schooled in how to preserve the natural residents of the wetlands and reed beds and dedicated to protecting, not abusing, all who live within the Kamarg's borders.

Every Guardian is equipped with a broadsword, a flamelance, a bow and is trained in the riding of the giant flamingos so they might act as aerial scouts for the region. Every Guardian takes a tour of duty in the towers, using heliographs to communicate regularly with their fellows, alerting the entire defensive ring of anyone approaching the Kamarg's borders. In this way is the Kamarg defended. In this way has it known peace for a decade and the Guardians are once again the noble order created before the devastation of the Tragic Millennium.

The Guardians are recognisable by their plumed helmets with curving cheek-guards, their gleaming bronze breastplates, engraved with the symbol of the horned horse and their sky-blue cloaks, trimmed with deep scarlet. When active in the Kamarg, patrolling or keeping watch in the towers, they travel with cloaks of heavy leather to protect them from the Kamarg's unpredictable weather and the fierce mistral, which comes in the winter and lasts through to the spring. They are excellent warriors, trained by Brass and von Villach and are capable in the use of the sword, the flamelance, the hunting bow and the operation of the tower weaponry, even though there has been no cause to make use of it.

When not serving in the wildlands, the Guardians act as a police force in the towns and villages of the region, usually in their home settlement but sometimes further afield if needs dictate. However, as the Kamarg is now a peaceful place, it is rare for them to resort to force, save when dealing with the occasional drunken merchant sailor who has braved the inland waterways to bring trade and supplies to the region. The Guardians are respected and trusted once more and every young boy who sees adventure beyond the salt-flats of the Kamarg and a romantic life beneath the wide, azure skies, dreams of becoming a Guardian (or a matador – sometimes both). Count Brass and von Villach are always on the look-out for promising warriors who might join the ranks of the Guardians, because, although the Guardians represent a loyal and elite force, their numbers are not large and as the rest of Europe begins to fall under the cloud of war, Count Brass knows that he cannot be complacent in the matter of the Kamarg's defence. Whilst he does not see Granbretan as an obvious threat, there are plenty of petty warlords in the outlying French provinces who would quite happily challenge the Kamarg if circumstances forced them in such a direction. The Guardians are needed now, more than ever and both they and the towers are on an almost constant state of alert for the first signs of trouble.

Guardian Characters

'I swear on the Life Wind that I shall uphold the sanctity of the Kamarg and all who reside within her borders. I swear on my sword that I shall act in the good interests of the Kamarg at all times, shall be as brave as she is strong, shall challenge every foe who would do her harm, and protect every man, woman and child from Her enemies. I swear by the horns of my horse and the wings of my flamingo that I shall regard all natural creatures of the Kamarg as sacred and protect their habitats as if they were my own. I shall not flinch from ridding the marshlands of the horrors that would defile her.

'All this I swear upon my soul and the soul of the Kamarg. I swear I shall be, and will always be, a Guardian.'

So say all Guardians. By this oath, a Guardian pledges his allegiance to the protection and sanctity of the Kamarg and all who reside within.

Any character born in the Kamarg or who accepts it as their home and resided there for at least a year and one day, can attempt to join the order's ranks. To be accepted as a Guardian, a character must have the following, minimum, skills:

1H Sword 60%, Flamelance 40%, Influence 50%, Lore (Kamarg) 50%, Riding 60%.

The above oath must be sworn and the character must succeed in an Influence test to prove that the oath is binding. If the Influence test is failed, the candidate must wait six months before attempting again. Once accepted, he gains 4 Fate Points and 8 points of Reputation. Also, the new Guardian undergoes a three-month period of training, during which he learns the following:

Lore (Kamarg) +15%
Riding (Kamarg Horse) +10%
Riding (Flamingo) +10%
Tower Artillery DEX+INT
Flamelance +10%
Survival +5%

The Riding skills are additions to the Basic Riding skill, with specialisations for the fiery horned horses of the Kamarg and the aerial skills necessary to ride a giant flamingo. Tower Artillery is an Advanced skill covering the operation and use of the scientific weapons housed in the defensive towers surrounding the Kamarg. Flamelance and Survival skills are taught to their base values, +10%.

Guardians are expected to keep these skills honed and at least one skill improvement roll must be dedicated to improving a Guardian skill.

Guardians are expected to serve a five-day tour of duty in a tower, watching the borders of the Kamarg and signalling to the other towers on a regular basis. A further five day tour, patrolling the marshlands, either on horseback or by flamingo follows and then a five day tour of duty acting as a town or village Guardian rounds out the duties before a three day period of rest. All Guardians are subject to an immediate summons if Count Brass or von Villach requires their specific services for any reason.

All Guardians are given a broadsword, a plate breastplate (6 points of armour), a flamingo-feathered plumed helmet (6 points of armour), a dress cape of sky-blue, a waterproof leather cape (2 points of armour to the arms, chest/back and abdomen), a flamelance, a horned horse and a trained flamingo (both animals must be named by the Guardian).

Any Guardian who breaks their oath is subject to a court martial at Castle Brass where their actions must be justified before Count Brass and an appointed council of senior Guardians. If found guilty of a breach, punishments range from fines, through to suspension from service and finally to complete exile from the Kamarg for life. Not one Guardian serving Count Brass has ever warranted the most severe of any of these punishments.

Life in the Kamarg

The Kamarg is not a densely populated region. Many were driven out by Bogomil's tyranny and have not returned but even so, it was never a region that sprawled with people. The communities in the Kamarg therefore tend to be small, close-knit, insular (especially in the villages of the interior), superstitious, fearful of change and rather simple and parochial in their outlook. Kamargians care nothing for what happens in the rest of France. Some have heard rumours of war in the north and centre and a few have even heard of Granbretan but this is all distant news that has little impact on the traditional way of the life.

Across the Kamarg the people cultivate crops, especially red rice in vast paddy fields and the strange, purple melons that seem to thrive in the marshy waters. There is little livestock breeding save for the famous black and white cattle, which are bred for both meat and sport, in the shape of the bull fights that take place in Aigues Mortes and Arles. Peat-cutting provides fuel for fires and insulation for roofs, and traditional crafts such as wicker-working and reed threading are popular throughout the small settlements. The people are experts at eking a living from the contrary beauty of the Kamarg, which is very rich in some things, such as game and eel but poor in others, such as good, fertile land for growing crops other than rice.

In the south east, salt is processed using vast woven pans to separate the salt crystals from the brine residues of the Middle Sea and Kamarg salt is a valuable commodity for curing and seasoning. In the North West, in the Alpille

Mountains, bauxite is still mined, which is then used to produce the metal known as luminum, a light, strong metal resistant to rust. Luminum is not produced in large quantities, making it an expensive metal but its uses are many. Granbretan seems not to know of it because, if they did, the Alpilles and the nearby Luberon mountains, would surely be awash with sorcerer-scientists seeking ways of gaining more of this remarkable material.

In the towns of Aigues Mortes and Arles, life is straightforward and peaceful. Both are trading centres with markets and merchants of their own but for the most part daily life is uneventful and people like it that way. The pace of life is relaxed and unforced. Count Brass is to thank for much of this, returning the values of simplicity and peace in the wake of Bogomil's efforts to exploit and frighten.

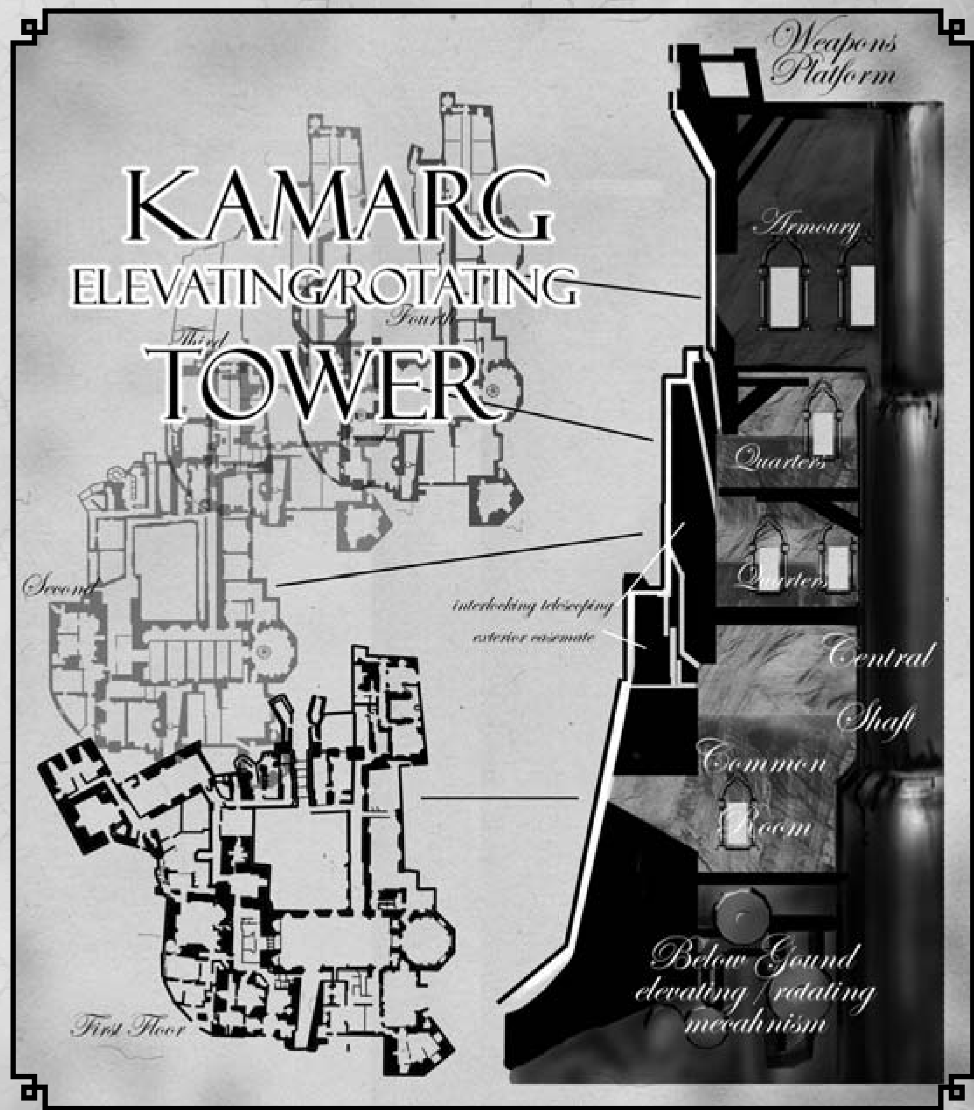
The Towers

'Count Brass made no movement at first; he merely watched the huge press of horsemen as they came nearer and nearer. Then he lifted his sword again, yelling, "Towers - open fire!" The nozzles of some of the unfamiliar weapons turned toward the enemy riders, and there came a shrieking sound that Hawkmoon thought would split his head, but he saw nothing come from the weapons.

'…Count Brass was riding for the tower under attack. They saw him leap from his horse and enter the building, which seemed doomed. Moments later the tower began to spin faster and faster, and Hawkmoon realised in astonishment that it was disappearing below the ground, the flame passing harmlessly over it. The cannon turned its attention to the next tower, and as it did so, this tower began to spin and retreat into the ground while the first tower whirled upward again, came to a halt, and let fire at the flame cannon with a weapon mounted on the battlements.'

– The Jewel in the Skull

The watch towers of Count Brass encircle the Kamarg like a torq of stone and metal. Brooding, gloomy, functional things, each tower is eight metres high and peppered with



slits for weaponry, all of which is of a strange, fearful design commissioned by Count Brass himself.

Brass first had the idea for the towers whilst fighting a campaign in the lands beyond Turkia, where the citadel of a city he was besieging was equipped with a flamecannon and was capable of rising and lowering to meet attacks at different levels. On his return to Europe, Brass sought the best engineers and armourers he could, including such geniuses as the Lady Girac of Marenne and Montagu Colpitz of Koblenz. The designs took years to perfect and it was Brass's intention to sell the ideas to the wealthy but beleaguered, city-states of Europe as part of his role as a military adviser and mercenary. Few, however, would entertain the idea, preferring to rely on ranked troops rather than fanciful, elevating fortifications.

When Count Brass came to the Kamarg and saw the vulnerability of the region, he decided to finally implement the designs he had spent so long perfecting. Brass was wealthy enough to fund the strategy but fortunately Bogomil had left without taking much of the wealth he had accrued during his reign of atrocity and so Brass put that money to good, civic use, making Bogomil's wealth protect the Kamarg, as it always should have done, instead of despoiling it.

There are 40 towers in all, aligned along the Kamarg's borders like a stone and steel halo. They follow the lines of the Great Rhone and the Petit Rhone rivers, with a heavier concentration just to the south east of the Grand Rhone, where the ground is most stable and thus most vulnerable to attack. Each tower is self-sufficient, carrying supplies of food and water to support four occupants for two to three months at a time. The accommodation is basic: a floor for living and cooking, a floor for sleeping and then an armoury, stocked with flamelance, crossbows, spears, swords, armour and other implements of war. The upper floor is where the science weaponry is housed; the bizarre, dreadful weapons Count Brass installed such as the sonic and cold cannons.

In the centre of the tower, running its full length, is a heavily armoured control shaft that links with the movement mechanisms buried below ground level, in reinforced concrete bunkers, powered in a fashion Count Brass has never divulged. When used in anger, such as during the Battle of the Kamarg when Granbretan brings its full might to bear against Hawkmoon and Count Brass, three Guardians operate the tower's weaponry whilst a fourth operates the controls to rotate the tower and when necessary, spin it down into the ground for added protection.

To raise or lower, the tower spins on its axis, descending by 1 metre per Combat Action. Every tower has 20AP and Hit Points according to the Hit Location table below. If struck and damaged, use the Tower Hit Location table to determine the effects.

Tower Hit Locations

1D20	Location	Notes/Function	AP/HP
01–03	Ground Floor	Entrance	20/60
04–06	First Floor	Living, Kitchen & Stores	20/60
07–09	Second Floor	Sleeping	20/60
10–12	Third Floor	Control area and Armoury	20/60
13–15	Fourth Floor	Weapons platform	20/60
16–18	Roof	Heliograph and Flamingo landing area	10/60
19–20	Control Mechanism	Central Control Shaft	15/40

Any location reduced to zero Hit Points becomes structurally unstable. Occupants of the area need to make Athletics tests every Combat Round to avoid falling rubble, unsafe floors and other debris. If the test is failed 1D6 points of damage is sustained to a random location.

If a floor is reduced to a negative value equal to half the Hit Point total or greater, the floor collapses, with all occupants needing to make Athletics tests at –30% to grab onto something solid and avoid falling.

If the Control Mechanism is reduced to zero Hit Points, the tower cannot move at all. If reduced to a negative value equal to half the Hit Point total or greater, then there is a risk of explosion within the tower equal to the total points of damage the Control Mechanism has sustained. The explosion causes 2D6 points of damage throughout the tower, injuring anyone within the structure. Resilience tests are allowed and a successful test halves the damage taken from the explosion.

The weapons held by a tower vary. Roll on the Tower Weaponry Table to determine a tower's offensive capability. Each tower has one such weapon.

Tower Weaponry Table

1D20	Weapon Type	Refer to…
01–10	Earth Cannon (Magnitude 3)	Weapons of Brass, below
11–12	Fear Cannon (Magnitude 3)	Weapons of Brass, below
13–14	Flame Cannon (Magnitude 3)	Hawkmoon
15–16	Ice Cannon (Magnitude 3)	Weapons of Brass, below
17–18	Sonic Cannon (Magnitude 3)	Hawkmoon
19–20	Water Cannon (Magnitude 3)	Weapons of Brass, below

Weapons of Brass

These special weapons are built to Count Brass's specifications and conform to the Artefact Sorcery rules found in the Sorcery chapter of *Hawkmoon*.

Earth Cannon

Casting Time: Three Months + one Month per point of Magnitude, Artefact, Requires Laboratory, Consumes 10,000 silver plus 5,000 per point of Magnitude

Shaped like an open-ended globe attached by snaking pipes that lead into the bowels of the tower, the earth cannon produces enormous gouts of hot, sticky, slippery mud. The force of being hit by this weapon is tremendous: an Athletics test at –40% is required to remain upright, otherwise the target is knocked-back by 3 metres for every point of the cannon's Magnitude.

Once hit, the target is covered in mud almost from head to toe. The mud sticks and begins to dry almost immediately. All skills are reduced by 30% per point of Magnitude, and movement is reduced by half until the mud can be washed away, which takes several hours of scrubbing in a hot bath.

The cannon has a range of 50 metres for every point of Magnitude. An area in metres equal to the Magnitude also becomes slicked with mud which requires an Athletics test to cross without falling over.

Fear Cannon

Casting Time: Four Months + one Month per point of Magnitude, Artefact, Requires Laboratory, Consumes 20,000 silver plus 5,000 per point of Magnitude

The fear cannon resembles a flamelance but longer and with a wide, flat, cobra-shaped head at one end. The jewel set into this cobra-head is a dull green, which pulses with a sickly malevolence when the fear cannon is activated.

The cannon can affect an area in metres equal to twice its Magnitude and has a range of 20 metres per point of Magnitude. Anyone caught in the sickly glow emanating from the weapon must make a Persistence test opposed by the weapon's Magnitude x30. If the target succeeds, they are overcome by deep feelings of unease but can otherwise function at a skill penalty of –10% for each point of the cannon's Magnitude. If the test is failed, the target is gripped by sheer terror and has no option other than to flee the battlefield, screaming and weeping. The effect lasts for one hour per point of the weapon's Magnitude. If the target fumbles the opposed test, he curls into a foetal position and weeps uncontrollably, his mind broken for a number of days equal to the Magnitude of the cannon.

Ice Cannon

'This weapon shone green and purple and had a bell-shaped mouth. A series of round white objects flew from it and landed near the flame cannon. Hawkmoon could see them bouncing amongst the engineers who manned the weapon.

'Then Hawkmoon saw that the white spheres had stopped bouncing and that the flame cannon no longer gouted fire. Also the hundred or so people near the cannon were no longer moving. Hawkmoon realised with a shock that they were frozen. More of the white spheres shot from the bell-shaped mouth of the weapon and bounced near the catapults and other war engines of Granbretan. Shortly, the crews of these were also frozen and rocks ceased to fall near the towers.'

– The Jewel in the Skull

Casting Time: Five Months + one Month per point of Magnitude, Artefact, Requires Laboratory, Consumes 20,000 silver plus 5,000 per point of Magnitude



For every point of Magnitude, the ice cannon fires 1D4 white projectiles that split when they come into contact with a hard surface, after bouncing for a metre or two. Each sphere releases a freezing gas that covers a radius of 1D10 metres. Everyone caught in the radius of the sphere must make a Resilience test or sustain 1D4 points of freezing damage per point of the cannon's Magnitude to every Hit Location. Targets reduced to zero Hit Points in two or more locations are literally frozen to the spot but remain alive, if immobile. Damage in excess of a Hit Location's Hit Points is treated as per the *Hawkmoon* damage rules.

Water Cannon

Casting Time: Three Months + one Month per point of Magnitude, Artefact, Requires Laboratory, Consumes 10,000 silver plus 5,000 per point of Magnitude

The water cannon resembles a wide, flat nozzle connected to a series of tubes and pipes that disappear into the tower's interior. It emits hundreds of gallons of pressurised water when fired, delivering 1D6 points of damage, plus Knockback effects, for every point of Magnitude.

Wildlife

The Kamarg is a haven for wildlife, attracted by the sprawling marshes and dense reed beds that offer shelter and safety. Countless species of birds migrate to the Kamarg throughout the year, many from distant realms unknown to most Kamargians. Harriers, terns, egrets, night herons, bitterns and swallows turn the air into a whirling maelstrom of wings and bird screech when disturbed.

Clouds of another kind – flies and mosquitoes – abound in the summer, when dense swarms of these pests rise up from the ponds and lagoons to frustrate travellers and bite at exposed skin. It is impossible to repel the insects, especially the determined mosquitoes and midges, which seem to follow the traveller like a nipping, blood-sucking shadow.

Elsewhere the Kamarg is alive with muskrat, otter, rabbit and vole; things that swim and burrow and make their homes in the tall thickets of bamboo-like reeds that abound across the region. As noted earlier, the Kamarg is also home to fouler things…

Baragoon

For statistics, see page 139 of the Hawkmoon rules.

Those who angered or crossed Bogomil experienced the dreadful transformation into the gibbering, malevolent baragoon. Employing machinery and spells that Count Brass subsequently destroyed, Bogomil turned out these creatures first as general forays into biological experimentation and then as a way of punishing those who displeased him and as a way of creating monsters for the entertainment of the murderous hunting parties Bogomil encouraged.

Gross in size and stripped of most of their human intelligence, the baragoon were designed to perfectly survive in the desolate wetlands and be vicious enough to stalk and attack anything inadvertently crossing their path. Capable of slithering through the grasses, reeds and across quick sands, baragoon are expert killing machines, both fierce and unmerciful. Their existence is both a tragedy and a blasphemy, with even Count Brass – the

scourge of these creatures – finding it within himself to show a little mercy now and again.

Baragoon have been made almost extinct since Count Brass became Lord Guardian. They cannot reproduce and feed on whatever they can catch and kill. They slither rather than walk, propelling themselves along on their bile-coloured bellies with their huge, sharp talons, sucking-in marsh air through jagged teeth and expelling it in foul-smelling gusts. Caught in perpetual agony, baragoon wail and gibber out of both pain and insanity, their cries startling animals, which flee before them. If a baragoon sees a potential victim it will attempt to stalk it, making use of the murky waters and concealed marshes to launch a surprised attack, rearing up on its hind legs before falling forward, lunging with its steel-like talons. A baragoon ambush is a swift and bloody affair, with the remains being dragged into the marshes to be consumed when the creature is ready. Sometimes the unfortunate victim is not yet dead when dragged away in this fashion and suffers a slow, lingering demise as it is eaten alive.

Giant Flamingo

For statistics, see page 143 of the Hawkmoon rules.

The Kamarg is famed for its giant, rider-carrying flamingos and they are found nowhere else. Their prodigious size is a result of the Tragic Millennium's strange effects on much of the wildlife of the region but apart from their size, they are much the same as flamingos elsewhere.

Flamingos are naturally timid birds and it takes great skill and patience to train them to accept a human rider and then fly with them. Usually a bird must be trained from hatching to accept human interaction and so eggs are kept in hatcheries and the chicks inculcated from the first day to accept the human touch. Wild flamingos are far less predictable, taking flight at the first sight of a human moving into their midst and a wild flamingo is exceedingly difficult to train, if it can be caught at all.

The Guardians are constantly on the look-out for abandoned nests so that eggs can be taken back to Aigues Mortes and the skilled trainers who prepare the Guardians' flamingos for riding. The same care and expert eye that is applied to horse or bull flesh is applied to flamingo wrangling and the best trainers and carers command their own prices.

Horned Horse

'They rode hard, the three of them, through the secret pathways of the marshlands, with huge clouds of giant flamingos passing through the air over their heads, herds of wild horned horses galloping away from them. Count Brass waved a gloved hand. 'Such a land is worth defending with all we have. Such peace is worth protecting.'

– The Mad God's Amulet

For statistics, see page 145 of the Hawkmoon rules.

Like the flamingos the horned horses are unique to the Kamarg. A formidable and hardy breed, the predominant colour is white although dappled and sometimes,



chestnut-coated examples are found. The horned horses are fearless, sure-footed and instinctively attuned to the dangers of treacherous conditions of the marshlands. They are also loyal; a Guardian and his horse share an emotional bond and no sane Guardian would trust any other form of mount as he trusts his horse. They do not balk at battle and are resilient to the turmoil around – as demonstrated at the Battle of the Kamarg when the full might of the Dark Empire cannot intimidate the beasts, even when all around is the din of destruction and terror.

Like flamingos, wild horses are difficult to master and require a sure and special hand. Those that are bred in captivity never truly lose their wild nature and they love nothing more than to gallop hard through the waters of the Kamarg although, when with their trusted rider, there seems to be extra purpose and drive in their hooves.

Marsh Bear

Solitary predators, marsh bears are active year-round, prowling the wetlands primarily for fish, rodents, birds and other game but quite willing to tackle larger and more defensive prey. Marsh bears are slightly smaller than a grisly and covered in a long, thick, shaggy coat that forms into matted locks around the bear's body. This matting of hair provides excellent camouflage as well as some natural protection. As the coat is naturally waterproof, marsh bear hide and hair is much sought after for fashioning waterproof garments.

Marsh bears like to stalk their prey. They are not especially stealthy hunters because of their bulk but they are cunning and tenacious. A marsh bear will stalk for many kilometres, remaining at a respectful distance, before it decides to close-in for a surprise attack.

Characteristics

STR	3D6+15	(25)
CON	2D6+6	(13)
DEX	3D6	(10)
SIZ	3D6+15	(25)
INT	5	
POW	3D6	(10)

Marsh Bear Hit Locations

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1–2	Right Rear Leg	4/8
3–4	Left Rear Leg	4/8
5–7	Hindquarters	4/9
8–10	Chest	4/10
11–13	Right Front Leg	4/7
14–16	Left Front Leg	4/7
17–20	Head	4/8

Weapons

Type	*Weapon skill*	*Damage*
Bite	60%	1D8+1D10
Claw	50%	1D6+1D10

Special Rules

Combat Actions: 2
Strike Rank: +7
Movement: 4m
Skills: Athletics 25%, Perception 50%, Resilience 45%, Stealth 15%, Survival 60%, Tracking 65%
Typical Armour: Tough Hide and matted fur (AP 4, no Skill Penalty)

Reed Serpents

Perfectly camouflaged, reed serpents have the colour and appearance of the dense reeds that cover the Kamarg. Although relatively uncommon and only attacking if provoked, reed serpents are nevertheless a menace for the unwary traveller who steps into a reed bed without bothering to check first. A typical nest of reed serpents contains 1D3 individuals, which if disturbed, will bite.

Reed serpents are a metre long and have a single eye in the centre of a narrow, flat skull. They are venomous and whilst their venom is not fatal, it is painful, causing swellings in joints and around the area of the bite. The venom has a potency of 75 and a delay of 1D4 Combat Rounds. If affected the joints of the arms and legs swell, causing 2 HP of damage to each limb with the effects

lasting for 2D6 days. Within 1D4 Combat Rounds of being bitten the victim suffers two levels of Fatigue, which persists for the duration of the poison. Healing and rest alleviates the affliction but if any physical activity is undertaken whilst the poison is still in the body, two levels of Fatigue are immediately regained.

Characteristics

STR	1D6+1	(5)
CON	2D6	(7)
DEX	4D6+6	(20)
SIZ	1D6	(4)
INT	2	
POW	2D6	(7)

Reed Serpent Hit Locations

1D20	Location	AP/HP
01–10	Fore body	1/4
11–18	Hind body	1/3
19–20	Head	1/3

Weapons

Type	*Weapon skill*	*Damage*
Bite	80%	1D4–1D6

Venom – see above

Special Rules

Combat Actions: 4
Strike Rank: +11
Movement: 4m on ground, 6m in water
Traits *Excellent Swimmer*
Skills: Perception 30%, Persistence 35%, Resilience 35%, Survival 40%
Typical Armour: Salt encrustation (AP 1, no Skill Penalty)

Salt Leech

Salt leeches proliferate in the southern marshes and salt pools of the Kamarg. White, elongated, writhing leeches of prodigious size and with the remnants of human faces, the salt leeches of the Kamarg are, like their smaller counterparts, blood-drinkers although they can survive on both salt and mineral deposits found around and at the bottom of the marshes. The salt leeches are a double tragedy: the original creatures were an experiment by Bogomil and were far more human in appearance with limbs and a rudimentary intelligence, with the elasticity and swimming capabilities of a true leech. After Bogomil was deposed, the science enclave of Giraud captured several individuals and attempted to separate the human from the invertebrate. The experiment went disastrously wrong and something far more tortured and leech-like was the result. The creatures were kept in vats for continued study but somehow either escaped or were released and now they are at large in the Kamarg once more.

Salt leeches are encrusted with salty deposits exuded through their skin. When they bite and attach themselves to their prey, salt is delivered into the wound, causing intense agony on top of the drainage of blood from the host. The bite and grip of a salt leech is horrifically strong. They cannot be pulled off once a hold has been taken and must be soaked in a heavy alkali solution to cause them to release, even when dead. This would be disturbing enough but the human-like faces of the leeches, with their blank, unseeing eyes, snub noses and round, gasping mouths, complete a picture of true monstrousness. Any intellect they possessed has gone, replaced by the sole need to feed and reproduce, which they can do asexually and frequently.

Falling into a swamp, pool or pond infested by salt leeches attracts the creatures, which detach from the bottom and squirm upwards towards the source of blood. They always attempt to bite an uncovered area but are able to squeeze their boneless heads between gaps in clothing and armour. A successful bite means the creature has taken hold and it drains blood from a Hit Location at the rate of 1HP every hour. The salt exuded from the leech gets into the wound causing intense pain to the victim. A Resilience test is necessary every hour to resist the hideous burning sensation that courses through the body as more salt is introduced into the blood stream: a failure results in immediate unconsciousness. For every 3HP of damage caused by the leech's bite, the victim also loses 1 point of CON as the salt builds in the body. Once CON reaches half its usual value, the victim suffers a massive heart attack, brought about by salt poisoning: another Resilience test is made, based on the reduced value of the victim's CON. If successful, the victim survives the heart attack but sustains 1D8 damage to the chest location. If the test fails, then the victim dies.

Characteristics

STR	2D6	(7)
CON	2D6+3	(10)
DEX	3D6+6	(17)
SIZ	1D6+3	(7)
INT	2	
POW	2D6	(7)

Salt Leech Hit Locations

1D20	Location	AP/HP
01–10	Fore body	1/5
11–18	Hind body	1/4
19–20	Head	1/4

Weapons

Type	*Weapon Skill*	*Damage*
Bite	40%	1D4-1D4

Blood drain and salt infection – see above

Special Rules

Combat Actions: 3
Strike Rank: +10
Movement: 4m
Traits: *Excellent Swimmer, Life Sense*
Skills: Perception 30%, Persistence 35%, Resilience 35%, Survival 40%
Typical Armour: Salt encrustation (AP 1, no Skill Penalty)

The Mistral

The fierce winds that cleave down from the north, battering the Kamarg and surrounding region throughout the autumn, winter and early spring are known as the *mistral,* which in the ancient tongue of the region, means 'master'. It is also known as the Cleansing Wind and the Life Wind because, in the bleak days of the Tragic Millennium the mistral swept away the harmful gases and dusts that caused devastation, sickness and death elsewhere, leaving the Kamarg almost untouched.

In the old days the wind was hated but endured with typical Karmagian stoicism. Now, in the days of Count Brass, it is almost welcomed even though its icy gusts are powerful enough to knock a rider from his horse and wrench the slates from the roofs. The people of the Kamarg are inured to it although the more sensitive can predict its approach with a growing irritability and intense headaches as the pressure around the region builds and the atmosphere becomes dense and oppressive. To those who have not lived with the mistral their first experience of the Life Wind is unlikely to be pleasant. Any kind of activity undertaken in the face of its raw power is exhausting and only the most desperate or foolish venture outdoors when it is at its strongest. All Skill Tests are subject to a –20% penalty and Fatigue is reached in half the normal time as one struggles against the incessant, primal current.

Always a superstitious people, folk of the Kamarg believe that the mistral is more than just a wind but also a harbinger. As the mistral builds and the people scurry around, settling livestock, securing roof slates and steeling themselves for the onslaught, allow a Fate test. If the test is successful and lower than the character's POW Characteristic, the character experiences vivid dreams relating to forthcoming events, almost as if the mistral is driving the future down into the heart of the Kamarg. These dreams are unspecific and perhaps even contradictory but they are potent nevertheless. In Aigues Mortes there are several wise people who will, for a silver or two, listen to the 'Wind Dreams' of others and offer an interpretation. Usually these are comforting words but occasionally, a dream is so potent that the interpreters can find specific meanings and omens. Sometimes several people experience the same or similar dreams, which the mistral interpreters share with each other and then report to Bowgentle, who is fascinated by this phenomenon.

Places of the Kamarg

Aigues Mortes

Considered the capital of the Kamarg, Aigues Mortes is an ancient walled town in the shadow of Castle Brass. It is covered in a great deal of detail in the next chapter.

Albaron

Albaron is 25 kilometres from Aigues Mortes and stands on the crossroads of the four main causeways threading across the Kamarg. It is a small, simple town of old, low houses with grass and slate roofs, whitewashed walls and a sleepy demeanour. The people of Albaron are protective of each other and their town, welcoming strangers but always being wary of them. Shutters twitch as the people of Albaron watch strangers ride into their town. Before Count Brass came, the hunting parties invited by Bogomil used Albaron as a staging point before continuing on to the castle and being typically cruel and arrogant men, lured by the prospect of barbaric hunts and bloodletting,

they did not treat Albaron or its people with any kind of courtesy. The good folk of the town have never forgotten the hunters and even now, a decade later, travellers, especially groups of armed adventurers, are viewed with deep suspicion. The people are civil – almost deferential – but tight-lipped until they are sure of the strangers' intentions. All strangers are reported to the Guardians, no matter what or how honest their business might be.

Albaron has a single taverna, run by the craggy old Guardian Vendredai who narrowly escaped Bogomil's horrifying machines and was forced to flee to Lyon until Count Brass rid the area of the sorcerer and Vendredai could return. Too old now to serve as a Guardian, Vendredai is resentful of the fact and both morose and bitter as a result. He is, of course, in deep admiration of Count Brass but he cannot help his sadness and anger that his best years are behind him and a new, younger order of Guardians has been established to fulfil a job that he knows, in his heart, he is still capable of doing. On his regular patrols of the Kamarg, Count Brass sometimes spends the night in Albaron, staying at Vendredai's taverna where he is happy to entertain the locals with stories of his exploits across Europe. Later, when they are alone, Brass and Vendredai share a flask of good brandy and play-out a familiar ritual: Vendredai offers proof of how strong and resolute he still is and challenges Brass to arm wrestle. Brass accepts and lets the old man win and promises that, one day, he will call Vendredai back for one, last service, where he will be able to don the garb of a Guardian once more and serve the Kamarg for a final time. Whenever newcomers stay at his taverna for any length of time, Vendredai always gets around to telling them of Count Brass's promise. He exchanges free drinks for news from outside the Kamarg, questioning deeply and then turning his questions into a speculative ramble, in which he attempts to predict how Count Brass will require his services. He ends his drunken reverie with the words 'Mark what I have said, for the mistral shall bring it!' and then slips into a brooding, maudlin silence as the taverna empties and people retreat to their beds.

Arles

Once Arles was the capital of the Kamarg but that was long ago. It is by far the largest town of the region but its splendour has long faded to be replaced by Aigues Mortes – something many natives of Arles find hard to countenance. With Count Brass's Lord Guardianship, Aigues Mortes's position has waxed whilst Arles' s has waned and there is considerable bitterness amongst those who believe their city should represent the beauty of the Kamarg rather than the walled town anchored to the western marches.

Geography

Sliced by the mighty Rhone River and like Aigues Mortes, Arles is built on a grid-like structure with many small huddles of buildings that form blocks of communities and distinct districts. It was once known as the largest city in the whole of the Frankish lands but the Tragic Millennium has stripped Arles back to its central core although the wide streets and tall buildings recall the long-gone days of its true glory.

The city is choked with ruins. Crumbling buildings of the Old Days mix with more ancient ruins of the Romanyans, an empire, it is said, that rivalled that of Granbretan in its reach and audacity. The ruins hold no special attraction for the Arlesians and many have been plundered to build new structures, so that many houses are a mixture of new styles made with stone dressed for a more ancient architecture. The effect, in some places, is startling, with buildings displaying several clashing styles in the same sets of walls with little care for identity or purpose.

To the east, the arid plains of Crau stretch unbroken in their dryness. To the north, the land is scrub-like and potholed. However to the west and south, the Kamarg opens like an oasis with Arles its watching guardian. From the high, domed towers of the city one can see across the Kamarg all the way to the Middle Sea. The salt-flats are streaks of brilliant white; the lakes and lagoons of the Kamarg, shimmering stretches of blue-green, dotted with pink as the giant flamingos of the region feed and strut through the reed-beds.

The Bullring

There can be no question that the most stunning part of the city is the ancient bullring, built, it is said, by the Romanyans. A huge stone oval with many arches and towers, the bullring is a focal point for life in the city. The market gathers around its perimeter weekly and whilst it lacks the vibrancy of the Aigues Mortes markets, the one that forms around the bullring is nevertheless a hive of trade and activity.

The bullring is owned and controlled by Count Huras, one of the wealthiest men of Arles and the owner of the Gimeaux estate (see page 21). Huras has spent a considerable amount of time and money restoring the

bullring to all its Romanyan glory, including the many triumphal statues that grace the archways and alcoves peppering the bullring. Many of these statues carry Huras's likeness and more carry the likeness of other wealthy patrons who are either friends of Huras or who contributed sums of their own to the renovation project. Once, these statues would have been to gods and a few have pointed out that the moneyed of Arles are assuming a similar position. Those who care little for Count Huras offer mock bows as they pass by one of his statues whilst others throw rotten fruit, aiming for the head. To be caught defiling a statue of the bullring is to be either fined or flogged, such is Huras's vanity.

The bullring stages bull fights weekly. Matadors from across the Kamarg are drawn to the contests, which are described in more detail elsewhere in this chapter and in the next. The most famous of the Arles matadors is Mahtan Just, a young man of rare talent and courage who has caught the hearts and minds of the crowd. Others, like Rantz Eskobah and Julus Firrip made their names in the bullrings of Espanyia but now, with the patronage of Count Huras, have made their homes in Arles close to the arena.

The People

Like most of the Kamarg, the people of Arles are proud and independent. Arles did not suffer under Bogomil's tenure as did Aigues Mortes and the interior settlements and as a result, the people of Arles have some difficulty appreciating the sorcerer's malevolent influence over the region. Some, like Count Huras, do not believe half the tales told about Bogomil and there is some debate over whether or not Count Brass was right to depose him. Most agree that Brass has made a much better Lord Guardian and the ring of defensive towers is considered an excellent move in these fractious times.

If anything the Arlesians, clinging to the lapsed grandeur of their city, look upon the folk of the Kamarg and Aigues Mortes as simple and superstitious souls who should, to some extent, be humoured and perhaps, pitied. The nobility of Arles, whilst small in number, is wealthy enough to enforce such attitudes and what the nobility does and says, most emulate to some degree.

Nevertheless Arlesians are friendly. They are famed for their olive oil and their wine. They dress in bright colours and the men folk favour a dark, wide-brimmed hat whilst the women wear delicately stitched bonnets of starched white linen. Arlesians are relaxed, good company and whilst more outward looking than the rest of the Kamarg, still inwardly focused to be not unduly concerned with what happens in the other petty kingdoms of France.

Beauduc Lighthouse and the Mother of Pearl

A lonely, partially ruined square tower at the end of a sweeping curve of a narrow island at the southern end of the Kamarg is all that remains of the Beaduc lighthouse. The area is remote and difficult to reach and for these reasons the lighthouse has been largely forgotten.

For many years it was considered to be haunted and was the source and focus of many local myths, ghost-stories and tales designed to frighten wayward children into better behaviour. Before the Tragic Millennium, it is said that the lighthouse was alive and would guide ships onto the sandbanks, stranding sailors, instead of bringing them safely into the canals serving Aigues Mortes and the interior. A great hero came and slew the invisible



intelligence controlling the lighthouse but since then it has been a ruin, home only to the ghosts of the sailors who were stranded on the remote beaches and swallowed by the quick sands.

Locals still maintain the lighthouse is haunted and never venture near it. On cold, misty nights its is claimed the light house moans in distress but this could just as easily be the mistral filtering through the ancient stones of the tower, creating a series of low, sonorous acoustic vibrations. Equally, it could be the work of the lighthouse's current resident, an old woman who calls herself the Mother of Pearl.

The Mother of Pearl was an associate, at one time, of Bogomil. Following some failed experiment she was moved from his castle to the lighthouse where she lives to this day, forgotten and quite insane. She has fashioned a home for herself in the habitable floors of the lighthouse, using driftwood and seaweed to decorate the interior in a gloomy, oppressive mess of rotten timber and stinking black bladder wrack. She sleeps for most of the day but in the evening scours the long, lonely beach for detritus and sea shells, talking to herself softly and pausing every now and then examine an especially interesting pebble or shell before stuffing it into her filthy rags.

She feeds on whatever sea life she can find in the myriad tide pools surrounding the lighthouse, existing on the small crabs, mussels and oysters stranded by the retreating waves. Occasionally she finds a larger, tastier morsel, such as a small lobster or langoustine and this causes her to whoop with joy and dance a peculiar, capering jig where she waves her catch towards to sea and hurls insults and challenges into the wind.

The Mother of Pearl claims to be the bride of a god. In the water-filled basement of the lighthouse is an oyster of enormous proportions and perhaps as ancient as the lighthouse itself. Fully three metres across, its shell a scarred and stony grey and green oval, this is the god the Mother of Pearl believes she is wedded to. She spends several hours each night, after eating, submerged in the pool, quite able to breathe owing to the gills grafted into the back of her neck, stroking the oyster and offering bubbled prayers. Within its shell, she maintains, is her child, a huge pearl that, one day, the oyster god will disgorge. From the pearl will hatch a fully grown man, armed with a sword of razor clam and armoured in conch shell, who will take revenge on Bogomil and then return to the inside of the shell with his mother, so that they can become gods too. The Mother of Pearl is quite convinced that this most marvellous day is near and she makes preparations for the birth of her oyster son by making for him a bed of fresh weed. She also intends to catch a single, gold-shelled crab she knows lurks in one of the rock pools which she is convinced will grow to prodigious size and act as his steed.

If her son cannot take revenge on Bogomil, he will take revenge on whoever now occupies the castle. The Mother of Pearl is unsure of whether the sorcerer is alive or dead but something terrible happened to her in the dungeons of that castle and revenge against it and its occupant is all that concerns her.

Cacharel

This village stands on the edge of the largest expanse of water in the southern central region of the Kamarg. Its fine stone houses with gaily painted slate roofs can be seen for several kilometres and even though it is a relatively isolated community, Cacharel is a welcoming place that feels larger than it is.

Two extended families occupy Cacharel and both are breeders of fine horned horses. The Moujin family specialises in a tall breed with slender, ivory-white horns whilst the Entroux clan breeds a stockier, hardy variety with thick-set, tightly curled black horns. Both breeds are first-rate but the two families are fiercely competitive with each maintaining secret breeding techniques and a keen desire to see their stock triumph over the other.

The rivalry between the two clans has led to angry clashes in the past, usually over price and deals with horse traders in Aigues Mortes and Arles but are usually resolved without a high degree of lasting rancour. Sadly, things look set to change. Emil Entroux, the pugnacious eldest son of the recently deceased Gerout, has taken over the management of the Entroux stable and is keen to see the Moujin comprehensively trounced both as breeders and as a family in Cacharel. Emil is ruthless, unpleasant and thoroughly uncompromising. He cannot see room in the village for two stables and since the Entroux clan claims to be the older of the two families, he believes the Moujin should move elsewhere.

The Moujin, naturally, are perturbed by this. Petitions have been made to Count Brass but Brass refuses to intervene in what is, essentially, a local affair. He has

bought horses from both families in the past but will not be seen to be siding with one against the other. The Moujin naturally feel somewhat isolated and aggrieved and their matriarch, Yvon Deschain-Moujin is seeking ways in which Entroux can be discredited personally, rather than in terms of their equine pedigree.

Capelliere

Surrounded by deep marsh and reachable only by a narrow stretch of causeway that is prone to flooding, the settlement of Capelliere is a village of wooden and wicker houses each balanced precariously on stilts sunk into the treacherous and boggy ground. The folk of Capelliere are taciturn and suspicious of strangers entering their isolated habitat; they have little to offer the outside world and are nervous of people who think otherwise. The six families making up the settlement are interbred to the point of paranoid madness and their sullen silence and dagger-like looks are enough to communicate their deep distrust of strangers without the need for verbal warnings.

In truth the Capelsix, as the six families are known, are fearful of the dreadful secret they hold being discovered. In the central house of their little enclave are two prisoners who have been held in abject, miserable captivity, for the best part of 15 years. A pair of Germanian noblemen, members of one of the hunting parties attracted by Bogomil's barbaric promises of monster-slaying, have been held by the Capelsix since they strayed too deeply into the region in search of a baragoon and accidentally killed one of the Capelsix children. The six families hunted the hunters, finally cornering them in a secluded reed-bed and disarming the dishevelled, terrified young men. Franz and Hubert were dragged back to the village and beaten, tortured and shackled in punishment for what they did but were not killed for their crimes. The Capelsix are all devout believers in ghosts and spirits and feared what supernatural horrors they might create if they murdered this unfortunate pair. So, for 15 years, the two men have been prisoners – half-starved, half mad and now completely resigned to their fate – treated as slaves and the recipients of frequent beatings and other, fouler abuses.

Both men, now middle-aged, hairless, toothless and witless, have tried to escape on several occasions in the past but have never managed to find their way through the maze of pools, swamps and waterways surrounding Capelliere in all directions. Now, their minds broken, they have long since lost the will to escape and have even ceased to make attempts on their own lives. Instead they have fallen into a cycle of blaming each other for what happened during the baragoon hunt and the two men, once as close as brothers, loathe each other to the point of murder. Their deranged minds believe that, if one dies, the other might be let free although even that slender hope is completely in vain. The Capelsix, whilst fearful themselves of what the captives represent are too terrified to either kill them or release them. Thus, the entire community is locked in a secretive, resentful spiral of loathing and decay. Occasionally the elders of the Capelsix debate what to do but each discussion turns into a hideous argument since no one can agree on what to do for the best. Franz and Hubert harangue the elders to kill the other, promising that whoever lives will never tell of what has happened. However the elders trust neither man and if truth be told, the entire community has

The family of Hubert, a wealthy merchant house in the Germanian town of Mainz, has never given-up on finding their long-lost son. Hubert's brother, Maximillian Schmidt, has scoured Europe for his sibling and a large reward has been offered for news of Hubert's fate or anything leading to his return. Maximillian, Hubert's twin, is convinced that Hubert still lives, having experienced several dreams in which Hubert calls out to him from a dank, watery prison somewhere. Maximillian is as purposeful as Hubert is mad and is prepared to hunt through every corner of Europe – even into Londra itself – in search of his brother. Hubert, always the wayward half of the pair, never told anyone that he was going to the Kamarg to hunt mutants and monsters, knowing full-well that Maximillian would dissuade him. 15 years after beginning his search, Maximillian has finally learned of Hubert's trip to the Kamarg and is now en-route to Aigues Mortes in a bid to discover anything that will bring his search to an end.

become obsessed with maintaining its prisoners and even enjoys the prolonged abuse it heaps on them and they on each other.

Gageron

South of Arles and in what is considered the absolute heart of the Kamarg, Gageron is an exceedingly old village that is proud of its location and history. Sleepy and largely unconcerned with anywhere but its own, contented locale, Gageron has, nevertheless, been a pivotal part of the Kamarg's recent history. It was here that Count Brass assembled the warriors who would march on Bogomil's castle in the final rebellion against the sorcerer. The old town square was the rallying point for all who would actively oppose Bogomil and Count Brass delivered his famed speech that spurred the people of the Kamarg to take their destiny in their own hands.

The town square now has a statue to Count Brass as its centrepiece and the people speak of him in glowing tributes but stop short of incessant eulogy. They are proud of the role they played but are modest enough to know they were not the only ones and the people of the town are careful not to overstate their part.

The town engages in the traditional pursuits of the Kamarg: hunting, fishing and raising reasonable crops in the extensive dry lands surrounding the town centre. Most people are farmers and fishermen and a decent number have become Guardians, something else of which the folk of Gageron are justly proud.

Gageron has two taverns. The Bullhorn is the larger of the two and maintains guestrooms for travellers. It is popular with the cattle rearing farmers and most evenings is filled with the men folk who discuss farming, events in Arles and Aigues Mortes and try to predict the ferocity of the mistral based on age-old techniques for predicting the weather such as which way their cattle choose to graze, the weakness of the milk and a dozen other subtle clues that could easily be treated as sheer superstition.

On the other side of the market place is The Brass Arms, named for Count Brass because that is where he stayed in the days before marching on Bogomil's stronghold. The Brass Arms is smaller and attracts the cereal and crop farmers who discuss very much the same things as their counterparts in The Bullhorn but are a little more reserved in their chatter and have a greater preoccupation with the quality of the wine and ale.

Each summer Gageron stages its Grand Fete, two days of feasting and drinking where the mistral is praised for saving the Kamarg from the horrors of the Tragic Millennium and toasts are made in the hope that its next occurrence will not be too fierce. The culmination of the Grand Fete is a huge ball game involving all the men folk (and a few women) who form into teams representing the Bullhorn and the Brass Arms. The teams can number 100 aside and the object is to get a leather ball, filled with wheat, to either edge of the town. There are no rules; the ball can be carried, kicked or thrown and in their eagerness to win the players run through houses and buildings, over roofs, into cellars and everywhere in between in a bid to outwit the opposition. Injuries are not uncommon as the game becomes increasingly rougher, fuelled by drink and high spirits but few are serious. People take care to leave doors and windows wide open, move anything breakable to a reasonably safe place and stay out of the way of the skirmishing players as they seek to get the ball to the goal marker on each edge of the town. The Bullhorn team has won for three years in a row, much to the chagrin of the Brass Arms but at the end of the game both teams congregate around the statue of Count Brass to drink yet more wine and ale and swap stories of their own recollections of the match.

Gimeaux

Merely two kilometres from Arles, Gimeaux is the estate of Count Huras of Arles, the wealthiest person of that city and an enthusiastic and successful breeder of bulls. The estate sprawls across a region that was once a settlement in its own right. Now it is walled and patrolled by the Count's guards, a complex of low buildings, stables, bull-pens, training rings and at the very centre, the Count's own full-size bull ring where private bull fights are staged for those lucky enough to be counted as friends of Count Huras.

The Count's residence is an ornate villa built in a classical style said to resemble the splendid temple-houses of Romanyans, who once ruled the world long before the Tragic Millennium. Huras administers his lands from here, which lie north of Arles and thus beyond the boundaries of the Kamarg. His interest in bulls and bull breeding and fighting is intense; a fiercely competitive individual he strives to be the best bull breeder in the entire region but is somehow always bettered by the likes of Pons Yachar and Zhonzhac Ekare, neither of them noblemen, so, naturally, inferior in every way, to the jaundiced eyes of Count Pawl Huras. This makes Huras bitter and spiteful. His considerable wealth cannot buy him (as it has bought

his beautiful, if wayward wife, Nikawl) the success he most desires and whilst he has bought himself a certain degree of respect within Arles, the same eludes him across the wildness of the Kamarg. Count Huras is thus a very hateful individual.

His hatred is directed at the other bull breeders of the region but also at Count Brass. He detests the man. He detests the way Brass sashayed into the Kamarg with his soldiers and deposed Bogomil, whom Huras considered a friend. He detests the way the people of the Kamarg fawn over him at every opportunity. He detests the way Aigues Mortes has become the focus of the Kamarg's business when it should be Arles that rules the region. He despises Bowgentle's astute intellect and accurate summation of character. He loathes the beauty of Yisselda. In short, Count Huras seethes away within the walls of Gimeaux, throwing money at his bulls, watching an interloper claim the glories that he believes should belong to the Huras clan. Count Pawl Huras broods and he plots.

Nikawl, the Count's wife, is not of noble birth but is a woman of stunning beauty and a barely bridled sexuality that has turned the head of almost every nobleman in several nations. An astute social operator she drifted through the courts and beds of Europe for several years, indulging in countless affairs and wrecking many hearts and fortunes along the way. In Germania, it is said, she caused the suicide of von Kempler, a duke of Baden, who hung himself from the city walls when she rejected his 15th proposal of marriage. Nikawl, her mane of blond hair always coiffured in the latest style and tended to lovingly and constantly by Makovissimi, her Italian hairdresser, seems oblivious to the havoc she has caused with so many men's hearts. Her goal is wealth and social prestige. She married Count Huras on a whim and to spite another, less wealthy, lover and now rues the day she traipsed up the aisle of Ren cathedral. She hates bulls and she hates Huras and his obsession with his cattle. She considers herself a prisoner in Gimeaux and so, for entertainment, pleases herself with the various young matadors who drift through Gimeaux's gates. Yet, as Huras is very rich, she stays in Gimeaux. Her reputation across Europe is now such that wealthy men who will tolerate and support her considerable needs are few – especially after the von Kempler incident. Her husband, consumed by his hatred for Count Brass and all the more successful bull breeders of the Kamarg, is oblivious to his wife's indiscretions. He knows she does not love him and hates her for that as much as he hates Count Brass but captivated by her extraordinary beauty,and unwilling to part with such an exquisite trophy, he is resolved not to lose her and so weathers her scorn and rejection from her bed, blaming even that on Count Brass and his odious adviser.

Giraud

The town of Giraud is founded on the production of salt from the vast salt beds surrounding the area. Even before the Tragic Millennium Giraud was famed for its salt production with a town established to house its workers, a tradition that continues to this day.

Approaching the imposing towers and factories that constitute the Giraud enclave, the air is heavy with salt. The white dunes rear up on either side of the narrow causeway extending from the low marshlands until one is deep in an otherwordly landscape where, after a heavy rain, salt crystallises on the buildings, on the skin and in the hair.

Giraud is still owned and controlled by the Picheny clan, the salt barons of the region who are experts in the distillation of salt from the great salt beds. The white-haired patriarch, Titus, is a huge, round, voluble man with commercial instincts as vast and deep as the salt flats surrounding his domain. His sprawling, gregarious family, which includes at least three very different wives and countless children, treat Titus like a demi-god, calling him Count Salt, perhaps in some kind of homage to Count Brass, who is a close friend.

Titus Picheny controls a loyal and industrious workforce who live and work in the Giraud Enclave. The workforce includes miners, curers and chemists; all of them experts in salt and its uses. Fish and meat is brought to Giraud to be cured and preserved, with barrels of the justly famed salt herring even finding their way to the banqueting tables of Granbretan.

Titus adores scientific sorcery and the small Science Enclave of Giraud is, perhaps, over-indulged. Led by Looees van Tripp, a scientist of dubious repute in his native Hollandia, the laboratories of Giraud have tried to reverse the effects of some of Bogomil's less horrific experiments with some questionable results. One such failure being the salt leeches (see page 15); the huge, bloated, human-faced leeches that managed to escape from the vats of the enclave and now infest the southern reaches of the Kamarg. The leeches bred – an ability van Tripp had not considered – and are now rife in the murky ponds of the region and moving steadily north and west.

Mejanes

Standing on the edge of the Vaccare Lake, the largest open body of water in the Kamarg, Mejanes is a small town where the breeding and fighting of bulls is an absolute passion. This traditional activity extends to before the Tragic Millennium and is maintained with equal, if not greater, fervour in these dark years of Europe.

The finest bull specimens are considered to be bred here, in the stables of Pons Yachar, Zhonzac Ekare, Rikoh Manns, Ghelaine Paray and others. The expansive fields behind the town are used for grazing and herds of wild cattle meander across the lush, hardy grasses whenever the mistral is not threatening to separate horns from heads, tended by the mounted ranchers who watch and protect the herds from marsh bears, baragoon and other threats.

Mejanes has its own bullring; a smaller specimen than that found in Aigues Mortes but special nonetheless. Bull fights are held regularly, both as training for the largest festivals and as competitions between matadors from within and beyond the Kamarg's borders. The bullring is in the very centre of the town, surrounded by stables, a few small taverns, shops and workshops. The streets are named for famous matadors and bulls of old and everywhere one looks in Mejanes there are countless reminders of the importance of bulls and bullfighting to the town: statues, house and shop names, horns and skulls and so forth. Children's games focus on re-enacting the skill and athleticism of their heroes and the fashions of Mejanes reflect the matador's garb.

Quite naturally Count Huras of Gimeaux hates Mejanes because the town eclipses his own efforts to breed the finest bulls but he still brings his animals here to compete in the training and league contests. The people of Mejanes view Huras as something of a curious show-off and neither his bulls nor matadors are considered to be anything other than mundane examples of this noble tradition.

Mejanes is therefore a lively, raucous place, alive with music, loud debate, much wine and a constant sense of being on the edge of a party. The people dress in bright, flamboyant colours and seem to have personalities to

I have read that, once, the matadors fought bulls to the death for the pleasure of a braying crowd, although I am sure this is simply an exaggeration of history and can be readily dismissed, just as we can dismiss the tales of men walking on the moon. If Granbretan had been reported as fighting and killing bulls for sport, I could quite believe it; but the stories maintain that the courts of Espanyia and the Kamarg indulged in this quite barbaric practice and that is why I am prepared to dismiss these accounts as fanciful.

But bull fighting is in the blood of the Kamarg. The ability of the matador to pluck the ribbons from the horns of the strongest, fiercest bulls is a marvel to behold; a virtuoso display of nerve, athleticism and grace that is performed almost like a ballet. It takes great courage for these men and women to enter the bull ring with no more protection than their cloak and their wits and then to emerge unscathed, clutching their prizes like jewels (and every bit as deserved). It is truly a noble sport, and I thrill to see the excitement in Yisselda's eyes as we take our places in the box overlooking the bull ring at Aigues Mortes and watch the procession of matadors before the contests begin. I note, also, the envy in Brass's eyes. If he was twenty years younger I have no doubt he would be amongst the matadors, marching proudly and acknowledging the adoration of the crowd before pitting himself against the strongest bulls, like the noble, famous, Cornerouge.

Ah, but such youth eludes both of us and we must be content with admiring the skill of the matadors who risk their lives to entertain us!

From Bowgentle's Journal

match; it is an easy place to make friends, especially if one exhibits an interest in bull fighting and relative strangers are quickly pulled into friendly debates to give their opinion of the quality of a particular bull or expertise of a certain matador, regardless of their knowledge of the subject.

Saliers

Saliers is a lonely collection of buildings centred around a stretch of dilapidated, unkempt farmland. The buildings, low, forlorn and in a state of miserable repair, are home to the peculiar sect of monks calling itself the Severed Worlds Brotherhood. The monks tend the meagre offerings of their farmland for the most part but on certain days of the year, seemingly when the mistral is at its most brutal, they emerge en-masse and proceed, in a rag-tag line, in a huge circuit of the northern Kamarg that follows the Rhone's western arm before slanting east to skirt Albaron and then head in the direction of Gimeaux before turning west again and returning home.

The brotherhood is fearful of outsiders. They communicate openly only amongst themselves and any communication with non-brothers is conducted through a spokesman, identifiable by the tall staff of black-lacquered yew he always carries. The brotherhood speak enigmatically of their faith and purpose; their philosophy is unclear but seems to involve calling forth a city known as *Talneron*. They appear to believe that, by wandering as they do, particularly when the mistral is strongest, that this Talneron might be encouraged to appear in the centre of the area they circuit. The yew staff, carried by the Severed Worlds Speaker, is meant to represent the Runestaff and acts as a focus for the incantations they chant (and howl, when the mistral is strongest) in their circuitous pilgrimage.

The brothers are a strange group. They number no more than 50 and each one claims to have come from a different world or different age. None of them are native to this earth, so they say but have been stranded here by a group of vengeful gods for a variety of crimes and transgressions. The brotherhood claims to walk a path of peace but it is clear that several of their number are skilled warriors. A group of jeering bullies from Albaron was taught as much when they decided to launch an unprovoked attack on the monks. Several of the brotherhood, without uttering any word whatsoever, inflicted numerous broken bones on the rabble and if they had had weapons, would surely have inflicted fatalities. No one provokes the brotherhood any longer.



Count Brass has decreed that the brotherhood should be left to their own devices. They harm no one (without provocation) and are self-sufficient. There are far stranger beliefs in the Kamarg and elsewhere and if the Severed Worlds Brotherhood believes it can summon forth a city of peace and harmony, then they should be allowed to pursue that goal unmolested.

Sanmaree

A small port on the southern coast of the Kamarg, Sanmaree was considered a place of religious importance before the Tragic Millennium when three exiled goddesses arrived by boat at the small fortress called Oppidum-Ra that once stood where the town is now located. The goddesses were in mourning for the death of the god all three of them loved and they dwelt here for centuries, returning to the sea every third year to be

reborn in a fresh image – a dark-skinned child who was paraded through the streets and worshipped anew.

The three goddesses, all called Maree, are still venerated in this small, secluded, fishing community. A temple to them is maintained by the female cult of Kalee-Maree, led by the High Priestess Klawdeea, an ageing but sensual woman who leads the entire town to bathe in the waters of the Middle Sea on the three holy days in a re-enactment of the rituals of the rebirth of the three goddesses. This rite is performed as a solemn ceremony but descends into a riotous semi-orgy as the townsfolk, particularly the women, are gripped by intense visions of change and regeneration as they immerse themselves into the warm sea water. When they emerge, the women change their name to Maree for the next three days as they partake in all manner of celebration, some of it being of a quite disturbing nature and cavort through the town gripped by the fervour of their sea-borne visions.

Many of the men folk of Sanmaree vacate the town at this time of year, making for Aigues Mortes, Capelliere or even Arles, rather than remain in their homes during this intense period of feasting.

High Priestess Klawdeea is said to have been one of Bogomil's lovers and that she still mourns his passing. The rituals of the Kalee-Maree cult are now peppered with references to Bogomil and Klawdeea grieves for him in the same way the three goddesses grieved for the loss of their god-husband. Certainly Klawdeea has no love at all for Count Brass and his violent past is the focus of her long tirades in the regular ceremonies held in the main temple.

Recently, there has been a more disturbing development in the beliefs of the Kalee-Maree cultists. Now that Yisselda, Count Brass's daughter, has come into womanhood, Klawdeea has begun to proselytize that she should be brought into the cult somehow. Klawdeea seems to believe that Yisselda is either one or all three, of the goddesses reborn and a woman of great destiny. In her fevered, drug-induced dreams, Klawdeea has seen Yisselda choose and bring to power a Great Champion – a golden haired warrior who can only be the dead god mourned by the three goddesses. She has seen Yisselda march to war, dressed as a warrior, liberating the world from a great tyranny. She has also seen her captured by an evil sorcerer of the east and undergo what Klawdeea calls The Stigmata of the Bride, before being rescued by her god-lover and progressing to true goddess hood herself.

Klawdeea is becoming increasingly convinced of Yisselda's importance and has travelled to Castle Brass to explain her dreams to Yisselda but quite naturally, has been rebuffed first by Bowgentle and then more forcefully by Count Brass himself. It is now Klawdeea's belief that both Brass and Bowgentle are sinister agents of the evil god who slew the original god loved by the three goddesses; that they know full-well Yisselda's true nature but seek to keep her in denial. Klawdeea further postulates to her inner circle that Count Brass is not a true man at all but a demon of blood and metal conjured by Bowgentle to act as though he is Yisselda's father. Klawdeea wonders aloud if Yisselda's true father might not be Bogomil. She poses the questions: what happened to Yisselda's mother? Why did Count Brass launch such a vicious attack on Bogomil (a man of rare power and spiritual observance; a creator and developer of new life)? Why does Yisselda rarely leave Castle Brass?

Klawdeea hatches many plans in her blue-lined inner sanctum, deep beneath the temple of Kalee-Maree. She plots ways to return Bogomil (whom she does not believe to be dead) to his throne; she plots the overthrow of Count Brass and his exposure as a demon; she plots the abduction of Yisselda and her induction to the secrets of the three goddesses so that she might realise her true nature. As she plots and schemes and dreams, those loyal to her find ways of bringing her plans to fruition, secretly and stealthily, contacting those who were also loyal to Bogomil, such as the Avig Brotherhood in Arles and those who hate Brass, such as Count Huras in Gimeaux.

On the sleepy southern coast of the Kamarg, in a town almost forgotten by the rest of the region, a conspiracy hatches.

Notables of the Kamarg

Count Huras

One of the wealthiest men of the region, Huras is jealous and self-obsessed. He hates anyone that displays any possibility of challenging his own position and despises those who are not of the old Kamarg families. Naturally enough, Huras thinks his considerable wealth should automatically buy respect and success and he has no desire to earn anything by hard work and merit save, perhaps, a reputation for the breeding of bulls.

Huras dislikes Count Brass with a particular intensity. He finds the Count's attitudes offensive, his military record threatening and his dominance of the Kamarg and insult. Huras is actively plotting to have Count Brass removed in one way, shape or form.

Characteristics: STR 12, CON 10, SIZ 10, INT 14, POW 10, DEX 12, CHA 10

Skills: Athletics 54% (48%), Boating 42%, Dodge 54%, Evaluate 35%, Influence 75%, Lore (Arles) 110%, Lore (Bull Breeding), Lore (Kamarg) 80%, Perception 54%, Persistence 50%, Resilience 55%

Armour & Hit Points

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1–2	Right Leg	1/5
3–4	Left Leg	1/5
5–6	Abdomen	1/6
7–14	Chest	1/7
15–16	Right Arm	1/4
17–18	Left Arm	1/4
19–20	Head	–/5

Leather Trews, Shirt: –6% Skill Penalty

Weapons

Type	*Weapon Skill*	*Damage / AP*
Shortsword	44% (38%)	1D6/4
Dagger	34% (28%)	1D4+1/4

Special Rules: *Combat Actions:* 2, *Strike Rank:* +13, *Damage Modifier:* None, *Movement:* 4m

Emil Entroux

Argumentative, devious and quick to anger, Emil Entroux has inherited the family horned horse stable and pedigree from his deceased father and is adamant to rid himself of his competition, the Moujin family. Entroux is seeking scandal and gossip that can be used against any part of the Moujin family and is attempting to cultivate alliances with people who can bring about their demise.

There can be little doubt that Emile is deranged. His pathological hatred is coupled with a brooding intensity and ferocity of temper that borders on the murderous. He frequently rides out into the Kamarg alone, taking the most difficult of his stable's horses and frequently leaving the safe paths between the lagoons. He has drowned several horses in this way but cares nothing for the loss.

Outwardly charming and civil but with a hair trigger temper. Any offence taken is kept for life and Emil has a long and selective memory.

Characteristics: STR 11, CON 13, SIZ 13, INT 10, POW 9, DEX 12, CHA 9

Skills: Athletics 39%, Dodge 29% Driving 19%, 19%, Lore (Animal) 55%, Lore (Kamarg) 30%, Lore (Plant) 25%, Perception 34%, Persistence 49%, Resilience 37%, Riding 63%

Armour & Hit Points

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1–2	Right Leg	1/6
3–4	Left Leg	1/6
5–6	Abdomen	–/7
7–14	Chest	–/8
15–16	Right Arm	–/5
17–18	Left Arm	–/5
19–20	Head	2/6

Leather Trews, Helm: –4% Skill Penalty

Weapons

Type	*Weapon Skill*	*Damage / AP*
1H Axe	68%	1D6+1/3
Shield	63%	1D6/10

Special Rules: *Combat Actions:* 2, *Strike Rank:* +11, *Damage Modifier:* None, *Movement:* 4m

High Priestess Klawdeea

Klawdeea was once the lover of the sorcerer Bogomil and she deeply mourns his passing. Whilst she never witnessed what went in his laboratories, she knew the genius of his work and knows that, given time, he could have created a god or brought the god of the Three Marees back to life.

She therefore has two principle aims: to secure revenge against Count Brass and to fully introduce his daughter, Yisselda, into the ways of the Kalee Maree cult. The latter goal might be extremely useful in fulfilling the former goal, Klawdeea reasons and it is fortunate that one of her faithful is none other than Sebile, the unhappy handmaiden in Yisselda's employ.

Klawdeea thus is hatching schemes and plans against Count Brass, intent on revenge and even bringing back, somehow, Bogomil's influence to the world.

Characteristics: STR 7, CON 10, SIZ 10, INT 14, POW16 (13), DEX 11, CHA 16

Skills: Dance 80%, Dodge 21%, Evaluate 24%, First Aid 44%, Healing 34%, Influence 76%, Lore (Kalee Maree Cult) 114%, Lore (Kamarg) 44%, Lore (World) 29%, Perception 75%, Persistence 46%, Resilience 46%, Riding 27%, Sing 86%, Sleight 61%, Stealth 22%

Armour & Hit Points

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1–2	Right Leg	–/4
3–4	Left Leg	–/4
5–6	Abdomen	–/5
7–14	Chest	–/6
15–16	Right Arm	–/3
17–18	Left Arm	–/3
19–20	Head	–/4

Weapons

Type	*Weapon Skill*	*Damage / AP*
Dagger	28%	1D4+1/4

Special Rules: *Combat Actions:* 2, *Strike Rank:* +12, *Damage Modifier:* –1D2, *Movement:* 4m

Klawdeea knows the following spells:

Diminish (STR) 41%, Dominate (Humans) 44%, Ghost Fence 55%

Looees van Tripp

Looees van Tripp is a disgraced Hollandian dabbler in science with ambition far beyond any real talent. He believes firmly in the application of alchemical processes and has studied widely on the matter. His quest is therefore to transmute a base material into gold – namely salt – and to uncover the underlying formula for the *magisterium,* which will enable eternal life and an end to all disease.

Unfortunately van Tripp's experiments have a knack of going terribly wrong, as was the case with the salt leeches, which he was convinced he could return to humanity. Ambition is not van Tripp's failing; rather it is his lack of patience and inability to focus on detail. He cuts far too many corners in his bids to realise speedy success and thereby impress his employer. Fortunately Titus Picheny, his employer, is an indulgent and patient man.

Characteristics: STR 12, CON 11, SIZ 10, INT 14, POW12, DEX 11, CHA 14

Skills: Dodge 23%, Evaluate 44%, Influence 34%, Lore (Alchemy) 39%, Lore (Plant) 25%, Lore (World) 24%, Perception 36%, Persistence 42%, Resilience 43%,

Armour & Hit Points

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1–2	Right Leg	–/5
3–4	Left Leg	–/5
5–6	Abdomen	–/6
7–14	Chest	–/7
15–16	Right Arm	–/4
17–18	Left Arm	–/4
19–20	Head	–/5

Weapons

Type	*Weapon Skill*	*Damage / AP*
None		

Special Rules:*Combat Actions:* 2, *Strike Rank:* +12, *Damage Modifier:* None, *Movement:* 4m

Looees knows the following spells:

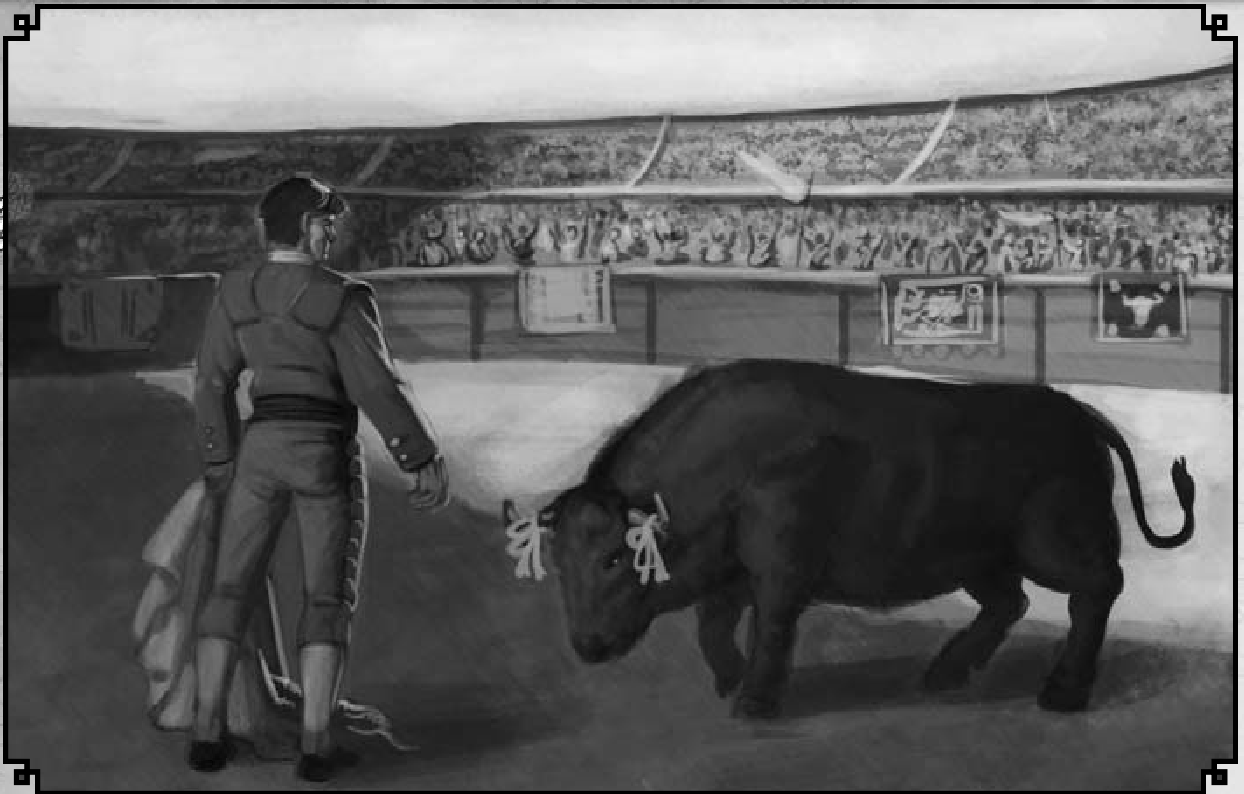
Acid 44%, Boost 31%, Holdfast 32%

Mahtan Just

Currently the best Matador in the whole of the Kamarg, Mahtan Just of Arles is a hero to every boy, many men and considerable numbers of women. His dashing good looks, natural grace and athleticism and self-deprecating personality mark him out as a true star of the arenas of Aigues Mortes and Arles.

Mahtan lives for bull fighting and it is all he knows. He competes for the thrill of it but enjoys the wealth and adulation each performance is earning him, even though he has been performing for less than two years. Such rapid success has earned both soubriquets and brickbats. Some of the established matadors, with not a little envy, note flaws in his technique, question his approach and remark on how flamboyance can be lethal in the ring. Mahtan listens to the criticism but is wise enough to know his own mind and does not become too easily led.

His head is, however, turned by a pretty face and well-turned ankle. He can have his pick of the most beautiful



women in the Kamarg and has already made several conquests. This could prove to be his downfall; he is lax to enquire if an admirer is married or engaged and sooner or later (perhaps with the help of an envious rival) he will be caught out.

Characteristics: STR 12, CON 16, SIZ 12, INT 15, POW16, DEX 19, CHA 16

Skills: Acrobatics 109%, Athletics 89%, Dodge 87%, Influence 49%, Lore (Bullfighting) 95%, Lore (Kamarg) 45%, Martial Arts 46%, Perception 36%, Persistence 75%, Resilience 76%, Riding 75% Survival 34%, Throwing 47%

Armour & Hit Points

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1–2	Right Leg	1/6
3–4	Left Leg	1/6
5–6	Abdomen	1/7
7–14	Chest	1/8
15–16	Right Arm	1/5
17–18	Left Arm	1/5
19–20	Head	1/6

Matador garb, 1 AP –7%

Weapons

Type	*Weapon Skill*	*Damage / AP*	
Longsword	76%	1D8	1/2

Special Rules: *Combat Actions:* 4, *Strike Rank:* +16, *Damage Modifier:* None, *Movement:* 4m

Nikawl Huras

The wilful, neglected (never a good combination) wife of Count Huras, Nikawl is a society beauty and adept social climber who is highly skilled in getting her own way without anyone realising quite how it has happened. She uses her natural beauty and charms to beguile any man who can provide her with what she wants but knows exactly how to play the game so that she does not unduly compromise herself. If her husband was more attentive, she would be less wayward: *less* being the operative word.

Despite her nature Nikawl has a decent soul. She does not like to see her friends wronged or people being exploited unless they thoroughly deserve it. Although she likes to give the impression of being air-headed she is quite the opposite; a shrewd and insightful judge of

character in a world that needs to such people to avoid descending into anarchy.

Characteristics: STR 10, CON 11, SIZ 8, INT 15, POW 15, DEX 10, CHA 16

Skills: Athletics 40%, Dodge 22%, First Aid 25%, Lore (Animal) 25%, Lore (World) 75%, Perception 45%, Persistence 40%, Resilience 35%, Seduction 85%, Stealth 34%

Armour & Hit Points

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1–2	Right Leg	–/4
3–4	Left Leg	–/4
5–6	Abdomen	–/5
7–14	Chest	–/6
15–16	Right Arm	–/3
17–18	Left Arm	–/3
19–20	Head	–/4

Weapons

Type	*Weapon Skill*	*Damage / AP*
Longbow	20%	2D8

Special Rules: *Combat Actions:* 2, *Strike Rank:* +13, *Damage Modifier:* –1D2, *Movement:* 4m

The Mother of Pearl

The mad Mother of Pearl was once an associate of Bogomil, having come from the Magyar mountains to assist his work in the Kamarg. Something she did or something she said caused him anger and he punished her with the insanity that afflicts her now, causing to believe that she is the mother of a god. For at least a year she wandered the Kamarg as a witless savage, living on whatever she could scavenge and avoiding the creatures that set out to hunt her (or were they deliberately put on her trail?). When she finally came to Beauduc and found the oyster, she knew she had a home and a purpose.

The Mother of Pearl does not recall anything before her year in the Kamarg. She does not remember her own name although she does remember Bogomil's. She associates some dreadful terror completely with Castle Brass and refuses to believe that anyone living there can be righteous. She wants to see it and its occupants destroyed whatever the cost.

She has retained some of her old sorcerous knowledge; that has been ingrained into her. She will use it to gain the vengeance she so desperately wants upon Castle Brass.

Characteristics: STR 10, CON 9, SIZ 7, INT 20, POW20, DEX 10, CHA 15

Skills: Dodge 23%, Evaluate 30%, First Aid 60%, Influence 45%, Lore (Animal) 80%, Lore (Plant) 20%, Lore (world) 35%, Manipulation (Combine) 50%, Manipulation (Duration) 50%, Manipulation (Magnitude) 50%, Manipulation (Range) 50%, Manipulation (Targets) 50%, Perception 55%, Persistence 60%, Resilience 49%, Sleight 34%.

Sorcery Spells: Dominate (humans) 60%, Mystic Vision 50%, Spiritual Projection 40%, Tap Power 60%

Armour & Hit Points

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1–2	Right Leg	–/4
3–4	Left Leg	–/4
5–6	Abdomen	–/5
7–14	Chest	–/6
15–16	Right Arm	–/3
17–18	Left Arm	–/3
19–20	Head	–/4

Weapons

Type	*Weapon Skill*	*Damage / AP*
Dagger	35%	1D4+1/2

Special Rules: *Combat Actions:* 2, *Strike Rank:* +15, *Damage Modifier:* –1D2, *Movement:* 4m

The Mother Pearl has gills grafted into her neck (a gift from Bogomil) allowing her to breathe underwater as well as any fish.

Titus Picheny

The avuncular salt baron of the Kamarg is known for his booming, good natured laugh, shrewd and colourful insights into human nature, his persistent love of the finer things in life and naturally enough, his belief that all things come back to salt. His love stretches to a love of women – a love so vast that he has the need for

three wives simultaneously and none of them are ever neglected. As a result he has many children, all doted upon and spoiled rotten.

A frequent visitor to Castle Brass, Titus is great friends with Count Brass. They were acquainted before the Count's move to the Kamarg but their friendship has been forged in the past eight years. Titus has the same directness as the Count and the same love of the finer things in life. Both men are convinced that the Dark Empire of Granbretan is most likely a positive thing and their shared optimism only strengthens their very good friendship.

Characteristics: STR 14, CON 12, SIZ 14, INT 10, POW16, DEX 13, CHA 16

Skills: Athletics 17%, Boating 24%, Dodge 19%, Evaluate 90%, Influence 76%, Lore (Kamarg) 75%, Lore (Salt) 110%, Lore (World) 60%, Perception 46%, Persistence 26%, Resilience 38%, Riding 34% (26%), Sing 26%,

Armour & Hit Points

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1–2	Right Leg	–/6
3–4	Left Leg	–/6
5–6	Abdomen	–/7
7–14	Chest	–/8
15–16	Right Arm	–/5
17–18	Left Arm	–/5
19–20	Head	–/6

Weapons

Type	*Weapon Skill*	*Damage / AP*
1H Axe	32%	1D6+2/4

Special Rules: *Combat Actions:* 3, *Strike Rank:* +11, *Damage Modifier:* +1D2, *Movement:* 4m

Vendredai

This grizzled old Guardian is still bitter at the havoc Bogomil wrought throughout the Kamarg. He had countless stories to tell of those bleak years, of the horrors he witnessed and the evil he tried to fight. The Kamarg has scarred his deeply and it is clearly too badly etched into his psyche for him to let go.

For all his moroseness, Vendredai is an attentive host and a good listener. Naturally sympathetic he can readily empathise with hard-luck stories and tales of hard-fought battles. It is in his nature to be stoic and wistful; yet given the opportunity he would readily move to defend the Kamarg again, such is his love for the place.

Characteristics: STR 12, CON 13, SIZ 13, INT 12, POW 15, DEX 13, CHA 17

Skills: Athletics 55%, Boating 52%, Dodge 30%, Driving 25%, Evaluate 72%, Influence 67%, Lore (Kamarg) 97%, Lore (Plant) 22%, Lore (World) 32%, Perception 62%, Persistence 65%, Resilience 66%, Riding 43%, Stealth 18%, Survival 22%

Armour & Hit Points

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1–2	Right Leg	2/6
3–4	Left Leg	2/6
5–6	Abdomen	5/7
7–14	Chest	5/8
15–16	Right Arm	5/5
17–18	Left Arm	5/5
19–20	Head	5/6

Greater Leather Trews (Bulwark), Exquisite Chainmail Shirt (Nimble x 2), Helmet: –20% Skill Penalty

Weapons

Type	*Weapon Skill*	*Damage / AP*
Shortspear	35%	1D8/2
Target Shield	55%	1D6/8
Warsword	85%	1D8/4

Special Rules: *Combat Actions:* 3, *Strike Rank:* +13, *Damage Modifier:* +0, *Movement:* 4m

Aigues Mortes

The name means 'The City of Dead Waters' and Aigues Mortes was ancient even before the onset of the Tragic Millennium. In its long history it has weathered war, plague and famine but has always prevailed, watching over the western reaches of the Kamarg and providing a safe haven for its people and those who visit to trade.

The city is almost completely enclosed by four walls, punctuated by eight formidable gates and 12 guard towers. The largest, Tower Konstant, is built outside the wall but is connected to the city by a stone and steel bridge. With walls over six metres thick and equipped with the sophisticated weaponry introduced by Count Brass, it watches over the city and the port gazing out towards the Middle Sea. Aigues Mortes is designed to withstand siege and has done so on several occasions throughout its turbulent history. Now, in the days of Count Brass, Aigues Mortes is a peaceful and prosperous city, attracting merchants and travellers from across Europa, who use it as a staging post for expeditions into the French heartlands to the north.

Aigues Mortes is also home to the Guardians. Here, in the shadow of the Tower Konstant, Guardians are trained and garrisoned, when not on active duty in the Kamarg. They offer an elite support to the city militia and a dashing presence within the city.

Introduction to the City

The current population of Aigues Mortes is around 5,000 with almost everyone living within the walls. The interior of the city has been rebuilt several times in its long history but always to a similar ground plan with long, rectilinear streets and clear blocks of buildings. It is easy to navigate the grid-like structure, however, within the main accretions of buildings there are many narrow streets, alleys, dead-ends and small public squares that can be disorienting to the unwary. The city is divided into seven districts or gates, each encompassing one or two street blocks. The gates are: Churchgate, Gallowgate, Konstantgate, Marketgate, Portgate, Tattersgate and Towergate.

Beyond the wall is the Arena, a main circular building surrounded by stables and preparation buildings. It is here that Aigues Mortes holds its regular bull fights as well as other events and ceremonies.

Location

Aigues Mortes is situated on the western edge of the Kamarg and although it has a port it is some distance from the sea. The port is accessed via a long ship canal built before the Tragic Millennium, which brings trade shipping from the coast and right up to the southern wall where vessels can moor in the deep water harbour on the city's western side.

Aigues Mortes is surrounded by flat agricultural lands and built on a promontory overlooking the city is the formidable sight of Castle Brass, which is covered in the next chapter.

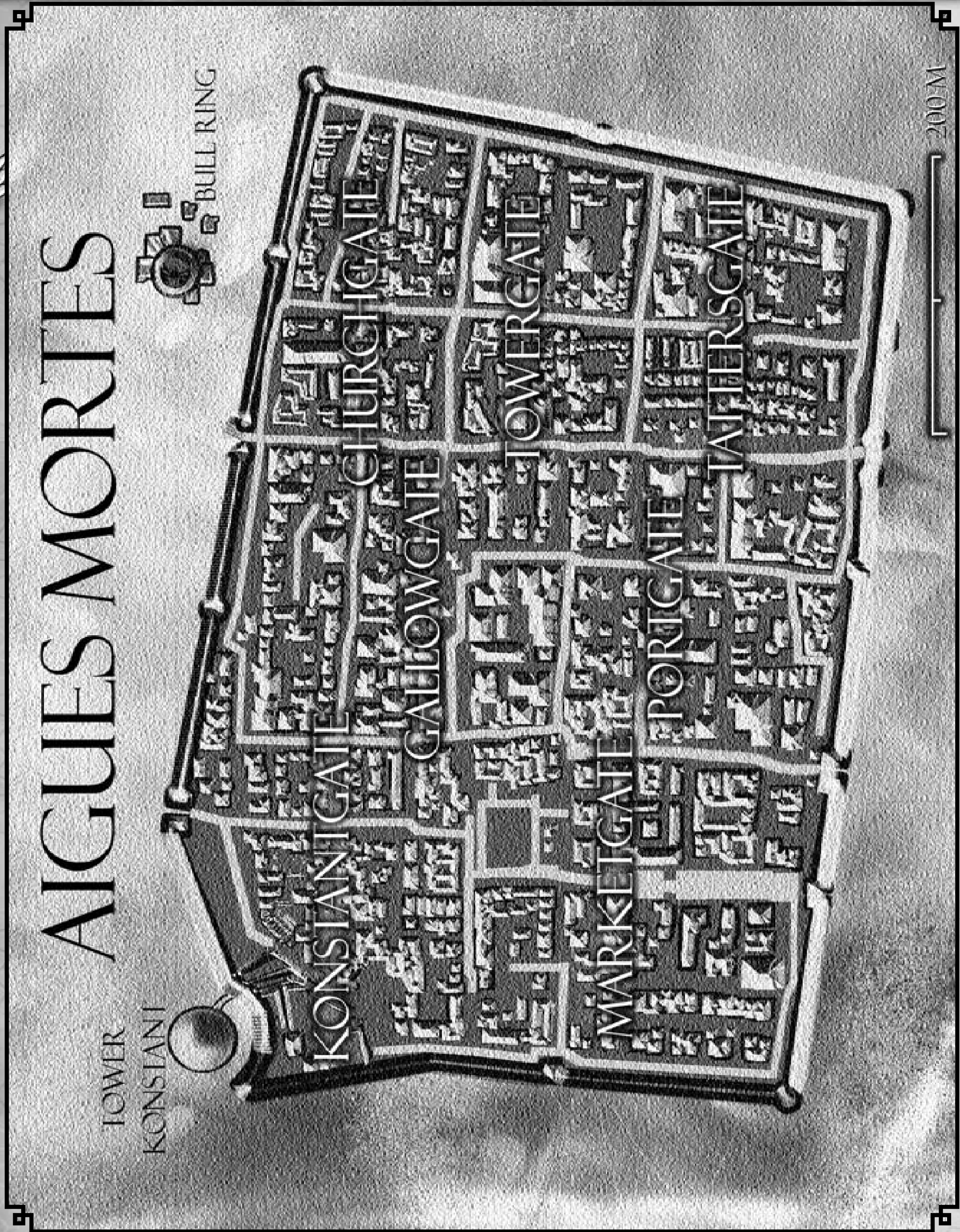
Defence

The walls surrounding Aigues Mortes are two metres thick and 16 metres high. Eight gates punctuate the walls around the city, with the largest being in the east, south and west walls. Eleven watchtowers, 20 metres high, are positioned at strategic intervals to allow clear line of sight along the walls and out to the surrounding lands. Each gate is flanked on either side, either by towers or gatehouses. The gates themselves are of iron and brass-shod oak, opened and closed manually by the duty militia assigned to gate duty each day. The gates open at dawn and close at dusk but smaller doors set into the gates permit the entry of individuals (though not mounts) once the main gates have closed for the day. Special permission is required from a Guardian before a main gate can be opened during the hours of darkness.

Aigues Mortes had a moat in its past but this has long since been filled.

Government

The city is governed by the Prefecture, a group of eight representatives elected by each gate and presided over by the Lord Guardian (Count Brass). A small bureaucracy, the Scriptoriate, supports the Prefecture's work, maintains records and issues permits, licences and so forth. The Prefecture meets eight times each year, circulating around each gate, with the final meeting of the year being held at Castle Brass. Any citizen of Aigues Mortes is


AIGUES MORTES
BULL RING
TOWER KONSTANT
KONSTANTGATE
CHURCHGATE
GALLOWGATE
TOWERGATE
MARKETGATE
PORTGATE
TATTERSGATE
200 M

eligible to stand for the Prefecture as long as he or she has lived in the city for at least one full year and can clearly demonstrate actions and intentions in Aigues Mortes' interests. Prefects hold office for two years and elections are by public vote with a show of hands being counted for each candidate in meetings held at a gathering place within each gate. Count Brass is adamant that all elections will be honest and fair and the Guardians are on-hand to watch for anyone attempting to pervert the electoral process. Where candidates tie, Count Brass assembles a special council of previous Prefects to listen to speeches from the tied candidates; the council then decides who will represent the gate for the next two years.

Militia

The Aigues Mortes militia is a relatively small force of volunteers who agree to spend three days of each week conducting the militia's duties of watchtower and gate tending, night-time patrols of a particular district and to defend the city if the Lord Guardian commands it. In return the militia receive training, equipment (a halberd, a broadsword and leather armour) and an annual stipend of 150 Silver Pieces. The militia is not noted for being overly diligent in its duties but this is largely because Aigues Mortes is a peaceful enough place. Most crime involves drunkenness, the occasional brawl and petty theft such as burglary and pick-pocketing but most people are happy to walk the streets at night and to leave their doors unlocked. News travels quickly in Aigues Mortes, so anyone known to be causing trouble or taking advantage of others, soon finds their activities are known by the wider community and dealt with in an appropriate way. If the militia finds itself unable to deal with a particular situation, then the Guardians can be summoned and they take a stronger, far more serious line with anyone threatening Aigues Mortes' reputation for peace and harmony.

The militia is 200-strong, mostly men, although a few hardy women have also joined the ranks. The militia wear green cloaks over black leather armour with a simple, polished silver helmet. When on gate patrol, their work in pairs, and always to the orders of a sergeant at arms. The militia headquarters is in Konstantgate, close to the Guardians' barracks and it is here that their six-hour watch starts and finishes.

Typical Militia

The guards wear the standard uniform of the militia – green cloaks over black leather armour with a simple, polished silver helm.

Characteristics: STR 13 CON 12 DEX 13 SIZ 12 INT 10 POW 12 CHA 12

Skills: Athletics 55%, Dodge 45%, Lore (Castle Brass) 30%, Lore (Kamarg) 50%, Perception 55%, Persistence 55%, Resilience 55%

Armour & Hit Points

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1–3	Right Leg	2/5
4–6	Left Leg	2/5
7–9	Abdomen	2/6
10–12	Chest	6/7
13–15	Right Arm	2/4
16–18	Left Arm	2/4
19–20	Head	6/5

Leather Hauberk, Trews, Cap: –22% Skill Penalty

Weapons

Type	*Weapon Skill*	*Damage*	*AP/HP*
Halberd	55%	1D8+2	3/10
Broadsword	60%	1D8+1	4/14

Special Rules: *Combat Actions:* 3, *Strike Rank:* +12, *Damage Modifier:* None, *Movement:* 4m



Crime and Punishment in Aigues Mortes.

Count Brass presides over a weekly court of session where criminals are heard and punishments dispensed. Most crimes are of a petty nature and punished by fines or short terms of imprisonment in the dungeons beneath Tower Konstant. Count Brass is a harsh but fair magistrate, taking counsel from both the Prefects and Bowgentle where a case, verdict or punishment is not clear-cut.

Sample Crime	*Typical Punishment*
Affray	5 to 10 days imprisonment
Arson	Death
Assault	20 to 100 days imprisonment and 1,000 SP Fine
Burglary	100 days imprisonment and 500 SP fine
Carrying an unlicensed and/or unbound weapon	100 SP fine and confiscation
Grievous harm	50 to 100 days imprisonment and 2,000 SP Fine
Manslaughter	600 days imprisonment followed by expulsion from the city
Mugging	50 to 100 days imprisonment and 2,000 SP Fine
Murder	Death
Pick-pocketing/Shoplifting	5 to 10 days imprisonment
Public Drunkenness	1 day imprisonment and 100 SP Fine
Rape	Death
Trading without a licence	3 SP per day of trading and a 6 month ban on trading within the city walls
Vandalism/Property Damage	20 to 100 days imprisonment and Fine equal to the cost of the damage

The death penalty is hanging, conducted in the market square. However, there has been no public execution in Aigues Mortes for 10 years. The last were those who had raped and murdered the citizens of Aigues Mortes in Bogomil's name.

If a Fine cannot be paid in full, property up to its value is confiscated and auctioned. Any financial shortfall is converted into public service with one day equal to each silver piece outstanding. Public service includes cleaning, property repairs and public works but extends to any arduous or unpleasant duties the Prefecture deems appropriate.

No weapon longer than a broadsword may be carried on open display within the walls of Aigues Mortes (with the exception of the militia) and all weapons must be bound to their scabbards with a length of scarlet ribbon, purchased for the cost of 1 SP from the Scriptoriate office in Marketgate. Long-hafted weapons and bows must be surrendered to the Guardians upon entry to the city and they are returned upon leaving and on production of the receipt issued at the time of surrender.

Accommodation

Only the very wealthy own property in Aigues Mortes. The bulk of the houses, basements, flats and garrets are owned by the city and rented out to the populace. This is a very old practice but in the days of Bogomil all rents went to him, rather than into the city coffers. The standard of accommodation and thus the rent, depends on the district. Konstantgate, Marketgate and Churchgate have the best properties and therefore the highest rents. Tattersgate and Portgate cater for the cheaper, more seedy (and in some places, squalid) end of the market with cramped attics and basements renting for a few pennies per week.

Although the city is the landlord, a network of property agents, employed by the Scriptoriate, look after rent collection and the assignment of accommodation. Waiting lists are long, because Aigues Mortes has a stable population and this has the effect of creating a sub-letting culture where tenants rent a room or floor space to those willing to pay, without passing the income onto the Prefecture. The process is meant to be against city statutes but the Scriptoriate turns a blind-eye to all but the most flagrant abuses because it is an impossible practice to stop and because it would go against the notions of hospitality and courtesy Aigues Mortes likes to cultivate.

Buildings are generally no more than three storeys high and made from stone and wood with reed-thatched roofs and for those who can afford it, slate or tiled roofs, which are typically painted in bright colours.

Commerce

Traders and merchants are welcome in Aigues Mortes. The city boasts a large open market and many smaller street markets throughout the gates as well as shops and workshops owned and operated by the city's craftsmen and artisans. There is no guild system in Aigues Mortes and so prices for goods and services are regulated purely through supply, demand and competition. Anyone wishing to trade inside the city must pay for a traders' licence, which is available from the Scriptoriate and costs 1 SP for a day's trade, 3 SP for five days or 5 SP for 10. Licences are represented by a scroll, which is dated and displays Count Brass's seal and that of the Aigues Mortes prefecture. There is little diligence in checking licences but as every trader must have his licence displayed constantly, customers and other traders are normally quick to spot if a licence has expired.

Traders are not required to pay any kind of trading tax save for the cost of their trading licence. As a result, Aigues Mortes is a hugely attractive destination for traders and the city supports a staggering range of goods for its size. Trade is regulated via the Scriptoriate to ensure a fair representation and balance is struck between traders and goods on offer; if there are too many traders or too many suppliers of a particular commodity, the Scriptoriate can either deny a trading licence or charge more for it, depending on the circumstances. All traders, save for those resident in the city, must report to the Scriptoriate office in Marketgate to register their trade and obtain their licence. Aigues Mortes resident traders must still purchase a licence but are exempt from restrictions on trading. Traders who have been denied a licence, either for a short time or indefinitely, frequently grumble and complain, accompanied by the odd affray resulting in a short-spell in prison but most accept the system and wait their turn, either at one of the many inns if they can afford it or outside the city walls if they cannot.

Markets

The main market square holds markets three or four days a week depending on the season. Small livestock is traded here, along with vegetables, fruit, grain and prepared foods, all sold from a variety of covered stalls, barrows, wagons, booths and open tables. The din is incredible when the market is at its height and the air suffused with the smells of 100 different kinds of food mingled with the musk of livestock.

Stalls spill out from the market square and down the side streets of the district. The market square commands the premium trading space but specialist traders and merchants congregate along the backstreets and side streets to hawk their wares, quite confident that customers and potential customers will find them.

Smaller markets for flowers, wine, ale, herbs and spices are set up in Portgate and Tattersgate and at its busiest it is difficult to tell where one market ends and another starts. Market days in Aigues Mortes attract visitors from across the Kamarg, particularly Arles but also as far away as Lyon. The taverns and inns conduct a thriving trade and bed space is difficult to find in the spring and summer markets when the mistral is absent.

Prices

Given Aigues Mortes location and commerce system, prices vary from those found elsewhere in Europe. This table gives prices for commonly obtainable goods and services within the city. Haggling is common, so these prices indicate the starting point for most negotiations.

Accommodation Costs for an Inn or Lodgings (including a basic meal)

Accommodation Type	Cost per Week
Attic room	1 SP
Barn floor	7 CP
Cellar floor	6 CP
Common room floor	5 CP
Dormitory	1 SP
Hot Water twice a day	3 CP
Private room	10 SP
Private suite	40 – 80 SP
Rented house, 4 rooms, poor standard	20 SP
Rented house, 4 rooms, reasonable standard	50 SP
Rented house, 4 rooms, good standard	80 SP
Service (maid)	1 SP
Shared room of a decent standard	4 SP per person

Clothing

Item	Cost (per suit of clothes)
Boots	10 SP
Clogs (wood and leather)	2 SP
Hat	8 CP – 10 SP, depending on style and quality
Leather (soft, non-armour)	5 SP
Local linen	9 SP
Matador garb	30 SP
Shoes	4 SP
Summer cloak	8 SP
Winter cloak	12 SP
Wool	12 SP

Food and Drink

Food	Cost	Drink	Cost
1kg of cheese	8 CP	Bottle of decent wine	5 SP
Banquet	10 SP	Bottle of poor wine	2 SP
Cheap. peasant meal	5 CP	Bottle of brandy	10 SP
Daily stew or soup	2 CP	Bottle of fine wine	10 SP
Good meal	2 SP	Cask of ale (75 mugs)	30 SP
Loaf of bread	1 CP	Glass of brandy	1 SP
Marsh eel	2 CP	Goblet of decent wine	1 SP
Poor edible meal	2 CP	Goblet of fine wine	2 SP

Food	Cost	Drink	Cost
Porridge	1 CP	Goblet of poor wine	5 CP
Roast meat (beef or goat)	1 SP	Keg of ale (15 mugs)	6 SP
Roast poultry	8 CP	Mug of ale	4 CP
Sausage (pork or beef)	5 CP	Mug of cider	5 CP
Sea fish	8 CP	Mug of mead	4 CP
Seasonal fruit	5 CP	Mug of milk	2 CP
Trail provisions (dried foods for one week)	6 SP	Mug of small beer	2 CP

Livestock

Riding Animals	Cost	Meat Animals	Cost
Fighting Bull	500 SP – 1000 SP	Chicken	5 CP
Flamingo	500 SP	Goat	10 SP
Horned Horse	450 SP	Pig	15 SP
Horse	300 SP	Sheep	50 SP
Pony	150 SP	Bull	150 SP
Tame riding bull	250 SP	Cow	80 SP

Riding Equipment

Type	Cost
Panniers	6 SP
Saddle	8 – 50 SP
Tack	2 – 20 SP

Stable Costs

Care	Cost per day
Corral	2 CP
Full stable care with groom	4 SP
Hire of a horned horse	20 SP
Hire of a normal riding horse	12 SP
Hire of a pony	8 SP
Stall and feed	2 SP
Stall only	6 CP
Trail fodder (oats and grain for one week)	4 SP

Sundries

Item	Cost
15 meters of rope	6 CP
Bag of local herbs or spices	9 CP
Bag of salt (1 kg)	2 CP
Barrel (50 litres)	40 SP
Candle	1 CP
Craftsman’s tools (carpentry, masonry, and so on)	80 SP
Eel net	1 SP

Item	Cost
Fish hooks	2 CP
Fishing rod and line	2 SP
Flask (1 litre)	1 SP
Flint and steel	4 CP
Hammer	1 SP
Jug (2 litre)	3 SP
Keg (15 litres)	20 SP
Lamp	6 SP
Lamp oil (flask)	2 CP
Map of the Kamarg	3 SP – 10 SP depending on detail and scale
Pot or pan	3 SP
Rolls of vellum	5 CP
Satchel or backpack	2 SP
Shovel/Pick	20 SP
Tent, 1-man	10 SP
Tent, 2-man	30 SP
Tent, 4-man	45 SP
Wineskin (2 litre)	3 CP
Writing kit	1 SP

Notable People of Aigues Mortes

Aigues Mortes is home to a diverse collection of people. Some of the most influential, wealthy and/or colourful are described below.

Abelard d'Vhar

An ageing matador who lives a life of luxury in Churchgate, Abelard's best years are behind him although he refuses to acknowledge that the likes of Mahtan Just are usurping his glory. At his best, Abelard was a poet of the bullring. Athletic, charismatic and able to offer a consummate performance with each and every fight, he never failed the fill the entire ring with adoring crowds. His speciality was a backwards somersault to snatch the most difficult bow from the enraged bull's horns, which he would then offer to the most beautiful woman in the crowd – his eye for a pretty face as masterful as his abilities as a bullfighter. Married a total of eight times, Abelard's wandering eye meant that his marriages were always doomed. His infidelity also caused several scandals in Aigues Mortes and Arles; for a few years he moved to Lyon until the waters settled before returning to Aigues Mortes shortly after Count Brass became the Guardian.

By then Abelard's glory days were behind him. Thanks to an increasing fondness for good wine and rich food, he is running to fat and lacks his old, athletic grace. He is still handsome and unmarried, continues to dally with a succession of beautiful women. Whilst he has never officially retired from the bullring, his appearances are few these days, although there are rumours that he is intending to stage one, last, epic fight with the formidable Cornerouge, said to be the finest, fiercest bull ever bred by Pons Yachar. If the rumours are true and Abelard d'Vhar is intending to face the mighty Cornerouge, it would be a fitting end to the old matador's glittering career.

Characteristics: STR 12 CON 13 DEX 16 SIZ 11 INT 12 POW 12 CHA 16

Skills: Acrobatics 89%, Athletics 75%, Dodge 98%, Lore (Bull Fighting) 99%, Lore (Kamarg) 63%, Perception 84%, Persistence 64%, Resilience 81%, Seduction 88%, Stealth 40%

The Wisdom of Aigues Mortes

The people of Aigues Mortes have all manner of sayings and home-spun wisdom. Here are a few choice examples:

A miser is never in need.
A single arrow breaks easily; but not ten in a bundle.
A weapon is an enemy even to its owner.
An indispensable thing has the least value.
As honest as Huon's coin...
By a flamingo's whisker!
Castle Brass diplomacy (i.e., with subtle but persuasive force)
Do not jump into the marsh just to avoid some mud.
Fear to spill a single drop and tread to spill an awful lot
For one who says little, half a brain is quite enough.
I was angry because I had no shoes. Then I met a man who had no feet.
If I traded in hoods, it would never rain. If I traded in sails, the mistral would stay away.
Life comes with wind
Life is for now. A good name is forever.
Money lent is an enemy gained.
Necessity never made a good bargain.
Not worth a baragoon's turd
Tell some of what you know, believe some of what you hear, do some of what you are able…
The cloak is new. Only the holes are old.
The hand that gives is above the hand that takes.
The matador sees late what the bull already knows.
Think of the leaving before you enter
Visits always give pleasure – if not in arriving then in the leaving.
When angry, count to five; when very angry, swear…
When the mistral is at its strongest, so are the people.
Wouldn't touch that with a flamelance

Armour & Hit Points

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1–3	Right Leg	1/5
4–6	Left Leg	1/5
7–9	Abdomen	2/6
10–12	Chest	2/7
13–15	Right Arm	–/4
16–18	Left Arm	–/4
19–20	Head	2/5

Leather Hauberk, Trews, Cap: –8% Skill Penalty

Weapons

Type	*Weapon Skill*	*Damage*	*AP/HP*
Rapier	85%	1D8	3/8
Dagger	65%	1D4+1	4/6

Special Rules: *Combat Actions:* 3, *Strike Rank:* +14, *Damage Modifier:* None, *Movement:* 4m

Anubel Jinjade

The Prefect of Tattersgate, Anubel is also the Madame of the *Villa Rouge d'Amour*, Aigues Mortes' finest bordello. She reasoned that, because so many past Prefects had frequented the Villa, she knew as much as they did about the affairs of the city and decided to stand for office in the last election. This was considered scandalous but surprisingly, she beat her competitors and has proved to be an exceedingly able and competent Prefect.

Anubel is a clever and astute woman. She is also compassionate and honest about her trade and in the way she approaches her dealings with people. Straight-talking but extremely witty, she has earned the respect

and admiration of Count Brass (some claim there is more to this than mere professional respect) and is popular with the people of Tattersgate.

So far Anubel has refused to divulge which of the Prefects past and present were clients of the Villa. As a woman of her word it would be a betrayal of confidence to let such information slip, especially where wives are involved. However there is no doubt that some of the Prefects are more than a little disconcerted by the power she wields through her continued silence and may even be resentful because of it.

Anubel wears the finest clothes she can afford, employing a gossamer veil whenever she ventures out in public. Her face is always heavily made-up, with thick, black kohl to accentuate her large, almond eyes. She wears rings and bracelets (gifts from previous clients) on every limb and finger and these jangle as she walks. She still runs the Villa although her political duties mean that she cannot devote the time to it she would like.

Characteristics: STR 09 CON 12 DEX 14 SIZ 09 INT 16 POW 15 CHA 15

Skills: Dodge 48%, Lore (Kamarg) 85%, Lore (Local Politics) 79%, Perception 54%, Persistence 60%, Resilience 45%, Seduction 95%

Armour & Hit Points

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1–3	Right Leg	–/5
4–6	Left Leg	–/5
7–9	Abdomen	–/6
10–12	Chest	–/7
13–15	Right Arm	–/4
16–18	Left Arm	–/4
19–20	Head	–/5

Weapons

Type	*Weapon Skill*	*Damage*	*AP/HP*
Dagger	60%	1D4+1–1D2	4/6

Special Rules: *Combat Actions:* 3, *Strike Rank:* +14, *Damage Modifier:* –1D2, *Movement:* 4m

Edrikaan Xerencourt

This stout, blond-haired Guardian with deep blue eyes was one of the stalwarts who actively opposed Bogomil's rule and took a decisive part in ridding the Kamarg of the sorcerer's presence. He is considered to be an absolute expert in the ways and nature of the region, knowing all the pathways through the marshes and wetlands and the stories of how he stalked and hunted the mercenaries Bogomil used to enforce his will have passed into local legend.

Xerencourt is still a young man and his courage has brought him rich rewards. He still serves Count Brass and has been accorded the title of City Protector. He is therefore in charge of the Guardians garrisoned within Aigues Mortes and for the defence of the city as a whole. He takes his duties seriously and diligently, working with the likes of von Villach and Tiery Zinade to ensure the city remains peaceful but well defended. However, truly, he is not a city dweller. His home is the open lands of the Kamarg and whenever he has the opportunity he gathers his kit and ventures deep into the interior spending several days alone amongst the wilds, hunting, thinking, and enjoying the solitude.

Xerencourt's quarters are in the Tower Konstant and he has his trained flamingo, Oktavias, corralled in the grounds, along with his jet-black horned horse, Karavaal. He patrols the walls and towers daily, checking on the militia and other Guardians. He often seems to be a forlorn figure, somewhat lonely and remote but has a friendly manner and a ready wit. He insists on assessing all prospective Guardians personally, throwing them a series of questions and challenges designed to test their basic capabilities and expose their potential (or lack of it). Anyone wishing to become a Guardian needs to prove their worth to Edrikaan Xerencourt first.

Characteristics: STR 14 CON 16 DEX 17 SIZ 13 INT 15 POW 13 CHA 14

Skills: Athletics 70%, Dodge 89%, Lore (Aigues Mortes) 90%, Lore (Kamarg) 128%, Perception 95%, Persistence 88%, Resilience 90%, Survival 103%, Stealth 101%, Tracking 110%

Armour & Hit Points

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1–3	Right Leg	2/6
4–6	Left Leg	2/6
7–9	Abdomen	2/7
10–12	Chest	6/8
13–15	Right Arm	2/5
16–18	Left Arm	2/5
19–20	Head	6/6

Leather cloak, plate breastplate and helmet, leather chaps: –26% Skill Penalty

Weapons

Type	*Weapon Skill*	*Damage*	*AP/HP*
Bastardsword	137%	1D8+1D2	4/12
Falchion	127%	1D6+1+1D2	4/10
Flamelance	97%	2D8/1D4	2/6
Long bow	126%	2D8+1D2	2/7
Longspear	130%	1D10+1D2	2/10

Special Rules: *Combat Actions:* 3, *Strike Rank:* +16, *Damage Modifier:* 1D2, *Movement:* 4m



Mareklar Huras

The beautiful and wealthy sister of Count Huras of Arles, Mareklar is extremely fond of Aigues Mortes because her brother (whom she despises) hates it so much. She owns a splendid four-storey house in Gallowgate employing a number of servants, bodyguards and other retainers. She spends her time and money as a patron of the arts, commissioning poems, sonnets, songs and paintings from a variety of artists who have gathered in the city. She also sponsors a number of matadors and has invested a great deal of her money in the stables of Pons Yachar – again, to anger her brother.

Her parties are legendary: lavish affairs held twice per year; once to greet the onset of the mistral and then again to wave it farewell. Mareklar's mistral soirees are *the* place to be seen and anyone who is anyone in Aigues Mortes society is invited.

Mareklar has never married. Rumours of her lovers abound, including a deposed constable of one of the Granbretanian beast orders but she has always been discreet in her affairs. Every other year she leaves Aigues Mortes for several months to go travelling, always taking a retinue of very competent bodyguards. She never discloses where she is going or where she has been and her staff are ordered to keep their silence but whenever she returns she has plenty of news of what is happening throughout Europe and she has made it her habit to meet with Count Brass, Bowgentle and von Villach to brief them on what she has learnt.

Mareklar is very fond of young Yisselda, bringing her gifts from her travels and schooling her in the courtly arts. Her friendship with Count Brass is reasonably strong and whilst there is no sign of any kind of romance, gossips would have them marry so that the good Count has a wife and Yisselda has a mother. Mareklar dismisses such talk, reminding the wag-tongues that she has been courted by several crown princes of Europe and rejected them all. She likes her independence and will not compromise it through any form of union.

Characteristics: STR 8 CON 11 DEX 12 SIZ 10 INT 17 POW 14 CHA 16

Skills: Artistic Expression 85%, Lore (Aigues Mortes) 85%, Lore (Bullfighting) 58%, Lore (Europe) 80%, Lore (Kamarg) 60%, Perception 78%, Persistence 55%, Resilience 44%

Armour & Hit Points

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1–3	Right Leg	–/5
4–6	Left Leg	–/5
7–9	Abdomen	–/6
10–12	Chest	–/7
13–15	Right Arm	–/4
16–18	Left Arm	–/4
19–20	Head	–/5

Weapons

Type	*Weapon Skill*	*Damage AP/HP*
Improvised	60%	varies

Special Rules: *Combat Actions:2*, *Strike Rank:* +15, *Damage Modifier:* –1D2, *Movement:* 4m

Pons Yachar

The veritable bull breeder, Pons Yachar, maintains a very fine villa in Aigues Mortes although his principal residence is at his stables outside Mejanes. Pons is small, white-haired and has a creased face that one wit described as looking like 'a well-abused, much loved saddle'. His intensity is well known; he lives and breathes for his bulls and his diligence has led to him producing the finest examples that are sold all across Europe, for breeding stock and fighting. He is also a man with a very short temper. He cannot abide time wasters, people who question his judgement, people who are late or those who do not share his passion for the bovine. His temper flares like a malfunctioning flamelance, exploding into fits of screaming, stamping and throwing whatever objects are to hand, the air turning blue with a cavalcade of profanities.

His full fury is reserved for Count Huras of Gimeaux and Arles and the two have had several very public arguments over the quality of their livestock and the techniques they use. Pons considers Huras a rank amateur and Huras consider Pons Yachar to be a white-haired dwarf who should know his station. The vitriol between the two is legendary.

For all his bluster and vile temper Pons is an amiable and kind sort. He donates lavishly to the Aigues Mortes Prefecture and sponsors promising young matadors, paying for their equipment, training and education. As a result, Aigues Mortes is fond of this curious, short-tempered and short-legged little man who strides around the city as though he were two metres tall.

Characteristics: STR 10 CON 12 DEX 12 SIZ 6 INT 16 POW 9 CHA 12

Skills: Lore (Aigues Mortes) 71%, Lore (Animal) 95%, Lore (Bull Breeding) 132%, Lore (Bull Fighting) 102%, Lore (Kamarg) 76%, Perception 52%, Persistence 50%, Resilience 50%

Armour & Hit Points

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1–3	Right Leg	–/4
4–6	Left Leg	–/4
7–9	Abdomen	–/5
10–12	Chest	–/6
13–15	Right Arm	–/3
16–18	Left Arm	–/3
19–20	Head	–/4

Weapons

Type	*Weapon Skill*	*Damage*	*AP/HP*
Shortsword	70%	1D6+1–1D2	3/8
Bullwhip*	103%	1D4 –1D2	1/6

Special Rules: *Combat Actions:2*, *Strike Rank:* +14, *Damage Modifier:* –1D2, *Movement:* 4m

**On a critical success the bull whip entangles the Hit Location. The target must make an Athletics test, opposed by the whip-wielder's Bullwhip skill, to break free. If the head location is entangled the whip-wielder can inflict 1 point of strangulation damage to the head location each round the whip remains entangled.*

Whilst entangled the wielder can draw the victim closer by succeeding in an opposed Athletics test. Equally the entangled can try to pull the wielder closer if he succeeds in making an Unarmed test opposed by the wielder's Athletics. The distance one or other of the combatants can be pulled depends on the difference between STR and SIZ. A character can be pulled 1 metre per Combat Action for every 2 points of difference. Thus, a whip-wielder with a STR of 14, attempting to pull an entangled character with a SIZ of 10 could pull the victim 2 metres in a single Combat Action if he wins the opposed Athletics test.

Sansobahl Marseaux

The self-important and long serving Prefect of Marketgate, Sansobahl is a belligerent individual who likes nothing more than to find something that can be argued over. If he has not thought of a particular policy or idea, he contests it, homing-in on minutiae and trivia that he twists into confusing spiels of logic used to unravel the sound principals of whatever is being discussed. In this regard he serves the people and merchants of Marketgate very well but in other matters he is argumentative, obstructive and filled with a sense of his own cleverness. Count Brass detests him but Sansobahl does not seem to care. He takes great delight in being unpopular within the Prefecture, knowing that the many merchants he represents will always re-elect him – large sums of money have exchanged hands to buy this assurance.

A recent example of Sansobahl's argumentative nature has been over the sale of salt and salt-cured goods to Granbretan. The Prefecture is against it but Sansobahl is all for it – mainly because he stands to profit from the enterprise in a roundabout way. Using obscure precedents, convoluted arguments and a number of signed petitions from various salt merchants, Sansobahl has proved that, not only will Aigues Mortes profit but it will act in the city's protective interests. Even Count Brass sees the merits in Sansobahl's arguments and has no issue with the idea, although others, like Anubel Jinjade, are far more sceptical of any form of dealings with the Dark Empire.

Characteristics: STR 13 CON 10 DEX 8 SIZ 9 INT 18 POW 9 CHA 13

Skills: Influence 85%, Lore (Aigues Mortes) 102%, Lore (Kamarg) 95%, Oratory 91%, Perception 88%, Persistence 50%, Resilience 50%

Armour & Hit Points

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1–3	Right Leg	–/4
4–6	Left Leg	–/4
7–9	Abdomen	–/5
10–12	Chest	–/6
13–15	Right Arm	–/3
16–18	Left Arm	–/3
19–20	Head	–/4

Weapons

Type	*Weapon Skill*	*Damage AP/HP*
Dagger	40%	1D4+1

Special Rules: Combat Actions:2, Strike Rank: +13, Damage Modifier: None, Movement: 4m

Tiery Zinade

The gregarious, flamboyant head of the Aigues Mortes militia, Zinade is a veteran mercenary and adventurer tamed by the love of a good woman – his wife, Xandra, a native of the city. Zinade hails from Marenne where he served the Lady Girac but he has made Aigues Mortes his home now, content to co-ordinate the militia, hunt and fish in the Kamarg and when pressures allow, to carouse in the taverns and inns.

Zinade is a friendly man with a steely resolve. He allows his good nature to shine through but woe betide anyone who crosses him or attempts to take advantage of his optimistic character. As a mercenary who has campaigned across France he is no fool and possesses an innate tactical understanding that serves him exceedingly well in organising the volunteer militia forces.

He is justly proud of his record. When he settled in the Kamarg, shortly before Count Brass arrived, he found the city to be on the brink of anarchy thanks to Bogomil's neglect. All Zinade wanted to do was settle down and perhaps open his own inn (a dream he still harbours) but he could not stand by and see lawlessness run rampant through such a beautiful and ancient settlement. He therefore set about identifying men who would work with him to impose order and when Count Brass arrived and forced Bogomil from the region, Zinade knew he had found his calling.

In the years since, Zinade has made the militia his own. He works with the Guardians and Prefecture to maintain order in Aigues Mortes' streets but is careful to preserve the joie de vivre people express. A lover of good wine and good song, he is nevertheless keen to ensure no one takes advantage of the right of everyone to enjoy the basic pleasures of life. His wife, Xandra, is a simple, loving woman who seems to fully understand and support Zinade's mission although, secretly, she believes it is time for him to retire and to buy that tavern he so often dreams about.

Characteristics: STR 15 CON 13 DEX 15 SIZ 17 INT 14 POW 15 CHA 15

Skills: Athletics 75%, Dodge 82%, Lore (Aigues Mortes) 93%, Lore (Kamarg) 88%, Perception 87%, Persistence 76%, Resilience 79%, Survival 80%

Armour & Hit Points

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1–3	Right Leg	2/6
4–6	Left Leg	2/6
7–9	Abdomen	2/7
10–12	Chest	6/8
13–15	Right Arm	2/5
16–18	Left Arm	2/5
19–20	Head	6/6

Leather cloak, plate breastplate and helmet, leather chaps: –26% Skill Penalty

Weapons

Type	*Weapon Skill*	*Damage AP/HP*
Bastardsword	126%	1D8+1D4 4/12
Flamelance	118%	2D8/1D4 2/6
Kite Shield	115%	1D6+1D4 10/18
Long bow	126%	2D8+1D4 2/7

Special Rules: *Combat Actions:* 3, *Strike Rank:* +15, *Damage Modifier:* 1D4, *Movement:* 4m

Vhonavar Trek

A noted Germanian scientist from Hanver, Trek is an expert on physical transmutation and was drawn to the Kamarg to study the techniques and results of Bogomil's experiments. He is a frequent venturer into the wetlands, paying handsomely for bodyguards and guides, as he hunts for baragoon and other creatures created by the erstwhile scientist. Many who know the dangers of the Kamarg have tried to dissuade Trek from his research but the wiry, fox-faced scientist pays little heed and ventures time and again into the remote depths, notebooks and a case full of science apparatus in hand, to find and study the wretched creatures unleashed into the marsh.

Trek is wealthy and maintains two properties, bought outright, in the city. The first, his home situated in Towergate, is an impressive stucco-fronted house of three storeys. The second, his workshop, is a fully-fitted laboratory in Tattersgate and it is here that Trek studies and experiments on the samples he brings back from the marshes. He refuses to say what the nature and intent of his research is, save that it will, one day, change the way people look at themselves. He believes Bogomil worked with good intentions but was corrupted by a flawed methodology.

Secretly, Trek is a great admirer of Bogomil and was once a collaborator with the deposed sorcerer. His expeditions are to collect raw genetic material that will fuel new experiments and improve on Bogomil's work, creating a new strain of stronger, more vicious monsters. He lacks the facilities needed to fully realise his research but the principles are there and Trek has all the information and conclusive proof he needs. If he had access to the machines Bogomil built, he could begin manufacturing horrors once more – and if Count Brass could be deposed in some way, Trek is certain Bogomil's work could be resumed with great ease.

Trek is therefore secretive and murderous. On the outside he is smiling and absent-minded. This is a clever ruse; within he is astute and every bit as corrupt and vicious as Bogomil.

Characteristics: STR 11 CON 13 DEX 11 SIZ 9 INT 18 POW 17 CHA 12

Skills: Dodge 49%, Lore (Animal) 112%, Lore (Experimentation) 120%, Lore (Plant) 101%, Perception 74%, Persistence 55%, Resilience 61%, Stealth 70%, Tracking 63%

Armour & Hit Points

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1–3	Right Leg	–/5
4–6	Left Leg	–/5
7–9	Abdomen	–/6
10–12	Chest	–/7
13–15	Right Arm	–/4
16–18	Left Arm	–/4
19–20	Head	–/5

Usually no armour but wears leather for 2 points of protection and –14% skill penalty when in the Kamarg

Weapons

Type	*Weapon Skill*	*Damage*	*AP/HP*
Falchion	41%	1D6+1–1D2	4/10

Special Rules: *Combat Actions:* 3, *Strike Rank:* +16, *Damage Modifier:*– 1D2, *Movement:* 4m

Zhonpier Dooco

The Dooco family has owned the Aigues Mortes bullring for over a century, steadily building it in size and popularity so that it now shadows the bullring at Arles and is considered the premier arena for bull contests in the Kamarg.

Zhonpier Dooco is, like his predecessors, commercially astute, wealthy, influential and one to flaunt his status. His property in Konstantgate is two large houses knocked together to form an elaborate many-roomed residence, filled with artworks and treasures from across the world. People clamour for his patronage: aspiring matadors, bull breeders, businessmen and the socially adept. Dooco picks and chooses carefully with whom he sees and is seen; his family's reputation being too important to be compromised.

During the dark years of Bogomil's reign Dooco took care never to be too closely associated with the sorcerer. He refused Bogomil permission to use his bullring for gladiatorial contests but eased relations in other ways by agreeing to act as host for the many hunting parties that came through Aigues Morte's gates. When Bogomil was deposed he was quick to side with Count Brass and has ensured that that connection has endured over the past decade.

Dooco can be seen around Aigues Mortes frequently. Dressed in flowing silks from Persia and always sporting the most fashionable of hats, he is a loud, round, arrogant man who likes to be considered as a man of the people whilst somehow managing to keep them at a discreet distance. He has a few enemies but none that especially concern him. He has also been careful to maintain cordial relations with the likes of Count Huras, despite the Count's obvious hatred of Count Brass.

Characteristics: STR 12 CON 7 DEX 12 SIZ 14 INT 13 POW 11 CHA 13

Skills: Engineering 95%, Lore (Animal) 82%, Lore (Aigues Mortes) 120%, Lore (Buildings) 112%, Perception 60%, Persistence 65%, Resilience 60%

Armour & Hit Points

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1–3	Right Leg	–/5
4–6	Left Leg	–/5
7–9	Abdomen	–/6
10–12	Chest	–/7
13–15	Right Arm	–/4
16–18	Left Arm	–/4
19–20	Head	–/5

Weapons

Type	*Weapon Skill*	*Damage*	*AP/HP*
Dagger	54%	1D6+1	4/10

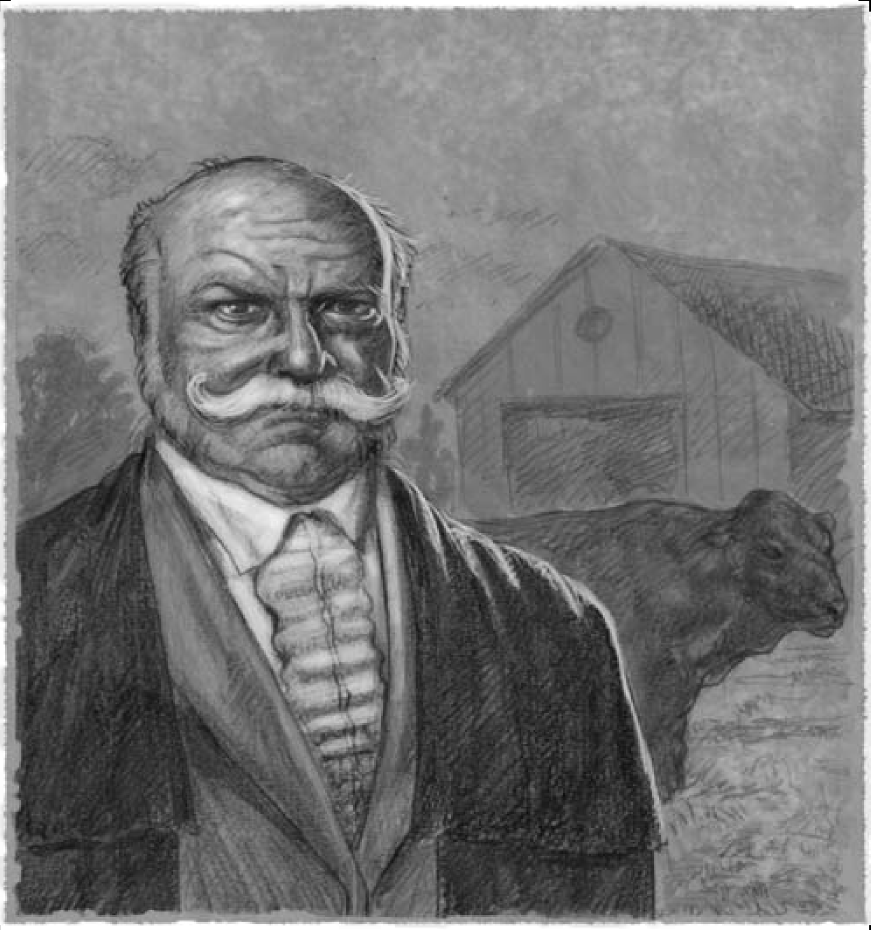
Special Rules: *Combat Actions:* 2, *Strike Rank:* +13, *Damage Modifier: None*, *Movement:* 4m

Zhonzhac Ekare

Along with Pons Yachar, Zhonzac Ekare is one of the foremost bull breeders of Aigues Mortes. Unlike his rival Ekare does not reside in Aigues Mortes but is a frequent visitor, especially when meeting with the likes of his good friends Dooco and Count Brass.

Ekare is a well-built, ruddy-faced man who is inordinately proud of his huge, curled moustache, which is trimmed and waxed every other day by his personal barber. He is, of course, wealthy and shares equal status in the bull breeding circles with Yachar. He is, however, the more adventurous of the two, actively searching out new breeding techniques, importing new stock and carefully vetting his produce to ensure the very best bulls for the arenas he supplies.

Ekare maintains a long standing feud with Count Huras. Huras has, on more than one occasion, publicly criticised Ekare's methods, calling into question the techniques he has used to produce line after line of the best bull-flesh. Huras claimed Ekare had resorted to sorcery on several occasions and accusation Ekare vigorously denies (although there may be a shred of truth in the story). Consequently the two men hate each other with a passion and refuse to share any public space together.



Characteristics: STR 15 CON 16 DEX 12 SIZ 17 INT 18 POW 10 CHA 15

Skills: Dodge 40%, Lore (Aigues Mortes) 99%, Lore (Animal) 118%, Lore (Bull Breeding) 130%, Lore (Bull Fighting) 99%, Perception 64%, Persistence 75%, Resilience 65%

Armour & Hit Points

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1–3	Right Leg	–/7
4–6	Left Leg	–/7
7–9	Abdomen	–/8
10–12	Chest	–/9
13–15	Right Arm	–/6
16–18	Left Arm	–/6
19–20	Head	–/7

Weapons

Type	*Weapon Skill*	*Damage*	*AP/HP*
Rapier	70%	1D6+1+1D4	3/8

Special Rules: *Combat Actions:* 2, *Strike Rank:* +15, *Damage Modifier:+1D4*, *Movement:* 4m

Businesses and Premises of the City

The accompanying map of Aigues Mortes shows the city's layout and its districts or gates. Each gate is described in more detail further on in this chapter, with key buildings identified. However, as space precludes a building-by-building description of the city, the following tables can be used to quickly identify a particular building's function.

There are three tables in all, with different gates using different tables as follows:

Churchgate, Gallowgate and Konstantgate	Table 1
Marketgate and Portgate	Table 2
Tattersgate and Towergate	Table 3

Businesses and Premises Table 1

1D100	Business/Building	1D100	Business/Building
01–03	Alchemist	51–53	Musician
04–10	Artist	54–55	Physician
11–13	Baker	56–58	Residence (Architect, Engineer)
14–15	Bathhouse	59–60	Residence (Astronomer, Astrologer, Fortune Teller)
17–19	Chandler	61–65	Residence (Decent House or apartment – for Rent)
20–21	Coaching Inn	66–70	Residence (Fine House or apartment – for Rent)
22–27	Goldsmith	71–73	Residence (Nobleman, Merchant Venturer)
28–30	Guardian	74	Residence (Philosopher)
31–35	Inn	75–76	Residence (Scholar)
36–40	Jeweller	77	Residence (Scientist)
41–44	Livestock Merchant	78–80	Silversmith
45–46	Matador	81–83	Herb or Spice Merchant
47–49	Milliner	84–90	Stable
50	Miller	91–00	Tavern

Businesses and Premises Table 2

1D100	Business/Building	1D100	Business/Building
01–02	Animal trainer	41–43	Residence (Decent – for Rent)
03–04	Armourer	44–50	Residence (Fair – for Rent)
05–06	Baker/Miller	51–54	Scribe
07–09	Boarding House	55–56	Ship handler
10–12	Bowyer/Fletcher	57–58	Silk merchant
13–14	Cartographer	59–62	Smithy
15–17	Horse trader	63–68	Stable
18–19	Engraver	69–71	Tailor
20–21	Glassblower	72–80	Inn
22–25	Carpenter	81–85	Tavern
26–29	Weaver	86	Veterinarian
30–32	Coppersmith	87–90	Weaponsmith
33–34	Illuminator	91–93	Wheelwright/Cartwright
35–36	Leather worker	94–97	Wine merchant
37–39	Matador	98–00	Woodcarver
40	Outfitter/Perfumer		

Businesses and Premises Table 3

1D100	Business/Building	1D100	Business/Building
01–03	Baker/Miller	48–51	Mason
04–05	Barber/Physician	52–55	Moneylender
06–08	Brewer	56–60	Pawnbroker
09–13	Butcher	61–62	Painter/Sign maker
14–15	Brothel	63–65	Paper and Ink maker
16–17	Candle maker	66–70	Potter
18–20	Carpenter	71–74	Residence (Fair – for Rent)
21–24	Cobbler	75–76	Residence (Squalid – for Rent)
25–28	Cooper	77–79	Residence (Dormitory/shared rooms)
29–30	Distiller	80–85	Residence (Doss house)
31–33	Dyer/Tanner	86–87	Ropemaker/Netmaker
34–38	Fishmonger	88–89	Sail maker
39–41	Fortune-teller/Entertainer	90–91	Sharpener
42–43	Fuller	92–93	Spinner
44–45	Gaming hall	94–96	Stable
46–47	Laundry	97–00	Tavern/Inn

Districts of Aigues Mortes

The districts of the city are distinguished by the symbol of a portcullis with a crude icon indicating the gate's name etched above it (such as a gallows for Gallowgate) and every street sign in Aigues Mortes carries such a device to the left of the name. At night the streets are unlit with deep pools of darkness gathering between the crowded buildings but the militia patrols help keep the place safe and there are few instances of pad foots or muggers (though both exist) lurking to take advantage of the unwary.

Churchgate

There has not been a church in this district for centuries – at least not as a place of worship – though the name has remained for reasons unknown. The church that names this gate was actually a chapel to the goddess Mare (a long forgotten sea deity, people presume) and located on the corner of Tower Street and Cross Street.

The buildings in this gate are well-kept, reflecting the generally moneyed status of the residents. Baulk's Inn is a popular watering hole for the local clientele and three doors down, is Farlang's Outfitters, which makes bespoke matador garb for the discerning customer.

1 Baulk's Inn

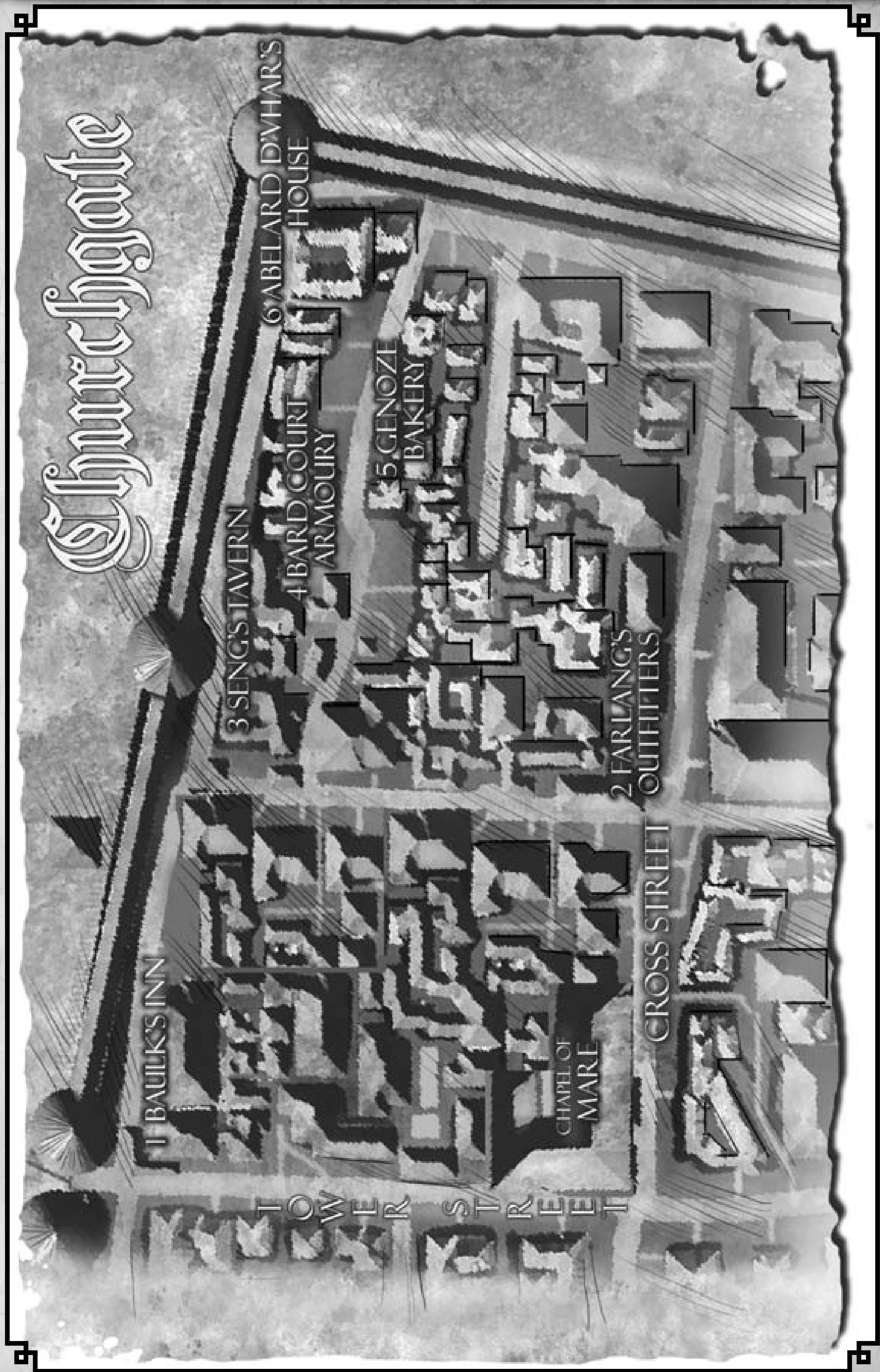
A three storey building leaning precariously out above the street and with a slate roof painted bright blue. It offers decent rooms for rent at the going rate and is noted for the quality of its food, cooked by Baulk's wife, Orsoola, a massive woman who excels in arm wrestling as well as roast dinners. Baulk himself is a wisp of a man with a thin nose, thin lips and a single bushy eyebrow framing thin, sad eyes. Despite having the looks of a depressed reed serpent he is a charming and funny character who has lived in Aigues Mortes all his life and knows the city intimately.

2. Farlang's Outfitters

Farlang was a matador until the famed bull Noirsauvage gouged away much of his left leg. Farlang walks with a pronounced limp but retains his good humour and joviality. He went into the tailoring trade, like his father and grandfather, after his skirmish with Noirsauvage and now supplies matador costumes and peripherals to both hopeful and established matadors alike, as well as to the fashion conscious who enjoy parading the city in such finery. Farlang is on good terms with most of the influential people in the bull breeding and fighting circuit.

3. Seng's Tavern

Alita Seng inherited the tavern from her husband, Alexi, who went out into the Kamarg one night and never returned. She maintains he was taken by a baragoon but her sharp tongue and sloppy manners indicate this might not have been such a bad thing – in reality Alexi has changed his name, dyes his hair and now lives in Arles with a mistress under the name of Maruse Gaynes). Seng's is noted for the quality of its home-made wine, which


Churchgate
6 ABELARD D'VHAR'S HOUSE
4 BARD COURT ARMOURY
5 GENOZE BAKERY
3 SENG'S TAVERN
2 FARLANG'S OUTFITTERS
CROSS STREET
1 BAULK'S INN
CHAPEL OF MARE
TOWER STREET

local rumour claims, Alita makes simply by crushing the grapes with her tongue and then staring at them.

4. Bard Court Armoury

Here, Frenz Meneche has his forge and workshop, turning out weapons and armour of decent quality. He supplies the militia and the Guardians but also undertakes private commissions and ad-hoc repairs. Frenz is a huge, bald-headed man, gruff but fair, who leaves the business-side of things to his cousin Pandoo. Pandoo is small, sharp and has a fine eye for quality weaponry but not the skill to make it or wield it.

5. Genoze Bakery

Incredible smells waft from Genoze bakery, which produces superb bread – possibly the best in Aigues Mortes. As well as the traditional long batons Genoze makes a variety of more exotic loaves using herbs and other ingredients taken from the marshlands. He sometimes employs hardy souls to delve into the deeper reaches of the Kamarg in search of blue samphire and Old Man's Whisker, which he claims gives his bread the characteristic texture for which he is famed. 'Good baking comes with a little risk', is his motto.

6. Abelard d'Vhar's House

An opulent villa with a private courtyard at the rear and ornate wrought iron balconies overlooking the street. Easily found by its bright red door.

Gallowgate

Named for its gallows, Gallowgate is sandwiched between Konstantgate, Churchgate and Portgate. Despite the fact that many have met their end on the scaffold here, Gallowgate is a cheery place with brightly decorated houses and countless well-tended window boxes and hanging baskets, awash with colour in the spring and summer. The secluded Long Garden is a well maintained and peaceful lawned space fitted with benches and a band stand where the Gallowgate Lutes frequently practice and give free concerts.

1 The Kornahaus

The Kornhaus is an inn run (but owned by the city) by the von Zheer triplets of Mirenburg. Dark and low-ceilinged it is a favourite haunt for off-duty militia, Guardians and the occasional adventurer. The von Zheer triplets are almost identical, with shocks of unkempt blond hair, startling green eyes and levels of courtesy that border on the creepy. However the ale is very good and the triplets seem to know what is happening in the wider world, especially concerning the Dark Empire, at any given point.

The triplets work undercover for Granbretan, although no-one knows this. Their name is fictitious and Mirenburg does not exist (although no one has ever bothered to check properly) – although it may once have existed, before the Tragic Millennium. In reality the triplets are all de-masked Granbretanians, once of the Order of the Ferret, who volunteered to lose their masks so they might serve King Emperor Huon better as spies. Hidden in their cellar is signalling and other communication equipment that links directly with Baron Taragorm's Palace of Time in Londra and they offer infrequent reports about activities in the Kamarg. All the information they provide about Granbretan is suspect but not all of it is false; a few truths need to be sprinkled into the propaganda to help maintain their cover story.

2 Mareklar Huras's House

An imposing house with the most impressive hanging baskets and window boxes; its windows framed by luxurious drapes of Italian velvet. Mareklar employs a bodyguard/butler/doorman, Aeskalf, who, in his stylish matador livery, can frequently be seen standing outside the main door of the house waiting to greet guests or preparing to chaperone his mistress. The house enjoys a constant stream of visitors, usually socialites but also those artists who count Mareklar as their patron or who are seeking patronage. One such visitor is the poet Gervaze Rikard who, with a battered lute in tow, serenades Mareklar from the street with his latest, cloyingly untalented composition, hoping to gain her favour. It is one of Aeskalf's more pleasurable duties to eject Gervaze from the area when his songs either go on for too long or are ear-distressingly bad.

3. Gallows Square

There has not been a hanging here since the bad days of Bogomil but when someone is convicted of a capital crime, here is where they will meet their end. On one of the walls leading to the central dais where the scaffold is built are the initials of all those who have been led to their doom in the past, scratched onto the stone. There are over 100 sets of initials, many etched during Bogomil's tenure. Count Brass has decreed that they should remain as a reminder of the man's evil.

4. Steel Inn

The roof of Steel Inn is made of steel and when the rain thuds onto it or the mistral howls around it, the whole roof vibrates with an eerie sound that echoes throughout the district.

This is a comfortable inn favoured by merchants and it is usually very busy. It is run by Mahkus Zhonoir, a bear of a man with a wolf-like glare and temperament to match. He tolerates no trouble or dissent in the Steel Inn and many a belligerent merchant has been unceremoniously ejected for daring to pass comment on the way Mahkus chooses to operate his premises. Though for those used to Mahkus's ways, this is an excellent place to stay and when Mahkus is caught in the right mood, he is a genial and charming host.

5. Salome's

Salome is a rival to Anubel Jinjade, operating a house of courtesans providing services to the merchants who stay in the area, especially at the Steel Inn. It is an unpretentious house of three storeys with a lime-green door subtly decorated with a brass doorknocker in the shape of a woman's breast.

Salome employs only four girls: Anhet, Beatrix, Hortenz and Valna. All are experts in their craft and known for their discretion. When the girls emerge from the house, they always travel as a group and are always well-dressed in the latest fashions (usually gifts from their grateful patrons). They are always accompanied by Vazkule Porenz, a dogged-looking Italianate with slicked-back hair and a beady expression. Vazkule is Salome's accountant and purse-holder and he makes sure that the girls, when they take their regular constitutionals through Aigues Mortes, are unmolested by over-eager clients. He is handy with his concealed knives, having been raised in the slums of Nayples and is as fast and ruthless with his blades as he is with numbers and money.

Salome herself is married to Mahkus Zhonoir, a fact the couple keep concealed from just about everyone in the city, save for a few carefully selected confidents. Mahkus is presumed to be just another of Salome's clients but his frequent visits are simply to be with his beloved wife.

Konstantgate

In the shadow of Tower Konstant, this district is the wealthiest of Aigues Mortes. It is also home to the militia barracks, which border the wall. The haunt of the wealthy merchants who come to trade in Aigues Mortes, its buildings are well-kept, the streets clean and scrubbed and the scent of expensive perfume and incense are always heavy in the air. Despite its proximity to the market square, Konstantgate is the one district where market traders are forbidden to establish stalls. Trading per se is not forbidden but the district forms a barrier to the market's almost insidious spread.

The Prefecture House is where the Scriptoriate has its base, overlooking the market square and the imposing sandstone building, with its black iron railings, also acts as the Court of Session. The Scriptoriate is a small but highly effective, bureaucracy that enacts the wishes of the Prefecture. Headed by Mikel Jonjar, a lugubrious man with severe alopecia, the Scriptoriate officials are noted for their blue-green waistcoats and small, pillbox hats.

1 Meren's Yard

The first inn one sees after entering via the district's main gate, Meren's Yard backs onto a cool, flagged courtyard with excellent stables and grooms. As an inn it is first rate, catering for merchants and their entourages with good rooms and simple, honest food. The landlord is Bowber Fench, a skinny Hollandian who treats ale with an almost religious reverence and claims to have travelled to Asiacommunista where he was taught the Secrets of the Six Yeasts. Due to its location Meren's Yard is a popular haunt and always busy. Fench employs grooms, stable hands, cooks, serving staff and occasionally, door guards, year-round to help him cope with demand. In reality they do all the work because Fench is very preoccupied with his cellar where he is attempting to brew the perfect, 'ale of all ales' using his semi-mythical yeast secrets.

2. Aulgomath's Goldsmiths

Hanz Aulgomath is one of the foremost goldsmiths of the Kamarg. Originally from Arles, he left that city in a cloud of confusion and near-scandal and set-up shop in Aigues Mortes. His work is characterised by startlingly beautiful gold filigree with the thinnest, brightest strands of metal worked into delicate, finely detailed shapes. Aulgomath provides a weighing and metal purity testing service from his workshop, calculating the purity of different metals and ores and working out the likely price. He always wants high-quality gold and silver but acts as a broker for other precious metals and gems.

3. Ohm's Outfitters

Ohm caters for all shapes and sizes, cutting clothes for male and female customers at an almost feverish pace. He has a small team of seamstresses who do the sewing and stitching and he seems to treat them like slaves, making them work long hours with few breaks and low pay. Ohm tends to the front of house, measuring people simply by looking them up and down (his measurements are never wrong) and then suggesting the designs that will work best. His clothes are simple, unfussy, exquisitely tailored but always fashionable. Ohm's memory is phenomenal. He can recall

every customer he has ever served, their measurements at the time, the styles and cloths they favoured and how much he charged. He never keeps ledgers of sales and relies purely on his amazing memory.

Ohm will cut and sew any style of clothes a person desires save for one: he abhors the matador style and flatly refuses to make any clothes that having anything to do with bull fighting. If asked he sneers, makes a series of rude and suggestive remarks and then asks the customer to depart the shop forever.

4. Volor's Emporium

This unpretentious-looking store is a treasure-house of trinkets, knick-knacks, the useless and the tasteless. Gaudy statues from the peasant lands of the Belgic states; chipped Iberian coffee services; an entire shelf filled with musical boxes (all broken or tuneless) gathered from across Europe; chests filled with costume jewellery and worthless bracelets; a clock that tells the time in a forgotten language; stuffed animals infested with fleas; jars filled with preserved insects, lizards and human organs; bunches of dried herbs suspended by lengths of tatty raffia from the ceiling… everywhere one looks there is something to behold the eye and capture the attention, even though none of it has any real value beyond its curiosity. No one who walks into Volor's Emporium departs without having spent hard-earned money on something they do not need and will never use but find themselves strangely drawn to admire.

Volor himself is as curious as his exhibits. A tiny, dust-covered man with a beard that is some six feet long and worn in a huge knot that keeps it from trailing on the floor, Volor never stops smiling or nodding. He can explain the origin for every piece of bric-a-brac in his store, how he came by it, its previous owners and if there is an interesting story behind it, that too. If someone looks like they are about to depart without buying something, Volor offers them tea from the simmering samovar that is behind his little desk and then sells them the chipped cup as a souvenir. Some claim he was a sorcerer who lost his mind; others that he is as old as Aigues Mortes. No one knows when he set-up shop in the city and even Volor is unsure, evading the question with an offer of hot, sweet, strong tea.

5. Dooco's House

An imposing stone residence that is two separate houses knocked together, Zhonpier Dooco lives here, attended by a retinue of liveried servants and a stream of hopefuls looking to use the bullring or become part of Dooco's rich entourage. Dooco makes frequent sorties into the city, carried in an ivory-crusted sedan chair carried by four of his biggest, strongest servants. When an event is to be staged at the bullring, he dispenses leaflets to an eager crowd and occasionally, a handful of specially minted bronze tokens permitting free entry. The tokens rapidly become collectors' items and change hands at extortionate rates. Fights occasionally break-out in the scrabble for the casually hurled tokens, with Dooco enjoying the spectacle from his sedan chair as fists fly and the militia is summoned to quell the trouble.

6. The Barracks

Pressed against the city wall, the barracks is home to the militia. The collection of low buildings house supplies, a collection of basic cells for unruly or drunk miscreants, stables and a dormitory for those militia members who choose to reside permanently with their colleagues instead of living elsewhere in the city. The barracks are functional and somewhat cramped, lacking the ostentation of the Guardians' barracks in Tower Konstant. Patrols for the various gates, towers and walls are arranged from the barracks with all tours of duty beginning and ending in the Briefing Hall that dominates the courtyard.

Tiery Zinade's house, which is part of his position and thus rent-free, is next door to the Briefing Hall and so he and Xandra are a regular sight around the barrack complex. Xandra carries out repairs on uniforms and happily operates a laundry service, assisted by two laundry girls from Tattersgate, Julienne and Janeque. Xandra seems to view the constant stream of militiamen as part of an extended family and she is much loved by the soldiers who protect Aigues Mortes.

Marketgate

Starting at Cross Street and extending all the way down to the lower wall, Marketgate is the busiest district of the city. The huge market square is rarely empty of stalls, booths, tents and stands and the streets leading away from it are usually crammed with traders working from sheets of canvas stretched on the ground or even taking position on the steps leading up to some houses.

On the east side of the market is the Market Hall where the Scriptoriate has its license office and various other facilities, including stores for stalls, supporting the market. The Market Hall never seems to close with a throng of traders flowing through its great, age-

cracked oak doors, to meet, buy permits or complain about a thousand separate issues, ranging across unfair competition, expired licenses, coin-clippage and petty theft. The Scriptoriate Officers weather most moans and grumbles with weary nods and half-pained expressions. They are experts in dealing with irritable merchants and finding amicable solutions to exceedingly petty problems. When their patience frays, which is rare, Gartenz Ovitz, the Head Scriptor, takes charge of the situation. A natural diplomat with infinite patience and an incisive wit, there are few challenges his natural authority cannot remedy.

1. The Three Trades

Three imposing taverns stand in a line across the southern border of the market square. They are almost identical in design but very different in character. The first tavern, Trade's Rest, offers simple rooms and a bawdy atmosphere for the merchant of restricted purse. Its landlady, Ezmay, is a buxom woman of good Kamarg stock she brooks no trouble and settles arguments with her hands as easily as any man.

The middle tavern, Trade's Favour, caters for the more prosperous merchants. It offers reasonably comfortable rooms and a stable. The landlord is the wily Kanakus Yool, an expert at just about every card and dice game known to man. He encourages card and dice schools in the back rooms of the tavern, playing himself when time allows and always taking a cut of the table charge.

The third tavern of the row is Trade's Success, which is favoured by the Scriptoriate and those merchants seeking some privacy. The main floor is filled with many cosy and private wood-lined booths, warmed by the huge fireplace adjacent to the bar. The serving staff are discreet and the tavern has a hushed atmosphere save for those evenings when storytellers take up a seat by the fireplace and regale the regulars with all manner of yarns. On these nights Trade's Success fills rapidly, for Kamargians love their stories and even children are brought to listen to the best of the wordsmiths.

2. Bath House

The huge bath house in the south of the district is just as favoured for business and commerce as the taverns. With a big communal bath and several smaller ones, a steam room and a massage room, a couple of coppers buy a relaxing hour or so in the heated waters and the chance to engage in unhurried discussion. The bath house is operated by the Musoof brothers, a quartet of huge, burly, gregarious Turkians who are experts in delivering a muscle-crunching massage that looks painful but leaves the recipient feeling loose and relaxed. An extra two coppers buys one of the Musoof brothers' infamous 'Back Walk' massages.

3. Caernis' Yard

Caernis is an expert smith, working from this forge and workshop a stone's throw from the market square. He shoes horses, repairs carts, axles, armour and weapons with equal competence. Caernis is an ex-Guardian and so knows the Kamarg intimately although he speaks little of it.

4. Astrid the Weaver

A tall, narrow building sandwiched between the Glow-worm tavern and a boarding house, Astrid is a master weaver from Skandia. She operates several massive looms with her two daughters, creating finely woven cloths with stunning, geometric patterns of her own design. Examples of her work – tapestries, rugs, tablecloths and so forth, hang from every wall of her shop and are draped or rolled in specially built racks. In the back rooms her looms can be heard clanking and rattling as they are worked hard.

Astrid claims the designs come to her in dreams. The patterns woven into her rugs and tapestries are incredibly complex and seem, at first glance, to be impossible geometrically. Unbeknown to Astrid, each piece she weaves exerts a subtle effect on the Multiverse and if all the pieces in her shop were unrolled and compared, a single, immense pattern would become apparent, for every piece aligns with the edges of the others. Arranged in this way, the patterns form a portal to another part of the Million Spheres. Naturally Astrid is unaware of this but a cunning sorcerer studying her work might make the connection somehow.

5. The Sorcerer's Doom

This large inn is named in honour of Count Brass. Pride of place, suspended from the ceiling of the main area, is a complete baragoon skeleton, wired together. This especially large specimen had terrorised the marshes around Aigues Mortes and was one of the first baragoon killed by Count Brass when he arrived in the Kamarg.

The landlord is Guiyelm Matavahn, an enthusiastic host given to breaking into song at any opportunity. He is also a notorious turncoat. When Bogomil was in power, the inn was called The Sorcerer's Star and Guiyelm never questioned Bogomil's atrocities; indeed, he played host

to many a hunting party, happily taking their coin. Few trust Guiyelm's word but there are enough traders in Aigues Mortes to ensure he remains profitable despite what Aigues Mortes locals might think of him.

Portgate

So-called because the large, turreted gate is the one used by the porters from the harbour, bringing supplies into the city. Portgate is a district of warehouses, storage areas, rented rooms, boarding houses and a number of low-rent, run-down buildings used by a constant through-flow of traders and lowly merchants. The cattle market is also held in Portgate, in the square that borders Towergate.

Portgate looks run-down and rough but it is still a safe enough district. People here are down on their luck or simply do not care for the better standards offered by the other districts but there is a certain pride in Portgate's heritage and appearance. It is business-like and no-nonsense, rather than brash and garish like Marketgate and Gallowgate.

Because this is an area of storehouses and warehouses, private guards are frequently employed by merchants and others to protect the merchandise stored within. Adventurers looking for such work can find out who is hiring by enquiring at the Scriptoriate Market Hall in Marketgate and by asking around in taverns like *The Mistral Minstrel*. Similarly warehouses and storage barns can be rented from the Scriptoriate at a variety of rates depending on floor area, security and type of building.

A further feature of Portgate is the rickshaw runners. Several companies operate human-pulled rickshaws that ferry people through Aigues Mortes, their runners wearing bells attached to their ankles to warn pedestrians of their approach. A good rickshaw runner can haul from one side of the city to the other in just 15 minutes, taking the rat-runs and back-alleys to avoid the crowds in the market areas. The two main companies are Rheznick's Runners and Kristi's Runners. Both are highly competitive and not above sabotaging each other's rickshaws and sometimes, their customers. The standard price for a rickshaw trip anywhere in Aigues Mortes is three coppers but desperate for custom, both companies can be bartered down to a single copper when trade is slow. Runners expect a copper piece tip – more if they provide a running commentary of the sights of the city (a commentary of dubious accuracy). The acknowledged fastest rickshaw runner is Tuarik Ghenz of Rheznick's, who is said to have hauled a full-grown bull in his rickshaw across the diagonal of the city, in 10 minutes flat. Tuarik is certainly speedy and keen to defend his reputation. Others, especially Haim Lewes of Kristi's, are keen to demolish it.

Tattersgate

The buildings and houses of Tattersgate are amongst the oldest in the city and show their age. They lean in towards each other creating a claustrophobic atmosphere. The streets are dark and narrow; the alleys and passages sombre and unwelcoming. This is a district of the poorest in Aigues Mortes and whilst it could never be termed a slum, it lacks the vibrancy of the rest of the city and could almost be said to be sulking.

The people living here make their way as best they can. A few are beggars, a few are pickpockets and petty thieves; most are simply poor people who sought refuge within the city walls during Bogomil's reign and have found it difficult to prosper. Those who work are employed in low-paid, unpopular jobs with no way of being able to contribute towards improving Tattersgate's image or reputation.

It is easy to find anonymity in Tattersgate – there is little curiosity and people keep their heads down and get on with life. Each to his own and no questions asked. There is little sense of neighbourliness or true community spirit, although Tattersgate, like the other districts, returns a representative to the Prefecture. That representative is the redoubtable Anubel Jinjade, the owner of the Villa Rouge d'Amour. Anubel has lived and worked in Tattersgate for as long as anyone can recall and truly cares about making its voice heard. She is a popular figure in the district (less-so out of it) and keen to make the Prefecture take notice of this neglected section of the city.

1 Crab Tavern

The Crab Tavern is opposite the Villa Rouge and is a quiet, sombre drinking hole with few comforts and few desires to introduce any. The landlord, Bhernard Ageeve, brews his own beer in the cellar and serves it in plain wooden mugs with a glum expression and as few words as possible. The clientele never seems to shift from the Crab; Blind Jacq is always perched on a stool at the bar, his seeing-eye mongrel, Fangs, curled at his feet, one eye open to the world. Fat Facitus slouches in his corner, several empty mugs scattered around the rickety table, chewing wads of tobacco and spitting the disgusting residue into a vile-smelling spittoon at his side. A card school run by Locius the Glib dominates another corner,

arguing in hushed voices over the rules of the game. New customers are generally ignored but the atmosphere is never welcoming. Those who wander into the Crab Tavern are invading a tableau and with silence and steely looks, the regulars make sure that visitors understand their intrusion.

2. Villa Rouge d'Amour

From the outside, a nondescript three-storey building with each set of windows firmly shuttered or covered by thick drapes. A set of well-trodden stone steps lead to a thick oak door, painted red and with a face-level trapdoor built into it. Inside, the house is a paradise for those seeking the erotic. The Villa Rouge is operated by the Madame Anubel Jinjade, a hearty and ambitious woman who provides female companionship on an hourly or nightly basis to those who can afford it.

Anubel's women – her sisters, as she terms them – come in all shapes and sizes. They are skilled courtesans able to spend their time in relaxing conversation or more vigorous pursuits as the customer so wishes. Five silvers buys an hour; 10 an entire evening. Anubel spends a little time with each client and over a glass of mediocre wine, discovers what they wish to do and then selects a woman who will fulfil those needs perfectly. Few emerge from the Villa Rouge unhappy. Those that do are most likely impossible to please.

The safety of the sisters is assured by Graf and Gustav, a pair of hulking Germanian bodyguards who look after the security of the Villa. Troublemakers are ejected before they can start and anyone who becomes rough or threatens one of the girls is dealt with severely in the courtyard at the rear of the house. Graf and Gustav are not killers (at least, not in Aigues Mortes) but they take their duties seriously and diligently. Those who intend to cause trouble or behave in any way that disturbs the Villa is treated to a thorough and unrelenting kicking.

The Villa is sanctioned by the Prefecture but that does not mean it is liked. Within Tattersgate its presence is unquestioned and Anubel's position on the Prefecture assures its popularity. However elsewhere, bordellos are frowned upon and the subject of much sneering and ridicule. Anubel's response to this is forthright; if the home, hearth and bed of every man who walks through the Villa's doors was so perfect, then the Villa would not exist. Wives who wish to complain should, perhaps, look to their own homes before denigrating her home.

Towergate

The largest of the districts, Towergate is so called because standing in the axis of its 'L' shaped layout one can see the three gate towers of the east, south and west gates unhindered. It is a busy district, packed with houses, stores, shops and taverns. Residents of Towergate are fond of painting the stairs leading up to their doors black, red or blue, giving the streets a patchwork quality.

1 The Mistral's Retreat

The best inn of the district is, without doubt, Mistral's Retreat. It is a fine, old inn with solid beams, large fireplaces and a welcoming glow. The landlord, Enrick Entide, reflects the inn's nature; old, warm and welcoming, whilst his three daughters and three sons help him run the business. At the rear, in the wide courtyard, is the smithy and forge operated by his eldest son, Antoyne, whilst his eldest daughter, Yana, runs the small stable block assisted by two grooms. The tavern is a favourite haunt of both Count Brass and Bowgentle when they are in the city. Enrick assisted both men when they planned how to liberate Aigues Mortes and Enrick seems to share many of Count Brass's characteristics, hinting at a military past.

2 Despy the Pawnbroker

Despy is a shrewd money-lender from Shekia. His small shop is filled with items people have failed to redeem and he offers miserly rates on the things people wish to hawk to raise a few silvers. His shelves have weapons, tools, trinkets and all manner of pieces of small jewellery. A notorious gossip, little passes him by and he is a good source of scurrilous news from across the city.

3. Barro Kiln

Barro Landry is a skilled potter operating a small kiln in this courtyard workshop. His work is exceptional; delicate earthenware that is decorated with Kamarg motifs and traditional designs often depicting the invisible flow of the mistral.

4. Madame Rishlow

By her own admission a fortune teller of rare skill, she claims to have foretold Bogomil's doom and the rise of Count Brass. Her specialism is the tarot deck, which she will read for anyone paying a silver. She does not go in for the usual, faux-mystical trappings of other fortune tellers but gets down to business in her cosy kitchen where her 30 cats watch and purr as she lays-out the battered deck of tarot cards in a pattern of her own devising. Many claim her readings are accurate; others dismiss her as an

opportunistic charlatan but she seems to have an uncanny knack for picking-up on people's insecurities and then offering plausible explanations and predictions that, somehow, carry more than a grain of truth.

Rishlow is also a dream interpreter who listens to the strange dreams many have as the mistral builds, attempting to divine something of the future. She compiles records of the dreams brought to her in a large, leather-bound ledger and once a month, pays a visit to Castle Brass where she meets with Bowgentle to discuss the dreams she has recorded and to try to define their inner meaning.

5. Teahouse

Zerid Greer operates a tavern that serves only tea, made from dried herbs collected in the marshlands and prepared in her own workshop at the rear of the building. The teahouse has a peculiar but relaxing scent and is a popular haunt for Towergate locals.

6. Deridj the Cobbler

Deridj is a consummate craftsman making shoes and boots of quality. They lack the elegance and style of others of his trade but a pair of his boots and shoes are certain to last a lifetime. Guardians come to him for repairs to their own footwear and he has supplied several sets of riding boots to von Villach, Count Brass and Yisselda.

Tower Konstant

At 32 metres in height and with walls almost five metres thick, the Tower Konstant is more a keep then a watchtower. Its vast presence can be seen from just about everywhere within the city and for many kilometres beyond the city walls. To many, the Tower Konstant is the embodiment of Aigues Mortes.

When Count Brass came to the Kamarg the Konstant was used as a salt-store and a prison. Those who displeased Bogomil were held in the tower until such a time that they were sent to his laboratories for 'correction'. One of Brass's first actions after deposing Bogomil was to restore the Konstant to its rightful function: the main line of defence for the city and a symbolic home and headquarters for the Kamarg's Guardians.

The Konstant Tower has been completely refitted within. Ten floors above ground and three floors below (dungeons and cold storage) house private quarters, offices, a banqueting suite, dormitories, kitchens and an extensive armoury. At the top of the tower, hidden from general view, are a flame cannon, a cold cannon and a fear cannon, ready to act against any who might dare to challenge the city.

The tower is separate from and outside of, the city wall but connected to it by a strong bridge of steel and stone. The only way the tower can be entered is by coming through the city, climbing the narrow staircase of the northeast wall and then using the access bridge (always defended by flamelance-armed Guardians).

The tower is usually a hive of activity. Guardians come and go all the time, to report back from their patrols in the Kamarg, receive orders and duties, rest, relax, eat and sleep. A permanent staff is maintained to look after the Guardian's various needs and there is always much to be done.

Count Brass and his lieutenant, von Villach, are frequent visitors. Von Villach has a suite of rooms on the eighth floor and he is often in residence, co-ordinating the Guardians on Brass's behalf. Count Brass himself attends the tower as much as possible; he has offices here, a modest bedroom and likes to spend time talking with the Guardians and patrolling the walls with the militia from time to time. It seems that Brass is always aware of what is happening in both the tower and the city it guards and he always has an opinion to offer. Each week, the banqueting chamber is transformed into a court room where Brass and other members of the Prefecture hear civil disputes and criminal cases, dispensing rulings and judgements as needs dictate.

In the floors below ground are the vast storage cellars, once used for salt but now used for all of the equipment and supplies the Guardians require. The very lowest level is a ring of barred cells, which are used for any prisoners deserving the Prefecture's justice. There are very few occupants these days, although, in Bogomil's time, the cells were full and many never left them alive. It is claimed that these basement levels are haunted and some of the more superstitious staff and Guardians do not like being down there alone. Ghostly moans, cries, rattles and creaks are reported, along with mysterious smells of decay that can never be traced. Brass dismisses these suggestions of ghosts but agrees that some of the stranger phenomenon is difficult to explain in rational terms and he treats all fresh reports of ghostly goings-on with good humour and a straight-face.

The Arena

The Arena or Grand Bullring, owned by Zhonpier Dooco, is a marvellous, four-tiered circular structure on

the northern side of the city outside the walls. The main rotunda is of limestone with an inwardly sloping roof of red tiles. Sturdy wooden stairs reach the upper levels whilst stone staircases lead to the private boxes, which are built at the optimum height to give the best view of the action in the bullrings itself.

Surrounding the rotunda are the pens for the bulls, preparation areas for the matadors and private buildings for the entertaining of guests and important personages. Dooco has his offices in one of these outbuildings and is a familiar figure amongst the permanent staff who maintain the bullring year-round.

The rotunda is 30 metres in diameter and encircled by tiered seating that rises to the shaded colonnade of the upper rows. A single pair of thick, black gates leads to the bull pens and on the opposite side, a smaller, ceremonial arch leads to the matadors' preparation area. The bull enters via the former and the matador from the latter.

Bullfighting is highly ritualistic and aficionados know every move, step and flourish matadors use to entice the bull into the dance before the ribbons are plucked from its horns. A typical bullfight is a day-long experience with several contests punctuated by other entertainments such as clowns, travelling minstrels, marching displays by the Guardians and displays of archery and swordplay. Food and drink sellers prowl the aisles and tiers, offering refreshments. The entertainment is carefully staged to maintain the interest until the final contest between the best matador and the best bull, which is staged as the sun begins to set. Great torches are lit around the edge of the bullring, creating an almost mystical atmosphere as dusk descends.



Castle Brass

'The castle was built of the same white stone as the houses of the town. It had windows of thick glass (much of it painted fancifully) and ornate towers and battlements of delicate workmanship. From its highest turrets it was possible to see most of the territory it protected, and it was so designed that when the mistral came an arrangement of vents, pulleys, and little doors could be operated and the castle would sing so that its music, like that of an organ, could be heard for miles on the wind.'

– The Jewel in the Skull

Castle Brass is more than just the residence of the eponymous count. It is a symbol of order and stability; a focal point for a wild, remote region that has suffered its fair share of chaos and disorder. It is a fortress and a guardian; it is also a home not just to Count Brass and his daughter but also to his best friend and confidante, Bowgentle and to all those who happily serve the Count. Castle Brass is a thriving, living structure, a place of rare and solid beauty and a place that many call home.

The castle now known as Castle Brass was built some centuries earlier on a great artificial pyramid that has long since been subsumed by the castle's structure. Who originally built it is unknown but there is evidence to suggest that previous castles existed on the same site, before the Tragic Millennium. It has been reshaped and expanded many times in the course of its long history and possibly, began as little more than a fortified tower, perhaps mimicking that of the Tower Konstant in Aigues Mortes. Subsequent tenants added their own flourishes – always in keeping with the white stone of Aigues Mortes – and the structure grew steadily in size and complexity.

The castle looks out towards Aigues Mortes, standing due north of the city and no more than half a kilometre from its centre. Castle Brass stands in its own grounds – gardens lovingly tended by Yisselda – and maintains a full retinue of staff and guards. Count Brass, for all his straightforward nature, knows that his position as Lord Guardian carries with it an expected baggage that must be demonstrated via the trappings of status and state. Brass and his small family live relatively simply but the Count knows that it is important to demonstrate strength and resolve and that cannot always be done modestly. However, if he has to live in a huge, semi-fortified edifice, he is determined to do so with grace and goodwill. His staff and retainers are treated like family members; their children are allowed to play freely in the castle's grounds and gardens and the peculiarities of etiquette and station are reserved only for those times when Count Brass entertains heads of state who need to be impressed by such things. At most times, Castle Brass is a welcoming, informal place, loved by its inhabitants.

The Bogomil Years

Before it was called Castle Brass, it was called Chateau Remorse and was the home and laboratory of the sorcerer, Bogomil. The Bulgarian magician ruled the area for two decades before Brass challenged and deposed him and whilst he brought undoubted fear and despair to the Kamarg, his beginnings were not inauspicious.

Bogomil came to the Kamarg after being hounded out of his native Sofiya in Magyaria. He was searching for somewhere lonely, isolated and unlikely to attract the attention of rivals in the sorcerous arts. He brought money and many false promises, offered with an insincere smile, that led to his being appointed as Lord Guardian and granted the somewhat dilapidated fortress that he renamed Chateau Remorse. He spent three years renovating the castle using both his own and public money, adding many of the touches still to be seen in Castle Brass but also extending the underground areas to accommodate the laboratories and experimentation areas that would be used to breed monstrosities such as the baragoon.

The curtain wall surrounding the main castle buildings were already in place when Bogomil arrived but in a state of some disrepair. Bogomil strengthened and raised them, adding the guard towers at each corner. To his credit, Bogomil transformed a near ruin into something functional and habitable, although the use to which it was put was thoroughly evil.

The underground areas were an expansion of the original cellars and basements. Bogomil had these extended so

that they mirrored the size and pattern of the upper floors, having vaulted ceilings built into the structures to give support and create natural divisions between different work areas. The basement of the castle was soundproofed and cunningly hidden away from outside visitors; whilst Bogomil did not entertain many guests he wanted to preserve a semblance of normality above ground, to counter the horrors beneath it. In this way Bogomil could pursue his ghastly experiments uninterrupted, revelling in his cruelty and then, when finished, retire to his castle and play, to the full, the lord of the manor.

When Count Brass seized the castle he had most of the underground areas walled-up, retaining only those cellars that were designed for storage. So, whilst Bogomil's workshops are now completely sealed and ostensibly, unreachable, they still very much exist, along with some of the accoutrements of his experimentation, which have lain dormant for 10 years.

The laboratory levels of the castle are explored later in this chapter.

As Castle Brass

When Count Brass drove Bogomil into the Kamarg he immediately saw the potential for the castle, turning it from a place of darkness into a place of light and beauty that celebrated life rather than perverting it.

The first thing Brass did was seal-off the laboratory and experimentation areas (after thoroughly searching them, of course). He also made a thorough assessment of the castle's defensive capabilities and whilst it is primarily a home, Brass has made the castle a formidable defensive outpost in its own right. Its towers are equipped with weapons similar to those of the towers ringing the Kamarg and the cellars contain stores of food and water to withstand a year-long siege with ease.

The main thing Brass brought to the castle is *beauty*. The grounds, landscaped and given over to agriculture, are a joy to behold in the spring and summer when they ring with the sound of the castle's children at play and the buzz and hum of insects skittering around the flowers, shrubs and herbs. The lands around the castle are a riot of colour and form and tended by the equally radiant and gentle Yisselda, are a much needed contrast to the harsh white stone of the castle buildings.

The buildings though are not simply functional and cold. The white stone from which they are built is truly attractive and the entire castle is glazed with many mosaics and composite windows of thick, (reinforced, in fact) painted and stained glass arranged in complex patterns. When the sun hits these windows the rooms within are bathed in a dazzling array of colours lending the castle's interior an ethereal quality that contrasts with the flower gardens beyond the walls. Despite being a highly effective fortification Castle Brass is also a marvel to behold and when the mistral threatens to strip all beauty from the world with its incessant ferocity, it is a beacon of beauty amidst a bleak landscape.

Structure and Defence

Castle Brass was built to a traditional, pre-Tragic Millennium fortified design most likely found in ancient texts and descriptions that survived the catastrophe.

The castle combines a large living space with serious fortifications, most notably the towers but also the external



and internal walls that are made from dressed stone and for the main walls, are up to two metres thick in places. The towers are fitted with apertures for archers, artillery and other ranged weaponry that permit optimum internal protection without unduly restricting visibility and field of fire.

The internal design is such that inhabitants can move inwards to exceedingly well protected rooms capable of withstanding siege. Equally the castle's layout permits troop movements to all essential defensive areas with speed and efficiency, should defensive actions prove necessary. Access to fresh water is guaranteed with well-shafts sunk within the confines of the building and the large underground areas allow for considerable cool storage of foodstuffs and the safekeeping of weapons.

Castle Brass therefore serves exceedingly well as both a comfortable residence and a defensive outpost in the event of prolonged conflict.

Layout and Floorplans

The pages that follow go through Castle Brass and its grounds in detail, describing its features and secrets. Whilst the castle is Count Brass's home, it is home to a good many others and is frequently host to travellers and important personages visiting Brass for reasons of business and pleasure. It is therefore always a hive of activity and always a potential source of adventure. Indeed, the story described later makes full use of Castle Brass as a place of adventure and intrigue.

Guards

Count Brass maintains a retinue of 20 guards who hold responsibility for the security of Castle Brass. Further reinforcements – Guardians and militia – can be summoned from Aigues Mortes within one hour if needs dictate. The guards are generally drawn from the standard city militia, spending a week in the castle before returning to their city duties. A small barracks is provided within the castle walls and they are expected to patrol the grounds, man the watchtowers and gate towers and assist as bodyguards for the household on various occasions. For the most part the Castle Brass militia enjoys an easy existence with regular, comfortable duties and the perks of decent food in excellent surroundings. Count Brass recognises these creature comforts and does not begrudge them in the slightest but he keeps the castle militia on its toes with regular drills, battle practice and a variety of other alarms designed to test their responsiveness.

Grounds and Environs

Castle Brass is half a kilometre due north of Aigues Mortes, within sight of the Tower Konstant and the city walls. The castle is built on a raised mound of earth that hides an artificial pyramid built before the Tragic Millennium and is thus visible across much of the Kamarg.

The castle perimeter is marked by a stone wall four metres high and a metre thick with a single portcullised gate flanked by a pair of eight metre high gate towers containing the winching mechanism and staffed by members of the Castle Brass guard militia.

A cobbled road leads from the gate up to the courtyard of the main castle. Surrounding the road are the vegetable patches, orchards and gardens of the castle, whilst on the far side of the grounds are the vineyards. Small gatherings of hardy trees offer shade and protection against the mistral and these are bowed by the sweep of the wind. Built on the great pyramid of earth hiding the ancient structure beneath, the gardens of the castle are built in a series of terraces cut into the side of the slope and connected by many winding paths of dressed stone.

Formal Gardens

The formal gardens, in the south west of the grounds, where they gain the most protection from the fierce mistral, are Yisselda's pride and joy. This is her territory, her creation and it reflects her beauty and love of the beautiful. The gardens are a flowing sequence of connected spaces, semi-enclosed and isolated from the rest of the estate by low hedges and ornamental, flowering bushes, many brought in from far-away climes. Each space is built around a feature of some kind, such as the sunken garden, a small circular pool and at the very top of the slope, near to the walls of the castle, a bronze sculpture of a long-dead god that appears to be a cross between a child and a goat, playing a set of reed pipes. This statue was found protruding from one of the marshes by Yisselda whilst she was out riding and she had her father and Bowgentle retrieve it, restore it and place it in her gardens. She has named it P'aan, having found some vague references in the books of Bowgentle's library.

The gardens are filled with a multitude of flowers and plants: roses of red, white and bronze; vibrantly coloured peonies; bushy, deep orange and red azaleas; honey blossom, lavender and bluebells – all compete for the attention of the senses.

Yisselda is frequently found in this idyll, tending her plants, reading quietly or simply strolling and enjoying her creation. The castle's children are encouraged to play in the gardens (as long as they are careful) and to help her with the chores that need doing.

Fruit Orchards

Adjacent to Yisselda's gardens are the orchards where, in orderly rows like an army awaiting command, stand fruit trees of many varieties: dwarf apples that provide the castle with sweet, pungent cider; cherry oranges with their thick skins and deep red centres; cotton fruits, which resemble balls of fluffy white cotton but taste of apricot and melt in the mouth; and berry trees of all kinds – blueberries, gooseberries, fireberries and a great favourite of the children, stinkberries which, whilst sweet and delicate to eat, cause the most potent and volcanic flatulence.

The fruits of the orchards are harvested to make wine and preserves, as well as gracing the fruit bowls and dining tables of the household. Whilst Count Brass would never acknowledge it, many of the varieties were the work of Bogomil who, when not torturing and mutating humans and animals, was an expert in horticulture and keen to experiment with strange plant hybrids resulting in the fruits now found in the orchard.

Vegetable Gardens

On the east side of the castle, closest to the kitchens, are the vegetable gardens. On these terraces are grown all the vegetables used by the castle with the excess taken to the Aigues Mortes market for sale. Rows of beans – haricots, runner, string and battlebean – so called because, when dried, they form a staple part of many an army's rations and are a great favourite of the Count. Next to them are beds of cauliflower, crimson in the spring sun, turning almost to black in the summer; deep red carrots, sweet and bushy-headed and huge, tight-leafed lettuces the size of cannonballs. There are also more of the strange varieties of vegetable found all over Europe: the enormous pumpkin tomatoes, which grow to prodigious size but have the sweetest flesh and make the most wonderful, warming soups. Busy and robust celery trees, with branches that snap readily and have the heady, slightly sour taste of the more common celery and the same texture; and, a favourite of the Kamarg, the sweet ambrogine, which resembles a long, fat torpedo with dark skin but a delicate brown flesh which, when shredded and stir-fried, has the most wonderful, sweet, earthy flavour and is another favourite of the Count.

Bowgentle is often found helping to tend the vegetable garden, although, really, this is the domain of Tidmash, the wily gardener of Castle Brass. Tidmash came to serve Count Brass from Aigues Mortes where his expertise with plants of all kinds, especially vegetables, is legendary. He can coax the most reluctant plant to grow and thrive, with his secretive techniques and special powders and sprays used to defeat the ever-present bugs and insects that would otherwise massacre his crops. When not amongst the rows of vegetables Tidmash can be found in his sheds, a sequence of reinforced wooden huts at the base of the vegetable terraces and affectionately named Castle Wood. Tidmash is irascible and prone to foul language, especially when the children ('Worse than any bastard slugs!') invade his little empire but is nonetheless a kindly soul and forever teaching the young ones the names of the plants and herbs and how to care for them.

Tidmash knows the hidden ways into the sealed areas of Bogomil's laboratories. Tunnels beneath Castle Wood, his collection of equipment and potting sheds, lead into the underground chambers. Tidmash has only ventured down them a couple of times, out of curiosity and has been disturbed by what he has seen but for reasons best known to himself has never revealed this secret to Count Brass.

Vineyards

The vineyards dominate the north eastern terraces and are protected by wicker windbreaks and low, hardy trees Tidmash has carefully cultivated over the years. The vines produce excellent yellow grapes and make the finest wines of the Kamarg although not in vast quantities. Tidmash claims that the rich earth around Castle Brass and the nutrients absorbed from the surrounding Kamarg all contribute to the dry, fruity, aromatic yellow wine that is pressed and produced in the castle itself.

The wine is produced in the winery, which is close to Castle Wood. Here, the children and adults of the castle, including Brass, Bowgentle and Yisselda, all get involved in the pressing of the grapes with bare feet, clambering into the huge wooden vat dominating the cool, barn-like structure. Tidmash collects the juice and then takes it into the ante-room where he works his magic to produce the excellent wines that are bottled and cellared in the castle vaults. Count Brass is extremely proud of the wine but Bowgentle and von Villach are the true connoisseurs, assisting Tidmash in the tasting as it progresses on its journey from grape juice to pure, bottled indulgence. About half the wine is sold in Aigues Mortes, where

bottles command anything up to 15 or 20 Silvers, depending on the age. The rest is laid-down in the cellars and enjoyed sparingly. Every member of the adult household, including the guards, are given a bottle from the new pressing – a token of Count Brass's appreciation of their year-round efforts.

Stables

The stable complex houses 20 horses, all horned and is a simple but efficient collection of white stone buildings. The stable does not have a smithy and all shoeing is performed by the blacksmiths of Aigues Mortes.

The stable is run by Bedewin Ageskort, his wife Evanya and their two eldest sons, Jermas and Manstan. There are six other children, ranging from three to eleven in age and they effectively have the run of the castle and its grounds. The family lives in the converted rooms above the stables but take their meals with other members of the household in the main castle.

Bedewin is an old friend of Brass and was brought to the castle from Liege where he once tended the Count's war mounts. The family is happy at Castle Brass although neither Jermas nor Manstan want to remain as stable hands. Jermas longs to become a Guardian, preferring the gracefulness of the flamingos and Manstan wants to see the world, harbouring a near obsession with Asiacommunista. Both lads are hard workers and are paid well for their efforts. Bedewin knows that, soon, they will leave the castle and pursue their own careers and the thought saddens him somewhat. Evanya is more pragmatic, knowing that her boys will flourish if given the room and encouragement to do so.

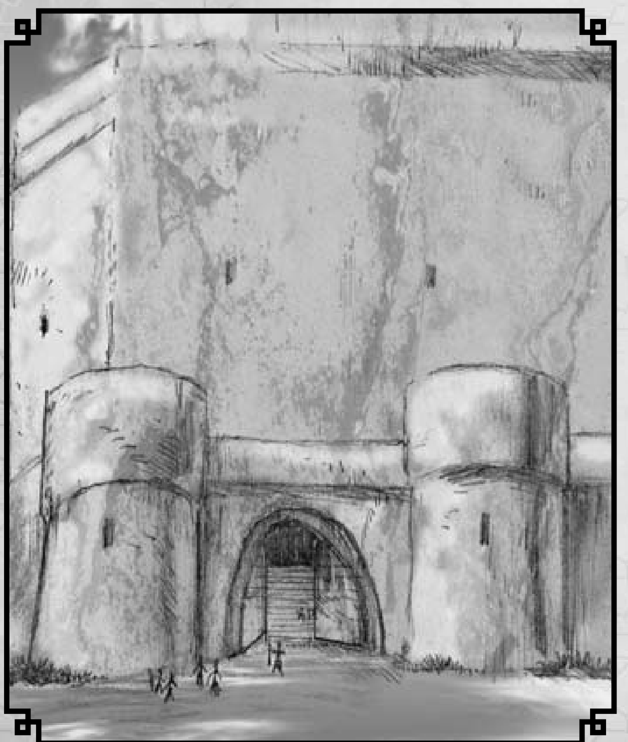
The stables house the beloved horses of Count Brass and Yisselda. Brass has three treasured mounts: Agravan, Borrs and Gwayn, named for ancient heroes from before the Tragic Millennium. Each horse has a different temperament: Agravan is wild and unpredictable, with huge curling horns and an unwillingness to be commanded that Brass finds a marvellous challenge. Borrs is heavy, steadfast and much calmer in nature but a good battle mount and seemingly fearless, even when faced by a rearing baragoon. Gwayn is fast and carefree, happiest when galloping through the shallow marshes or across the open grasslands.

Yisselda has two mares; Midnight, which is a beautiful black horse with dark horns and Dawnhoof, which is the colour of a golden, summer morning. Bedewin insists that Midnight and Gwyan would produce marvellous foals and intends to mate them, with Brass's and Yisselda's permission. Dawnhoof is dearly loved by Manstan who insists on preparing her personally whenever Yisselda takes her out. In truth, Manstan's love is really for Yisselda but he is wise enough to know that he, the son of a stableman, cannot possibly entertain such thoughts, hence his desire to leave the castle and travel the world.

The Castle - Ground Floor

Castle Brass is a grand edifice. A white-stone marvel and a mixture of designs and whims that should clash but somehow merge into an attractive, imposing whole that captures the imagination and even engenders a certain feeling of contentment – as though coming home.

Nowhere is this more evident than in the Ground Floor, the most public part of the castle. The castle has an openness to it that offers an unspoken welcome to all who arrive here, beginning as they enter the main Courtyard.



Courtyard and Grand Entrance

At the top of the garden terraces, reached by the winding path that threads through the gardens, the ground levels and opens into the wide, cobbled courtyard. The cobbles are well-worn and of grey stone, contrasting with the whiteness of the castle itself. The drawing rooms flank the courtyard on the northern side.

On the east is the Grand Entrance. Flanked by a pair of squat, sturdy watchtowers (always manned by one militiaman apiece), the entrance is tunnel-like with a broad, shallow staircase rising up to the imposing oak and iron doors that Count Brass insists should be left open during the day. The guards in the watchtowers can hear approaches up to the courtyard unless special stealth is being employed and word is always sent into the castle to alert the serving staff who, in turn, alert either Count Brass or Bowgentle.

Each watchtower is reached via an opening in the wall. The space within is spartan; there is room for the guard's weapons, a small table with a jug of water and a wooden mug. A series of bell ropes connects with the main house so that the guard can alert the Household area (summoning Ghraves), Count Brass's study, Bowgentle's study or the kitchen.

Unless Brass or Bowgentle have given notice that they will greet guests personally, the butler, Ghraves, attends to all arrivals. Ghraves is middle aged, quietly efficient and in charge of the household. He has a distinctly calming presence with a broad smile and cool, green eyes beneath a shock of black hair. He is not a tall man but his authoritative bearing gives the impression of height. He always gives his name first and enquires after the names of visitors, unless he knows them. His memory is phenomenal and he never forgets a face or name.

Depending on the nature of the visitors' business, Ghraves asks them to either remain in the Grand Hall or shows them directly to the Drawing Room or Bowgentle's study area. If a banquet is being held, guests are taken to the Gallery. Ghraves always offers refreshments if visitors have to wait, providing water, wine or ale according to preference and served with the cook's delicious biscuits, which are prepared daily.

Count Brass does not permit weapons within the castle. Ghraves requires all visitors to surrender their arms, which are taken to the Armoury for safekeeping. Guards are summoned to eject any who refuse.

Grand Hall

The Grand Hall is paved in a mosaic of red, black and white tiles. The mosaic forms a complex geometric pattern radiating from a central hub; no one knows the pattern's significance but it predates even Bogomil's tenure. The hall is decorated with stands holding plants and flowers, cut from the garden and flanking the two doors are marble busts: one of Count Brass, one of his wife, Yisanda, one of Yisselda and one of Bowgentle. On the wall facing the main entrance is a huge formal portrait of Count Brass, depicting him on his warhorse, commanding his troops at the siege of Bakarak – one of Brass's famous victories. On the other walls there are weapons – swords, pole arms and the like – trophies from Brass's various victories. The weapons are held in place by brackets and can be removed without much difficulty. In one corner is a suit of Brass's old battle armour, much dented and displaying the scorches from flamelance fire.

Benches and comfortable chairs line the walls, with small tables placed at convenient intervals for refreshments. A minstrels' gallery runs around the upper part of the hall and during special occasions, musicians are brought up from Aigues Mortes to serenade the arriving guests.

Two sets of double doors lead out of the Grand Hall. The first set, in the north wall, lead into the day quarters for the castle: Brass's study, the Gallery and so forth. The second set, which is in the south wall, leads to the main staircase and the Household area of the castle.

Banquet Hall

The Banquet Hall is by far the most splendid room of the castle. High windows of stained glass allow natural light to flood-in during the day time and in the evening, over a hundred candles illuminate the space. Suits of armour, weapons and other souvenirs of Brass's campaigns line the walls and the walnut floor is polished to a high sheen.

The hall is reached by a grand staircase of polished granite, which leads to double doors of oak and walnut. Guests are shown into the Banquet Hall by this route, although there are four other sets of doors leading into the long passageway that access the Gallery, the passages leading to Brass's study, Bowgentle's study and the Games Room.

The Siege of Bakarak

The Rhine town of Bakarak was the scene of a decisive conflict between the Dukes of Köln and Pfalz who had been at war for decades. The Duke of Pfalz had employed a group of sorcerer-prophets, the ominous Chaos Society, to aid him in his conquest of the Rhinelands and these miscreants, led by the wizard Klosterheim had made their base in the castle of Stahlek, a small but very well defended fortress overlooking the river. Brass was in the employ of Archduke Aluric Hawkmoon and led the attack against Bakarak aimed at removing the Chaos Society. Pfalz sent its own forces, including several mercenary units, to defend Stahlek and its sorcerers.

Count Brass defeated the Pfalz forces at the Bingen Ford and returned up river to deal with the Chaos Society. He laid siege to the castle for three days whilst within, Klosterheim prepared a variety of spells to use against the attackers. However, something went badly wrong in those preparations and the castle was rocked by an explosion that levelled the ancient tower of Stahlek and gave Brass the chance he was looking for. When he finally entered the castle, the Chaos Society had disappeared, leaving behind them only the mutilated corpses of the castle's residents and an arcane design chalked on the floor of the courtyard. Bowgentle made a copy of that design (it hangs on the wall of his study in Castle Brass) and he still studies it, attempting to discover the nature of the spell the Chaos Society used to make its escape.



The massive banqueting table dominates the room. Capable of seating 100 diners it is made from polished slabs of oak and walnut in the shape of an ellipse. The chairs, of matching wood, are high-backed and comfortable. Brass holds banquets as often as he can, enjoying the hospitality and the opportunity to engage with old friends and new. Each month sees the regular Prefecture banquet when the Prefects of Aigues Mortes, along with any guests they wish to invite and a selection of guests chosen by Brass, Bowgentle and von Villach, meet to dine and exchange news. After the banquet the Prefects and Brass retire to his study to talk business for a short while and the remaining guests are entertained in the Gallery and Games Room.

The dining table can be taken apart in sections so that it can accommodate lesser numbers of diners without compromising intimacy. The sections of the table not in use can be hoisted into the ceiling of the Banquet Hall using ropes and pulleys that attach to the table through the special connections built into its upper surface. The Banquet Hall is used for dances and concerts as well as for dining and the table is hoisted completely on such occasions. Chairs are moved to the Games Room.

Gallery

The Gallery houses the art collections of both Count Brass and Bowgentle and exhibits markedly different styles and tastes. Brass favours traditional artworks, such as portraits, landscapes and formal depictions of great warriors, leaders and statesmen. His collection lines the southern wall of the Gallery whilst Bowgentle's lines the north.

Bowgentle's tastes are far more avant-garde. His collections are largely abstract works collected from all across Europe and even into Persia. Some of the paintings are messy riots of colour whilst others are highly stylised works by long-dead artists such as Pik'so and Chag. Amongst the pictures are statuettes and sculptures, again mostly abstracts, by artists like Gorm, Mor and Rodan. Bowgentle can talk endlessly about each and every exhibit and will do so if given the opportunity. The stories concerning how he came by them are equally fascinating – perhaps more so than the works themselves. It would seem that, in his youth, Bowgentle was something of an art adventurer, scouring Europe for forgotten masterpieces that were either hidden, neglected or considered worthless by their owners.

As well as the artworks the Gallery is lined with padded benches down the centre of the room allowing people to sit and contemplate whichever collection they find most appealing.

Day Room

The Day Room is dominated by a picture window that overlooks the garden terraces and out towards the northern reaches of the Kamarg and the mountains – a breathtaking vista. The room is used for general relaxation. Comfortable furniture abounds and the floor is carpeted with rugs from Persia and Espanyia. There is a small selection of light reading in the bookcases, including works by Tozer, Krone and Danty.

During the day Yisselda and Bowgentle can often be found here, reading, sewing or conversing. Visitors might also be shown into the Day Room to await reception by their host.

Hidden behind the bookcase, which swings out when two volumes of poetry, one by Plaff, the other by Hooz, are pushed inwards, is a staircase that descends into the underground level of the castle.

Games Room

The Games Room is really nothing more than an open area with a polished floor. Lockers built into the walls house equipment for playing skittles, quoits and indoor tennis. Brass uses the area to practice swordplay and he has a battered suit of Italian armour that he uses for such practice stored in the northern alcove close to the doors connecting with the Banquet Hall.

Secret Rooms

'Bowgentle led the way out of the main hall and into a passage that ended at what appeared to be a solid wall hung with tapestries. Pushing the tapestries aside, Bowgentle touched a small stud set in the stone of the wall, and immediately a section of it began to glow brightly and then faded, to reveal a portal through which, by stooping, a man could pass. Hawkmoon went through, followed by Bowgentle, and found himself in a small room, the walls hung with old charts and diagrams. This room was left and another entered, larger than the first. It contained a great mass of alchemical apparatus and was lined with bookshelves full of huge old volumes of chemistry, sorcery, and philosophy. "This way," murmured Bowgentle, drawing aside a curtain to reveal a dark passage.

'Hawkmoon's eyes strained as he tried to peer through the darkness, but it was impossible. He stepped cautiously

along the passage, and then it was suddenly alive with blinding white light.'

– The Jewel in the Skull

As one approaches the study wing of the castle, the passage ends in a solid wall, hung with a tapestry on the north side, is the door leading to Count Brass's study. The tapestry depicts a manticore battling a griffin and is clearly very old. Behind it is the stone of the wall; solid enough but if one looks very closely there is a stud that, when pressed, causes the wall to glow and then dissolve, as described above. This is technology Bogomil installed but Count Brass has found it useful.

The rooms beyond are used for various experiments in alchemy, chemistry and other sciences by both Brass and Bowgentle. The books contained in this complex of secret rooms are those most treasured by both men. These are Codices (see page 110 of the Hawkmoon rules) and the following are on the shelves in these rooms:

Ling's Codex of Replication (60% – requires Lore (Animal) 80%, Healing 80% and Engineering 80%)
Ling's Codex was one of the tomes used by Bogomil to build the machinery that created the baragoon and other monstrosities. The codex contains the formulae for the spells of *Clone, Enhance (SIZ)* and *Mutate*. The codex can only be used successfully with the equipment found in the sealed areas of the underground level – yet all of it has been rendered useless by the Count.

The Mahtrooz Articles (40% – requires Persistence 80%)
The Mahtrooze Articles concern astral and psychic projection. Using the codex provides the ability to cast the Psychic Projection spell.

Configurations of Entropy (48% – requires Engineering 90%)
This codex describes how to build and operate a device called an Entropy Configuration – a device capable of shifting its user between different planes of existence and apparently, in space and time. The device as described would take 10 years to build and requires a piece of pure diamond the size of a man's head. Once built, the Entropy Configuration can shift the user a number of dimensions equal to the Focus Points used to activate it. It can also move the user 1D10 years in time, in either direction, for each Focus Point used but planar and time travel cannot be combined.

Blackest Eyes (39% – requires Lore (Animal) 40%, Healing 80% and Engineering 80%)
This codex explains the workings of the Black Jewel used by Baron Kalan to control Dorian Hawkmoon. It explains how the jewel can be neutralised but not how it can be removed.

Stun Trumpet. Also in this room, stored in a plain, wooden case, is a strangely wrought hand weapon that resembles a bulky assembly of pipes with a trumpet-like aperture at one end. It is activated by thumbing a stud at the rear of the weapon. This is a Stun Trumpet and is partially sorcerous. When activated the user must invest it with Focus Points. Each Focus Point is equivalent to 1D20+5 stun damage – so a five Focus Point investment would inflict 5D20+25 damage. The damage is rolled as soon as the weapon is activated and the result matched against the target's Resilience in an Opposed test. If the weapon is victorious, then the target loses consciousness for a number of hours equal to half the rolled damage. There are no other ill effects. If the target resists the Stun Trumpet, he suffers –40% to all skills for a number of hours equal to half the damage as he is afflicted by a blinding headache. The weapon requires a fresh investment of Focus Points for each activation.

The Stun Trumpet makes a deafening crack when activated, followed by a melodious humming sound as it takes effect on the target.

Study Wing

These rooms are the private areas of Count Brass. Three interconnected rooms form his study, map room and 'Thinking Room'. The study itself is closest to the Gallery and is well appointed with an expansive desk and picture window that looks out across the Kamarg. The desk contains writing tools and a few inconsequential documents relating to Aigues Mortes business but important papers and records are kept in a safebox, which is hidden beneath the stone flags underneath one of the plinths of the desk.

The Map Room is next door to the study and this contains Brass's vast collection of maps and charts, covering most of known Europe and some areas that have been relatively unexplored. A map of the Kamarg hangs on the south wall and below it is a wide map table where other charts can be displayed. The maps are stored in specially constructed wooden racks, indexed alphabetically. Many of these charts date from Brass's military campaigns and

amongst the standard maps, there are both strategic and tactical battle diagrams, plans of fortresses and defences and cross-sections of important military outposts.

Hidden in a secret compartment at the base of the left-hand map rack are the detailed construction plans for the towers. They include all Brass's original design notes, schematics and full technical diagrams, completed with the assistance of his good friend, Lady Girac of Marenne. Anyone wanting to learn the secrets of the defensive towers – their operation, armaments and weaknesses – needs these blueprints. The secret alcove is trapped with an alarm chord that rings in Brass's study, the Day Room and his master bedroom. Bypassing it successfully requires a Mechanisms test at –30%.

Map of the Kamarg

Prepared by the Count himself, this is an accurate chart that shows all the secret causeways and safe routes through the marshland. It also notes the position and armaments of the towers defending the region. It is also marked with many red dots of ink – places where Brass or his Guardians encountered and killed baragoon and other horrors, although there is no legend to identify their meaning.

To someone looking to invade the Kamarg, this map would be of supreme importance.

Next to the Map Room is The Thinking Room. It contains only a single, military-style camp bed (the same one used throughout Brass's campaigns), a small fold-away table and a bowl of incense. When Brass needs to think through some especially knotty problem he comes here to relax on the camp bed, burning a small amount of jasmine-scented incense and clearing his mind of everything but the matter in hand.

Outside the three study rooms are several passageways, alcoves and cubby-holes. The largest of these, by the south wall, is the Count's personal armoury. His famous brass armour is here, as are various swords, shields, pole arms, dirks and racked, a flamelance (although her personally despises the weapon) and various other tools of war. The alcove is lockable from the outside and only Brass and Ghraves hold keys.

Hidden behind a false panel is a secret staircase leading down to the underground levels. Opening the panel is possible only if the hidden switch can be found. This is in Brass's study, masquerading as a bell rope (amongst other, genuine bell ropes).

Armoury

The Armoury is a functional area, not a museum. It is used to house weaponry brought in by visitors but also contains various weapons for use by people who might need to defend the castle: bows, broadswords, shields, spears and so forth. The Armoury is kept locked at all times, with keys held by Brass, Bowgentle, von Villach and Ghraves.

Music Room

The Music Room is behind the Grand Hall and contains a variety of chairs and musical instruments including a harp, lute, various percussion instruments (such as military drums from Brass's soldiering days) and a curious box inset with a keyboard, like that of an organ but devoid of pipes or any form of making a sound. The box is battered and most likely does not work – indeed, the dagger thrust firmly into the keyboard suggests as much. Letters stencilled onto the underside of the box hint at either than name of the instrument or its previous owner; the letters are, in scratched and fading white paint, ELP.

The most interesting part of the Music Room are the ropes dangling from the ceiling, much like the pull-ropes found for a cathedral's bells. There are 16 in total and these control the various trapdoors and apertures built into the castle that cause the entire building to sing when the mistral howls around outside. This one of Bowgentle's favourite haunts when the mistral is at its strongest, creating a symphony using the whole castle as his orchestra.

Library

The Library is impressive. Floor to ceiling book cases house hundreds of books from before and after the Tragic Millennium, many of them rare and unique texts, many of them of spurious origin and many of them plundered from other libraries both by Bogomil and Count Brass. The library has plenty of places for reading and studying; desks, lecterns and leather, wing-backed chairs. The smell of ageing paper, parchment, leather and wood is almost intoxicating, lulling the visitor into the right frame of mind for relaxed study.

Symphony of the Mistral

At Bowgentle's suggestion Count Brass modified the castle's structure, building in a system of vents, flues, small doors and portals, all operated by pulleys and small gears, so that when the mistral hurtles down from the north the entire castle moans and sighs with the wind in the same way that a bellows fills the pipes of an organ. Adjusting the angle and aperture of the flues and trapdoors allows the pitch and tone to be altered and so Castle Brass can be played during the mistral, becoming a gigantic wind instrument.

The music it produces is eerie and mournful, much like the Kamarg but in the skilled hands of Bowgentle, Castle Brass can sing many songs – songs of joy and fulfilment and those of melancholia and loss. Always the music has a haunting, yearning quality and it can be heard to the very edges of the Kamarg. Bowgentle is a master conductor of the Castle Brass Wind Orchestra and he practices frequently during the mistral season.

Naturally, the acoustic properties of the castle are there for more than just the making of music. Count Brass has devised a series of codes that can be used during the mistral to convey complex messages to each and every tower surrounding the Kamarg, allowing for fluid communications without needing to rely on heliograph messaging or to supplement it.

The books, scrolls and pamphlets cover a huge range of subjects: classical works, poetry, the arts, sciences, sorcery, history and so forth. Anyone using the library to research a particular subject needs to spend 1D4+1 hours going through the shelves. Many books are untitled or un-indexed and some texts have been disguised as others. Use the chart below to determine the outcome of the research.

Library Table

1D20	Outome
1–3	Detailed text covering the precise area of study. Gives the reader exactly what he needs.
4–9	Summary text that provides useful information and an overview of the subject. Good for general, background research.
10–13	Incomplete information on the subject. References to others books and texts that might be present in the library. Spend a further 1D3 hours searching and re-roll on this table.
14–15	Hints and scraps of information but nothing conclusive or especially useful.
16–17	No directly useful information but references to other works that clearly are not held in the Castle Brass library.
18	Text is so old and worn that whilst it might have been useful once, it is now barely legible.
19	A rare and wonderful tome that both informs and enlightens on its subject matter. Spending 10+1D20 hours reading this book improves the reader's appropriate skill by 1D3%.
20	The text is badly researched and inaccurate – although a relevant Lore test is required to determine just how poor the information is. If the Lore test is failed then text appears to be genuine; studying it actually injures the reader's skill, reducing it by 1D3 points (and doubled, if the Lore test was fumbled).

Bowgentle's Library and Study

Next to the Banquet Hall is Bowgentle's private area. This small complex of rooms contains a neat, functional study, filled with the output of Bowgentle's incessant research and curiosity for knowledge. On his angled writing desk, positioned near the large windows looking over the gardens, is a work he is writing entitled 'A Complete History of the Kamarg and Aigues Mortes', which details the region from times before the Tragic Millennium up until the present day.

In one corner of the study is an antique globe depicting all the countries of the world as they once appeared before the Tragic Millennium. Bowgentle has marked certain points on the globe with coloured beads, although what these represent is known only to him. Also known only to him is the fact that the globe as hollow and can be opened (Mechanisms test to find the hidden locking device). Within the globe is a collection of very, very old texts dealing with esoteric mysticism and arcane practices. One of the texts is written in a strange, flowing script that does not resemble traditional characters at all and is a series of scrolls rather than a book. Another text is by someone calling themselves A Crow and is a weird, stream of consciousness polemic about magic and mysticism.

In the adjoining library, the shelves are thick with books and scrolls on history, mysticism and the magical arts. The table used for the main Library can be used here to determine the content and usefulness of the texts in Bowgentle's collection, although his library pertains solely to the subjects mentioned.

Hidden behind the bookshelves is a secret staircase leading to the underground area. It can only be activated if the opening mechanism is found and this is located in the main study – a paperweight made from brightly coloured glass that needs to be twisted half a turn anticlockwise.

Bowgentle can be found in here often; studying, writing, thinking or studying one of his packs of tarot cards (he collects them and has perhaps 200 separate decks, although not all are complete).

Kitchen

South of the Banquet Hall is the constant hive of activity that is the kitchen and stores area. This is the domain of chief cook and Housekeeper, Mistress Bryess. She is a busy, flustered woman of considerable girth who runs the kitchen and stores with a military precision that even Count Brass finds marvellous to behold.

The kitchen is almost always busy – from before dawn until late into the night – preparing bread, breakfast, snacks and meals for every occasion. The kitchen is dominated by a massive, black-iron cooking range that has four separate ovens, hot plates and warming racks. Next to it is a brick bread oven and next to that is an open fire over which hangs a massive stock cauldron that is permanently simmering.

In the middle of the kitchen are three huge freestanding blocks: one for vegetables, one for meat and one for pastry. Mistress Bryess runs the kitchen with a team of four servants: Marisol, who is responsible for vegetables and fruits; Hermionay, a stout, ruddy-faced woman who is an expert butcher and handles meats and fish; and the youngest, Sharlot who runs errands, cleans and is in charge of pastry. Mistress Bryess overseas the whole affair, assisting where necessary, tasting, preparing menus, checking the stores and finishing dishes, which the Household servants transport around the castle.

Anyone who enters the kitchen without Mistress Bryess's permission is subject to a tongue-lashing. It is a hot, busy place and accidents easy to come by. Extra bodies cause disruption and chaos and so she bans just about everyone with the exceptions of Ghraves and Yisselda, who sometimes comes to help prepare certain dishes.

Suspended from the ceiling are several elaborate racks, from which hang copper pans, skillets, griddles, ladles, spoons and other cooking utensils. On another rack are cured sausages, bunches of herbs and other commonly needed ingredients. The kitchen staff move around the hot, noisy environment almost like automatons, Mistress Bryess flitting from one place to another, red-faced, her mighty arms bare and quivering as she busies herself with whatever requires her attention. Instructions and commands are barked at a rapid pace and she expects everyone to reply 'Yes Mistress' instantly or face an angry dressing-down.

The storerooms are divided into dry and cold stores. The dry stores contains preserves, dried ingredients, herbs, spices and so forth. The cold stores contain curing meats and hanging game, cheese, butter, bread, milk and other perishables. There are further stores below ground, which are accessed through a trapdoor in the cold stores area.

Household Area

The Household area contains living and sleeping quarters for the Castle Brass household staff. On the ground floor are common areas for meals and relaxation (a parlour and a dining room) along with a room set aside for Ghraves, as the Head of the Household, to attend to things necessary to his position. Six small but reasonably appointed bedrooms are used by the kitchen staff and household staff. Ghraves, Mistress Bryess and others, including those with children, have quarters on the first floor.

The Household area is connected to the bell system that flows through the castle. Bell ropes in each main room ring one of a long-line of labelled bells in the parlour and in the kitchen, indicating that service is needed. Whenever Count Brass sounds the bell (from his study area, for instance), Ghraves is always the first to attend although another servant might be sent if Ghraves cannot leave the duties he is conducting.

Yisselda has her own small staff of servants to help with dressing and only female servants are sent to attend to her if she calls for service and the servants know she is alone.

The servants who comprise the Household are as follows:

Ghraves	Head of Household and Chief Servant to Count Brass
Mistress Bryess	Cook and Head of Kitchen and Parlour
Leteesha	Head of Chambers and responsible for all chambermaids. Chief lady to Yisselda
Miklan	Head footman
Sebile	Servant to Yisselda and female guests
Franzis	Footman and servant to male guests
Sara	Chambermaid
Karla	Chambermaid
Gorst	Footman
Marisol	Kitchen staff
Hermionay	Kitchen staff
Sharlot	Scullery maid and kitchen staff
Bedewin	Chief stableman
Evanya	Wife to Bedewin
Manstan	Stablehand
Jermin	Stablehand
Tidmash	Gardener

Miklan and Sebile are married and have four children. Karla is widowed and has two children. Yisselda, keen to help, acts as a part-time governess to the castle's children, teaching them their letters and numbers, as well as teaching them about the gardens.

Gorst and Sebile have been conducting a clandestine affair under Miklan's nose. The two have been very careful and very discreet: Ghraves suspects something but has no proof; Bowgentle, on the other hand, knows conclusively but does not feel it is his place to say anything. Miklan is extremely stern and has a propensity to drink too much when not working. He is also much older than his wife and Sebile has had four children very quickly with little time to enjoy life. There is no doubt that, if the affair was discovered, Miklan would react violently.

Guard Room

The Guard Room is used by the castle guards for off-duty relaxation. Their duty quarters are on the first floor but this small, comfortable guard room offers a place for brief socialisation. Count Brass drops by every now and then to play cards or dice and perhaps catch-up on affairs in Aigues Mortes.

The Guard Room has a small wood-fired stove and storage for weapons and personal effects.



North Tower
The octagonal North Tower is accessible from the Gallery and the Banquet Hall. There is nothing on the ground floor level but the stairwell (which begins here) and slits for weapons.

North West Tower
The North West tower is accessible from the area outside Bowgentle's study. On the ground floor is a small weapons store (spears and arrows) and the stairwell. A secret doorway in the east wall leads into a long, downward sloping passageway that runs the full length of the grounds of Castle Brass and finally emerges in Tower Konstant in Aigues Mortes. Only Count Brass knows of the existence of the passageway and he has never used it. His only exploration of it found some very unstable areas that could collapse. The passage is narrow, ankle-deep in water in many places and infested with rats.

First Floor
The first floor of the castle is used for guest accommodation, storage and the quarters for the guards and household. Count Brass, Yisselda and Bowgentle's quarters are on the floors above.

The central area of the first floor is the minstrels' gallery running around the open area that looks down onto the Grand Hall. Guest rooms are on the west of the gallery and the household quarters are in the south east quarter. The area above the Banquet Hall is used for storage of linen, various household supplies, firewood and so forth.

Guest Quarters
There are 15 guest rooms, each capable of sleeping between one and four people – so Castle Brass can easily host up to 60 guests in comfort and does so regularly. Count Brass likes the castle to be full and is a very genial host.

Every guest room has a double bed, wardrobe, washstand, fireplace and furniture. The chambermaids ensure that every room has a fire made each morning when guests are in residence and that there is clean linen every other day. When the rooms are empty, they are aired and dusted every two days to prevent damp.

The best guest rooms are in the north-west quarter; light, airy rooms with excellent views across the Kamarg. These are generally reserved for important dignitaries but Brass, never one for undue ceremony, will ensure they are used for whatever guests are staying at the castle rather than according them one of the smaller rooms. All the guest rooms are equipped with a bell rope connected to the servants' parlour on the ground floor.

Household Quarters
Ghraves, Mistress Bryess, Leteesha, Miklan and Sebile have their quarters in the south-west quarter. Miklan, Sebile and their children occupy the two largest rooms; Ghraves occupies the corner room and Leteesha and Mistress Bryess have the two rooms to the north of Miklan's. The remaining rooms are reserved for the servants of visitors to the castle.

The staircase in the southern part of the quarter runs down to the kitchen and is the staircase the servants use to access their rooms, using the main staircases only when on duty. The Household quarter is clean and tidy, save for when Miklan and Sebile's children decide to play a noisy indoor game, fraying Mistress Bryess's nerves and causing stern rebukes from their father.

The household can gain access to the guest wing through a door that leads into one of the walk-in store rooms and then out into the passage beyond.

Guard Dormitory
The guards share a dormitory between the two northern towers. Bunk beds can accommodate up to 20 people with footlockers for personal equipment. The floors of both towers can also be turned into dormitories if the need arises, thereby doubling the accommodation space for soldiers. Otherwise the tower floors are used for equipment storage.

Second Floor
The second floor is, ostensibly, Yisselda's. She has a suite of rooms in the south-west quarter with a pair of day rooms nearby. The rest of the floor has several additional guest rooms that still, after 10 years, have not been properly outfitted to receive guests, a trophy room, various store rooms and two additional galleries. The second floor is quiet and refined, despite its general lack of disuse.

Yisselda's Suite
Yisselda has three private chambers: her bedroom, which is the most southerly of the rooms; her sitting room, which is next door and then a large wardrobe and dressing room.

The bedroom contains a large four-poster bed, various cupboards, chests and lockers and a suite of settees that are arranged to look out over the south terraces below. The room is painted pure white and when the sun reaches in through the coloured windows, creates a dazzlingly beautiful scene.

The sitting room next door contains more furniture, a huge freestanding mirror, Yisselda's writing desk (seldom used), her harp and a number of other musical instruments and a sewing engine. The sewing machine is a large, cumbersome thing of black iron with a huge wheel on one side. Bobbins of cotton festoon the top and sides and at one end is the needle and shoe – the business end of the machine. The whole contraption is set into a heavy oak table that is sufficiently large to accommodate large stretches of cloth. Yisselda is an expert in using this device, salvaged by her father many years before and subsequently restored by Bowgentle. Yisselda cuts and sews her own gowns using the machine – despite the fact that her wardrobe is filled with garments bought for her by her father but also given as gifts by visitors. Yisselda is not ungrateful but she takes great pleasure in creating her own clothes. Leteesha, her chief handmaiden, is a skilled seamstress also and the two of them spend many hours designing garments, cutting the cloth and then stitching it on the sewing engine. The chug and rattle of the machine as Yisselda stitches can be often heard wafting around the second floor.

Also in the sitting room is a portrait of Yisselda's mother, Yisanda. She is as beautiful as her daughter, with a wise face and serene expression. The portrait was painted by the famed Skandian painter Skarsol a few years before Yisselda's birth. There is a sadness in the woman's eyes that can sometimes be seen in Yisselda's, although Yisselda is not prone to maudlin. The frame of the portrait is hung with small bouquets of flowers cut from the garden and Yisselda insists that these are kept refreshed.

The wardrobe is large and filled with rails containing her clothes, plus lockers where more are stored that no longer fit. Periodically Yisselda donates her old clothes to Aigues Mortes, sending Sebile into the city with bundles of garments to give to the needy. Von Villach sniffs at the practice, pointing out how much money could be raised if the clothes were sold but Brass approves of what Yisselda does. It helps the people and the family does not need the money.

Day Rooms

Yisselda insists that the two days rooms adjoining her suite should be used by everyone – household, family and guests – and when the castle is hosting a sizable contingent, they are. Otherwise they are relatively quiet places. The northernmost day room has been filled with hand-made toys for the children of the castle to enjoy, turning that room almost into a playroom.

The second day room is used by Yisselda as a classroom when she teaches the castle's children their numbers and letters. An easel with a blackboard has been set-up and there are slates, lengths of chalk, paper and other writing instruments neatly arranged on a table beneath the window. Opposite, examples of the children's artwork is fastened to the wall pictures, mostly, of the castle and garden but also pictures of Yisselda and her father. In one picture, one of Sebile's children has drawn a somewhat gory portrait of Brass on his horse scything down dozens of armed foes.

North Gallery

The North Gallery is three interconnected areas adjacent to the Trophy room. The main area is a wide seating area with decorative plants and a few minor artworks belonging to Bowgentle that would look out of place in the Gallery. Amongst these objets d'art is a collection of porcelain busts depicting the 'Four Faces of Fear', a group of demi-gods from before the Tragic Millennium who brought war to the world when they had promised peace. Their names have long been forgotten but according to myth their deeds were treacherous in the extreme. The Four Faces are: The Smiling Face of False Sincerity; The Angered Face of Retribution; The Sneering Face of No Mercy and The Triumphant Face of Broken Dreams. These four figurines are of little interest to most, although they would be of considerable interest to scholars from Granbretan, which tend to prize such macabre nick-nacks.

The other sections of the North Gallery are tranquil and quiet. Bowgentle can sometimes be found here in meditation.

Trophy Room

More trophies are kept in here: trophies taken the battlefield; trophies given in honour. There are helmets from all over Europe, axes, pole arms and lances.



Brass has little time for these and is always dismissive when people fawn over the treasures this room holds. Every helmet and blade, he remarks, belonged to a man. That man had a mother, father and possibly a wife and children. They are the ones who ought to be remembered – not the tools of a grisly trade.

Upper Gallery

The Upper Gallery is little more than an open space with some seating and a few ornaments on wooden stands. At the western end the window is highly decorated with stained glass panels depicting farmers at work in the fields. The window was not always like this. In Bogomil's time the window depicted harsh sorcerous experiments with hideous creatures emerging from obscene vats. Brass had the window modified to its present form at considerable personal expense and the Upper Gallery s now a more peaceful place for it.

Guest Rooms

The four guest rooms on this floor are not in use. They suffer from damp and a variety of structural problems that Brass has not yet got around to rectifying. They can be used, at a push but the rooms on the lower floor are far better for guest accommodation.

Secrets of the Guest Rooms

Only Brass and Bowgentle know the true reason why the guest rooms on this floor are unused. When Bogomil was resident here, these guest rooms were used by those who Bogomil lured into staying at the castle, only to become victims of his experiments. Brass does not believe the rooms are haunted or have any evil, forlorn presences within them but he believes they should remain unused in respect for the memories of those who spent their last nights either alive or as humans within their walls.

Stores

The storage areas contain old furniture, household tools (boxes of hammers, chisels, nails, braces and bits and so forth) and a variety of other implements found in Bogomil's possessions. Brass does not want them used.

Third Floor

The third floor is the territory of Count Brass and Bowgentle. It also sees the start of two additional towers built by Brass to improve the overall defence of the castle. A further north-facing tower has been added and an additional south-facing one. Brass has maintained the style of the original castle but ensured that these towers, like their larger, Kamarg-based cousins, are equipped with baroque weaponry.

Bowgentle's Suite

Bowgentle's suite of rooms occupies the North West quarter. The two large rooms are a combination of workshop, study and bedroom. Both are crammed with books and papers that he cannot squeeze into the ground floor study and for such a fastidious man in all other respects, his rooms are rather cluttered.

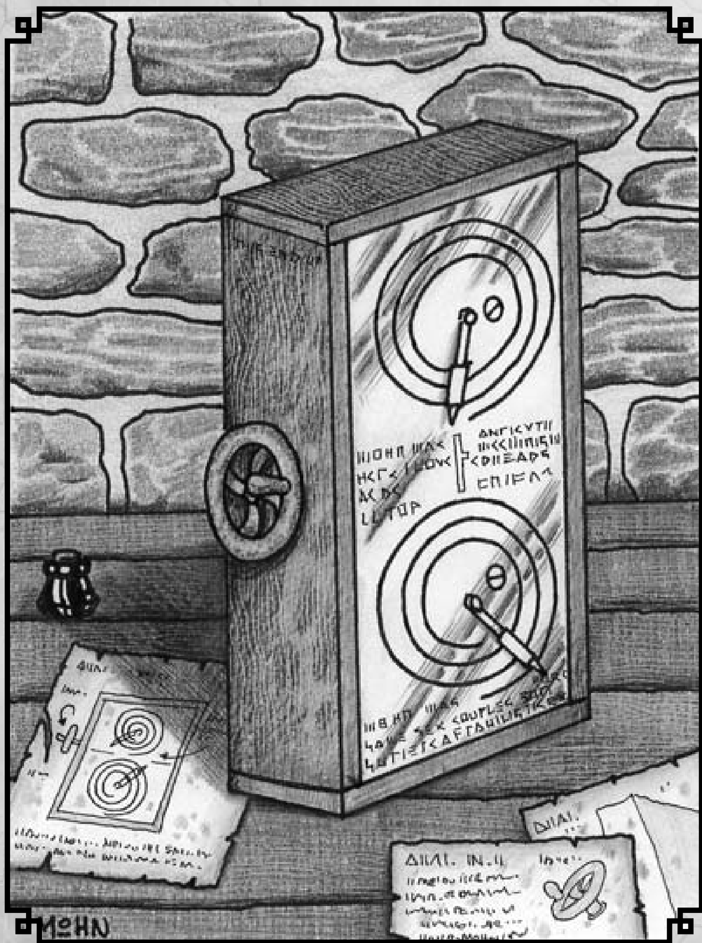
The larger of the two rooms is his bedroom. The bed is small and frugal but carved in a strange style with swirling dragons for feet and a headboard carved into a delicate mandala adorned with half-naked figures in contorted poses. The bed, Bowgentle claims, originated

in the lost continent of Injya and depicts a fertility rite. The legs are, he believes, of Asiscommunistan origin but he cannot be certain.

Around the bed are numerous chests of drawers and lockers, each crammed full with specimens and samples Bowgentle has collected over the years. There are mounted insects, butterflies and moths; skulls of small mammals, bones of all descriptions and hanging above the bed, a massive, stuffed fish with bony plates and six fins. Bowgentle caught the fish himself off the coast of Kyrus many years ago. He believes it represents a form of sea life that became almost extinct many millions of years in the earth's past.

The second room is a day room but is, again, given over to various collections – this time mechanical in nature. All are antiquities, salvaged from various places around Europe. Bowgentle tries to define each item and its function; not for repair but to understand the mindsets and ways of life of people before the Tragic Millennium. There are gears, blackened circuit boards, glass screens of different sizes, tiny white boxes, which Bowgentle says, store entire symphonies and all manner of broken and battered fragments of technology. None of them work but that is inconsequential. Bowgentle is intending to prepare a history of the pre-Tragic Millennium peoples, viewed through their technological progress. Amongst his notes are drawings that speculate how the various chunks of his collection might have been used and by whom. One drawing, for example, shows how two of the glass screens were no doubt eyes in some large mechanical man that would have been used for heavy labour, freeing-up people to enjoy lives of complete leisure.

However pride of place goes to a piece that is far more ancient than anything else in the collection. A slab of stone and bronze, 30cm wide, 17cm high and a few centimetres thick, hung above the workbench. Embedded in the rock is a corroded bronze cog, surrounded by smaller bronze remnants. The whole apparatus is covered in tiny, complex characters that Bowgentle has been unable to decipher. It is called the Kyther Enigma and Bowgentle believes it to be the most ancient difference engine in existence – the forebear of the great difference engines that once controlled the world before the Tragic Millennium. The Kyther Enigma came into Bowgentle's possession when he assisted the sultan of Turkia in solving a delicate political problem. The sultan considered the artefact worthless but Bowgentle considered it the most beautiful thing he had ever seen and it was gifted to him as payment for services rendered. One of Bowgentle's projects is to understand how the mechanism worked, its function and purpose and if possible, to build a replica. He has many speculative sketches scattered about his workbench, each showing different permutations and possible configurations. Unfortunately there are too many gaps for a conclusive model and so Bowgentle is always keen for more knowledge relating to the Kyther Enigma that will help him unlock its secrets. Bowgentle's supposition is that it is some form of calendar or computation device used to make astrological predictions. Some of the characters etched into the gears correspond with certain calendars he has come across in his travels but the true secret of the machine continues to elude him.



Count Brass's Suite
The Count's suite is a single, curving room in the south-west quarter. He does not have a separated day room or antechamber; one single room, his four poster bed partitioned by a thick curtain, suffices. His clothes hang on wooden rails and another suit of brass armour stands in one corner. This suit of armour has a large hole just above where the heart is. This is where Brass took a lance strike to the chest during the siege of Rouen and he was lucky to survive it. He keeps the armour as a memento of how fortune favoured him that day.

In a pair of large, oak chests, are the belongings of his dear wife, Yisanda; her clothes, jewellery, shoes and so forth. Yisanda was taken by illness shortly after Yisselda was born, whilst Brass was campaigning against the fractious Belgic kingdoms. Brass has few regrets but one is that he was not present when his wife was dying, although Bowgentle cared for her in those final days. Sometimes, in reflective moments, he opens the chests and goes through some of the contents, remembering the happy years they spent together. He cherishes her memory and he speaks of her often to Bowgentle and Yisselda but he refrains from becoming unduly emotional. Lives are taken for all kinds of reasons and whilst Brass has spent most of his life fighting, he is thankful that Yisanda's ended with relative peace. Of all his belongings, these are his most prized and he will never part with them. One day, when he is ready, they will pass to his daughter, to be maintained with the same love.

Wargame Room
Count Brass still campaigns but these days, his military victories are effected with miniature soldiers on miniature battlefields, using rules of his own devising.

The Wargame room is where these campaigns take place. An enormous rectangular table is covered with hand-made terrain carved from blocks of wood and painted to resemble grass, stone, woodland and mud. The terrain can be arranged in vast array of combinations and on these wooden battlefields, Brass re-enacts great battles from history – both his own and those of other, long-dead generals.

He has a huge collection of miniature soldiers, painted and glued to strips of thin wood that form his armies. He has figures representing all the known armies of Europe, including those of Granbretan and many from the distant past. These are stored on shelves around the room and in specially built lockers. Brass lacks the patience to paint the figures himself and employs a craftsman from Aigues Mortes to both make and paint the figures.

The rules he uses for his pretend battles were self-penned and reflect his profound knowledge of strategy and tactics. They fill several slim volumes that are packed with charts, diagrams and tables for resolving clashes of arms.

His opponents are Bowgentle, von Villach, Miklan and various friends from Arles and Aigues Mortes who visit Castle Brass to spend a few days re-enacting entire campaigns in microcosm. Brass likes to win but he truly enjoys pitting his wits against his opponents to see if he can be out-thought, out-planned or out-played by his own rules. He is an enthusiastic and fair competitor and he enjoys his wargaming days with the same relish that he enjoys true combat. Occasionally he plays alone, structuring the forces to reflect a current conflict he has heard about, so see if he can predict what the outcome will be.

Towers
The addition of new towers to this floor brings the total to four – although there are smaller, narrower, decorative spires built into the roof. On this floor the three octagonal towers can be accessed and they lead up into the main areas of each, where the weapons and other equipment are housed.

The conical roof of each tower is capable of rotating, fixed onto well-lubricated bearings so that a single solider can alter the firing slit's direction whilst another operates the weaponry. The conical spires have a single weapon slit that, in peacetime, is covered by a steel slat that is raised on a pulley system.

The tower closest to Bowgentle's rooms is equipped with a Flame Cannon but also with a reflecting telescope that Bowgentle uses to observe the stars on clear, crisp nights.

The tower closest to Count Brass is designed to protect the southern arc of the castle and is equipped with a Fear Cannon and a Sonic Cannon (see page 11 of the *Kamarg* chapter).

The two northern towers are equipped with a Cold Cannon and a Flame Cannon respectively. The north-eastern tower is also designed for archers and flamelancers with several additional weapon slits built into the walls.

Typical Routine of Castle Brass

Although no two days are the same, the castle follows a well-structured routine which is summarised below.

Dawn (5am - 6am)

At first light the household awakes to begin its daily work. Ghraves awakes the household and then, lantern in hand, moves through the ground floor lighting lanterns and candles.

The guards change shift, with the night watch being allowed to retire to the dormitory to sleep.

Count Brass usually rises at dawn, with Ghraves waking him. He then either pads down to his study or works in his room, tending to papers or other documents, using this quiet period of the castle and the freshness of his mind to clear away important matters of business. He receives a report from the retiring night watch.

In the kitchen the ovens are lit and the kitchen staff begin preparing bread for the day. In the stables, Bedewin, Manst and Jarmin start to clean-out the horses.

Elsewhere, the footmen and chambermaids prepare and light the fires for the castle in the main rooms.

7am

Breakfast is prepared but not served until 8am. This is usually fresh bread, fresh fruit, porridge, milk and perhaps weak wine or ale.

Count Brass takes his bath, prepared by Ghraves. Bowgentle is awoken by either Miklan or Gorst, who serve him with a mug of herbal tea. Leteesha awakes Yisselda and prepares her gowns for the day.

8am

Breakfast is served in the Day Room on the ground floor. If there are many guests at the castle, then it is served in the Banquet Hall. In the kitchen, preparations begin for the midday meal and once the family and guests have completed breakfast, the household takes its own in the Household quarters' common area.

Breakfast completed, cleaning chores commence with the footmen, chambermaids and other staff being involved in the work.

9am - Noon

Count Brass retires to his study. Ghraves presents a progress report on matters pertaining to the castle and outlines any engagements for the day. He then receives officials on Kamarg business and discusses matters relevant to Aigues Mortes and the Castle Brass estate.

Bowgentle can be found either in his study or the secret workshops, either writing, researching or conducting experiments. He breaks at 10.30 for a half-hour meditation in one of the quiet areas of the castle.

Yisselda schools the children of the castle in the upstairs dayroom. Following lessons she either sews or attends to the gardens, usually accompanied by Tidmash or Sebile.

Noon - 1pm

A midday meal is served in the dayroom or Banquet Hall, depending on guests. The meal usually consists of fresh broth, cold meats, cheese, bread, ale and fruit. Count Brass rarely takes lunch or has it served in his study if he is dealing with especially pressing matters.

The household takes its own lunch as morning duties permit, serving themselves from a buffet in the Household quarters.

1pm - 3pm

Count Brass, accompanied by either Yisselda or Bowgentle (sometimes both), takes an afternoon ride in the Kamarg, sticking to known trails. It is the Count's habit to visit at least one of the guard towers, although if he has business in Aigues Mortes or Arles, this has to be put to one side. If Brass goes into one or other of the cities, Yisselda may accompany him, especially if it is market day in Aigues Mortes. On such occasions a guard is assigned to her (usually a Guardian rather than usual militia) as she peruses the market stalls.

Bowgentle spends the remainder of the day at his work, although he may also stroll in the gardens or run through household accounts with Leteesha and Ghraves, if there are bills and so forth to be settled.

The Household attends to duties and prepares for the evening meal.

3pm - 6pm

If Brass has no other duties, he can be found in either his study or map room or the wargames room, preparing or

playing a campaign. Yisselda sews, paints, reads or spends time in the garden. Bowgentle is usually embedded in his studies or wargaming with the Count.

The afternoon is a time for the Household to relax a little, in readiness for the evening.

6pm - 8pm
The Household prepares for the evening meal. Preparations depend on the number of guests; if only Brass, Bowgentle and Yisselda are present, then preparations are minimal. None of them have extravagant requirements.

Before dinner, Count Brass reads, receives reports from the day watch and goes through correspondence for the following day. Yisselda visits the household staff to see how the day has progressed. There might be time for her to play with the children, allowing the staff time to complete meal preparations.

8pm - 9pm
The evening meal is served. The family eats in the dayroom or if guests are present, in the Banquet Hall. Following service, the staff take their own meal together in the Household quarters where Ghraves gives a report on the day's work and instructions for the following day.

9pm - 10pm
Count Brass likes to spend the remainder of the evening with Bowgentle and Yisselda in one of the dayrooms, catching up on news, discussing current events and so forth. Music or poetry might be recited but otherwise this is family time unless guests must be entertained. Von Villach quite often makes the journey from Aigues Mortes to spend the evening with the family.

The Household cleans and prepares for the next day before retiring. Ghraves will not retire until dismissed by the Count.

10pm - 11pm
This is the usual time for the family to retire, although Brass and Bowgentle wait for Yisselda to retire before dismissing Ghraves and then descending to the lower level of the castle to continue experiments and research together, sometimes working long into the night.

Ghraves conducts a final tour of the castle in preparation for the morrow and the Night Watch comes on duty.

Underground Levels

Beneath Castle Brass are two sets of underground chambers. The first of these are the legitimate cellars of the castle – storage areas, a wine cellar, laundry room and so forth. The second set, deeper underground, than the first are the laboratories of Bogomil, built to create things such as the baragoon. Count Brass has had Bogomil's laboratories walled-up and they are not easily accessible from the legitimate cellar sections.

Areas Accessed from the Kitchen Stairs (Ground Floor)
Stone stairs from the kitchen lead down into a complex of stone-dressed cellars that are used for food storage. It is quite cool down here, even in the height of summer. Perishables such as meat, fish and dairy products are kept in a variety of barrels, boxes, baskets and on racks and shelves. Fletches of bacon, haunches of meat, game birds and so forth are stored in their own section.

The Wine Cellar is extensive. Hundreds of dusty bottles are kept in bottle racks lining the walls and include vintages from far afield as well as the wines made on the castle premises. The collection is both impressive and eclectic. Amongst the fine wines are bottles of brandy and whiskey and because many bottles are unlabelled, one cannot be sure of the contents. Some are exceedingly old, predating the Tragic Millennium but most are the products of the past 200 years. Count Brass is no wine connoisseur but Bowgentle and Ghraves are and both know that the wine collection here is worth a small fortune in financial terms.

Opposite the wine cellar is the laundry. Here Sara and Karla wash, scrub, soak, mangle and hot-iron all the clothes and linen for the whole castle. Three huge wooden tubs are filled with hot, warm and cold water, kept topped-up from the bubbling cauldron of hot water in one corner of the room. It is hot and sticky work in the laundry and ventilation shafts have been dug to provide fresh air from outside but that still does not compensate for the hard work that needs to go into the laundry chores. Sara and Karla sometimes joined by Sharlot and Evanya when the dirty washing is at its height and sometimes additional hands are brought up from Aigues Mortes – especially when a banquet is being hosted and there are many guests in the castle. Sara and Karla sing while they work; old songs of the Kamarg and a few they have invented themselves, which are invariably bawdy and

concerned with the personal habits of various members of the Castle Brass household.

Workshop Areas

The additional underground areas – those reached via the various secret staircases above – are euphemistically termed the Workshops by Count Brass and Bowgentle. It is here that projects they wish to keep secret, such as alchemical experimentation, scientific and sorcerous experimentation and so on, are conducted. The rooms are sound proofed, so no one above knows what work is being conducted and in this network of rooms Brass and Bowgentle have established a metal working shop, a carpentry shop, an assembly room and a specialised equipment store. It was in these workshops that the prototypes for the more baroque weapons of the towers were developed and whilst neither man indulges in such projects these days, they do, occasionally, come down here to tinker and experiment. Bowgentle, for instance, has been working on building a replica of the Kyther Enigma.

The two primary workshops are connected to the outside world by wide, gently sloping tunnels that emerge beneath well-hidden doors at the base of the Castle Brass earth ramparts. Only a handful of people know of their existence and the it is now so many years since the tunnels were used that the entrances are completely invisible to outside eyes.

Bogomil's Laboratories

Sealed off from the rest of the underground level, Bogomil's laboratories have lain idle for a decade. A flight of wide stairs leads a further 30 feet underground and the temperature suddenly drops bringing a chill to the skin and encouraging a sense of terrible foreboding.

'I confess to feeling fear and trepidation as we first made our way into those gloomy catacombs, heavy with the stench of death. Count Brass led the way and I had von Villach and a few others behind me. As we walked slowly along the passages I could feel the air thickening with the corruption Bogomil had wrought – and then the stench hit us. We all – even Brass – retched.'

From Bowgentle's Journal

Bogomil worked sheer evil in this place and its mark s forever in the air.

Sealing Walls and Secret Passage

Count Brass built the walls that seal-off the laboratories himself, stone by stone. He included no secret doors or portal mechanisms. He does not want anyone treading the floors of these workshops of atrocity for fear that others might be tempted by Bogomil's corruption.

The walls are made of sandstone blocks, a metre thick and tightly mortared together. The only way of gaining access to the laboratories now is via the secret passage that runs from Tidmash's garden buildings on the terraces of the castle (see page 61) and the hidden passageway leading into the marshlands from the main laboratory.

The entrance from the Castle Wood passage is hidden by a portal device very similar to the one hiding the secret rooms on the ground floor of the castle. A slab of stone set into the earth and now covered by dirt and weeds, has a small stud set into its corner. Pressing that stud causes the slab of stone to shimmer and fade out of existence, revealing the stairs down into the slanting passageway. Tidmash has trodden the passageway only the once and has chosen never to reveal what he has seen – even to Count Brass.

The passage runs down at a steep angle for some 50 metres before levelling. A door of iron marks the entry to the laboratory cell block. The locking mechanism is rusted and jammed shut; opening it requires a Mechanisms test at –50% or device such as a Lock Pick Ray. If brute force is employed, the door has 8 AP and 40 HP.

Once open a terrible stench of decay and death assaults the senses. It might have been more than 10 years since Bogomil worked his terrors in these catacombs but the stench still lingers. Resilience rolls (at a +20% bonus) are required to keep from retching.

The passage continues beyond the door, leading through the cell block.

General Conditions in the Laboratories

- The passages are cut from the rock and are rough-hewn. They vary in width from two metres to eight metres in width. The floors are uneven and slicked with damp and fungal growth, reducing DEX-based skills by –10%.

I shall tell you, dear reader, what Bogomil was doing in this subterranean maze.

Perhaps, when he started his research, he was of noble intentions. I would like to believe that he was searching for a cure for some disease or mutation and his reading brought him into contact with certain techniques, spells and runes that steadily, insidiously, corrupted his mind. I want to believe this because I believe that most of us begin and end our lives with a shred of decency and respect for life; I want to believe that of Bogomil too but clearly, something went wrong deep in his soul and he felt compelled to follow the course that he did.

Bogomil of the Magyars was doing nothing less than mutating life. He was, of course, a mutant himself but his mutation was by no means severe and masking his additional fingers was an easy enough matter for him. When I delved into his notes I could see that he was obsessed with controlling patterns of mutation; directing them, using spells and chemicals, to develop, as he called them, daemons. I quote here from an early passage in his journal: 'Daemons that shall walk on this earth as they do in the Crimson Hells. My Lord commands me to prepare Him an Army and so an Army is what He shall have. Blood and Souls! Blood and Souls!'

Who Bogomil's Lord was, I do not know. I do not want to. I suspect one of the vile Magyarian slave-barons but may well be mistaken. Yes, Bogomil was attempting to forge an army of daemons to serve some unnamed master. The results of his experiments were the baragoon and human leeches, amongst other, singular mutations that he warped and amplified, erasing almost every trace of humanity and intellect, leaving behind a shell of flesh that he could contort and break that would form the basis of the daemons he so fiercely coveted.

From Bowgentle's Journal

- The smell of decay grows stronger as one delves further. Once within the laboratory complex Resilience tests are required every so often (at the Games Master's discretion) to prevent from retching and gagging at the stench.
- None of the passages are lit. Light sources are required to navigate.
- The place is infested with rats and insects. Some of the rats are mutated, being a sickly white in colour and with several limbs, tails or heads. They flee from light but can be heard and felt, skittering around the feet.
- The place is very cold. Breath condenses easily in the chill air and exposed areas of the body become numb within 2D6 minutes of exposure. Reduce DEX based skills by a further –15% if Resilience tests are failed.
- Most doors are made of thick wood and swing on rusted hinges, which grate and squeal when opened. It takes an Athletics (Brute Force) test to haul open the doors. Some are also locked.

Cell Block

Here is where Bogomil kept those who he intended to experiment upon and the results of some experiments. The cells are two metres by three metres and the remains of chains and shackles can be seen in the walls. In some of the cells it is possible to make out scratches – some of them very deep – made in the walls by nails or talons.

In one of the cells (and is does not matter which), a Perception test at –30% uncovers a length of parchment, tightly rolled, squeezed into a gap between the stones. It is a note written in desperation by one of the prisoners. The writing is small and shaky, and barely legible.

'He came for me today and his eyes burned with the fires of hell. His servants dragged me from my cell and down through corridors, laughing as I screamed for mercy. He brought me to a room filled with cabinets of dread design that hummed and throbbed as though living. I was strapped to a table and he took a tube that ended with a needle and jammed it into my arm. I remember feeling my resistance ebb but I was still conscious as he



Operating Laboratory

This bleak, bare room still holds the table where Bogomil's unfortunate victims would be strapped down and subjected to the most awful experiments, often whilst conscious. The restraints have been removed but the table, eight feet in length, still has the openings where the leather restraints fitted through and the metal ankle clamps to hold the feet in place.

Searching this room uncovers a few, small, grisly reminders of what went on in here. In the gap between two stones directly beneath the operating table are three human teeth. In the corner of the room, hidden in a pool of shadow, is a steel fang – more dagger than tooth – complete with roots for anchoring into a jaw.

The door leads into the ante-chamber for the Operating Laboratory: the Jar Room.

Jar Room

The shelves remain but are now bare – as is the rest of the room. Count Brass had each jar removed, taken deep into

lowered something black and foul-smelling across my face. His servants were laughing still. He said nothing but when he removed whatever it was from my face I could not move. He took a pair of pincers and one by one, ripped the teeth from my mouth. I could not scream and gagged on the blood although I felt no pain. He showed me each tooth he pulled and then, to my horror, he showed me the gleaming metal fangs that he intended to insert in their place.

I cannot write any more. My fingers are numb and I can feel the Beast welling inside me. I shall die soon. I feel my soul ebbing into torment…'

The rest of cells are empty but any sorcerous scans of a cell reveal a residue of absolute fear that still clings to the walls. Fear and death, which came often in these prisons but perhaps not often or soon, enough.

'It is harrowing to describe what we found in that room. Row after row of shelves, each lined with jars that contained a yellow liquid, the colour of urine. The air was heavy with a chemical scent and as Brass shone his lantern across the array of shelves all of use realised what the jars contained with absolute horror.

In every jar was either a foetus or embryo. Some were human; some had been. Others never were. Many were dead but in a few of the jars the creatures shuddered or twitched. The sight, with me even now, was horrific. I can only guess at how Bogomil had come by these tiny wretches – the human ones, at least – and I dared not speculate on where the hybrids and non-human creatures had come from.

As Count Brass lowered his lantern, vowing to have Bogomil's head, I confess, I wept. Only an insane man would not.'

From Bowgentle's Journal

the Kamarg and quietly buried. Yet anyone entering this antechamber experiences a distinct feeling of unease, as though being watched.

Baragoon Pens

This chamber is divided into three: two barred cells that once held newly created baragoon and in front of them, the feeding and observation area. When Bogomil created a new baragoon – or any other form of monster – it would be put into one of these cells, with bars three centimetres thick – fed and watched as it grew. When big enough the monsters would be taken into the main laboratory area and released via the release lock.

The doors to the cells are unlocked, although the locks are badly corroded. The walls in both cells show deep scratches, caused by the claws of the monsters. Dried blood cakes the floor and lower part of the walls, where the creatures fed on live food. There are still scraps of dried flesh, lumps of fur and fragments of bone lurking in the corners of the cells.

Stores

A pair of empty storerooms.

In the eastern store is a well concealed secret door, activated by a stud concealed as a natural depression in the stone. In the chamber behind the stone door is a floor-to-ceiling metal rack that still contains tools and equipment Bogomil used in his work. There are bone saws, huge clamps, sinister-looking steel probes and beneath a sheet of cow hide, a wine barrel with its lid firmly screwed down. Inside the barrel are six steel canisters, each with a screw lid. The canisters feel heavy and if shaken or moved without care, something shifts inside.

Each canister contains a gruesome creature of Bogomil's – summoned from some otherworld and then mutated. The creatures survive without the need for food or water as they gorge on souls. The creatures are 30 centimetres long and resemble legless rhino beetles, their bodies black and slithery, their jaws powerful. If a canister is opened, the creature within explodes outwards, jaws aiming for the face. If its attack succeeds, it has attached itself to the head and proceeds to inflict damage, its body growing in size as it sucks more life energy.

Soul-Sucking Beetles

Characteristics:

STR	9
CON	12
DEX	17
SIZ	1
INT	1
POW	10
CHA	1

Skills: Athletics 100%, Dodge 40%, Persistence 30%, Resilience 40%

Armour & Hit Points

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1–9	Hindquarters	2/5
10–18	Forequarters	2/6
19–20	Head	2/5

Chitinous shell – no armour penalty

Weapons

Type	*Weapon Skill*	*Damage AP/HP*
Bite	90%	1D4–1D6 plus Soul Leech (see below)

Special Rules

Combat Actions: 3
Strike Rank: +9
Damage Modifier: –1D6
Movement: 3m
Skills: Athletics 100%, Dodge 40%, Persistence 30%, Resilience 40%

A successful bite indicates that the jaws are buried into the flesh and clamped tight. Whilst attached, the creature draws 1 point of POW every Combat Round until it is removed. Each point of POW causes the monster to increase its STR and SIZ by 1. When the host is dead, the creature swallows the body whole and absorbs it. The face of the victim appears on the shell of the beetle as a warped, black etching.

Removing a fastened beetle is dangerous. The attacker must overcome the creature's Resilience in an opposed

test using Athletics (Brute Force). If the attempt succeeds, the jaws of the creature can be prised apart. If the attempt fails, the victim of the bite suffers 1D3 points of damage to the location grasped (which is usually the head). If the attempt fumbles, the damage suffered is 2D3.

Main Laboratory

The laboratory is a big area. The doors have been boarded shut with thick oak timbers that require great effort to remove and a successful Mechanisms or Engineering test. If brute force is used to smash through them, it still takes an hour of hacking and slashing, with each of the 10 timbers having 5AP and 30HP. The doors beneath are locked, requiring a further test to open it and require a great deal of pushing and shoving to open them as the hinges are rusted and the doors heavy.

The main laboratory stinks like a festering swamp – a nauseating mixture of rotten weed and ammonia. All around are the ruins of Bogomil's smashed mutation equipment: the huge vats used to create baragoon; a strange, spherical device with many arms, blades and probes that hangs uselessly from the ceiling; a collection of squat, ugly machines with tangles of tendril-like wires spewing from their wrecked cases; a crystal tube capable of holding a fully-grown baragoon that now contains a baragoon skeleton, its flesh a rotten, dissolved mess on the base of the tank.

The floor is awash with a film of rank, acrid water and scattered with the debris of the smashed machinery. Along the western wall is a massive collection of foetid reeds and weed that has been piled into some kind of shelter, bound together by mud and dung. This is a baragoon lair. For some reason a pair of baragoon use the exit tunnel (see below) to return to the place of their creation and make it their home. They slither out of the tunnel to go hunting, dragging their prey back to the nest where they feed at leisure.

The baragoon understand that the skeleton is one of their kind and always bring prey back for it. They cannot understand why it does not eat and so, after leaving the prey to rot in front of the tank, they consume their offering as well. When finished, they writher around the base of the tank, attempting to summon the dead baragoon from its torpor but to no avail.

Anyone found in the room is considered prey and attacked immediately. Anyone tampering with the baragoon skeleton is attacked with utter ferocity, the baragoon launching Precise Attacks against the head of whoever is trying to molest the tank-bound bones.

Baragoon of the Laboratory

	Baragoon 1	Baragoon 2
STR	31	26
CON	20	21
DEX	16	19
SIZ	25	31
INT	10	10
POW	9	8
CHA	12	7

Armour & Hit Points

		Baragoon 1	Baragoon 2
D20	**Hit Location**	**AP/HP**	**AP/HP**
1–3	Right Leg	3/9	3/10
4–6	Left Leg	3/9	3/10
7–9	Abdomen	3/10	3/11
10–12	Chest	3/11	3/12
13–15	Right Arm	3/8	3/9
16–18	Left Arm	3/8	3/9
19–20	Head	3/9	3/10

Weapons

Type	*Weapon Skill*	*Damage AP/HP*
Baragoon 1		
Claw	68%	1D6+1D12
Baragoon 2		
Claw	77%	1D6+1D12

Special Rules

Baragoon 1

Combat Actions: 3
Strike Rank: +13
Damage Modifier: +1D12
Movement: 4m
Skills: Dodge 60%, Resilience 70%, Stealth 40%, Track 60%
Typical Armour: Hide 3AP, no skill penalty

Baragoon 2

Combat Actions: 4
Strike Rank: +15
Damage Modifier: +1D12
Movement: 4m
Skills: Dodge 60%, Resilience 70%, Stealth 40%, Track 60%
Typical Armour: Hide 3AP, no skill penalty

Both baragoon have Night Sight.

The larger of the two creatures always acts to protect the lair and the skeleton whilst the smaller aims to bring down and subdue prey. They communicate with each other using a vastly mangled form of the human tongue and snatches of words are understandable. They are single-minded in their ferocity but not unintelligent; if they look to be losing a fight, they make for the tunnel that leads out of the laboratory and move, at speed, towards the marsh where they will lurk in ambush or await for the threat to pass. If the bones from the tank are removed they wail and gibber in horror at their loss – a noise so ghastly that it carries up into the main castle above as a faint, ghostly moan.

Originally the baragoon created here were penned until ready to leave the complex and then released into the marsh through the tunnel built especially for them. The tunnel was blocked-up by Count Brass, but the two baragoon that returned to the laboratory (actually hiding from Brass's crusade against their kind) managed to claw their way through the blocks of stone used to bar the egress. The tunnel they use slopes gently upwards as it curves towards the north and emerges in a marshy hillock overlooking a black-watered swamp about a kilometre north of the castle. It is narrow and low, suited to a slithering baragoon but usable nonetheless by someone wanting to get into the laboratory. The exit to the swamp is well-covered, requiring either a Perception or Tracking test at –40% to discover it.

Final Notes on the Laboratory

Brass has rendered useless all of Bogomil's sorcerous equipment. His notes have been burned and as much of his work erased from memory as possible. However Games Masters are encouraged to scatter remnants of Bogomil's sorcery through the laboratory complex, hidden in cunning places, if they so wish. Bogomil was an expert in creating mutations and warping natural forms; his vats created more than just baragoon and his isolated experiments do still survive in the lonely stretches of the swamp and some of the knowledge used to create them may still reside in cunningly disguised hiding places within the lab.

The People of Castle Brass

The family of Castle Brass – the Count, Bowgentle and Yisselda – are detailed on pages 125 – 127 of the Hawkmoon rules.

Ghraves, Head of Household and Chief Servant to Count Brass

Ghraves is and always has been, concerned with duty. He is at his happiest when serving to the best of his ability and being of a fastidious nature, likes organisation, regulation and a brisk approach to work. He thinks the world of Count Brass and would readily do anything the Count might ask of him. Castle Brass is Ghraves's life and he asks for nothing save to be able to serve the rest of his days here.

He is, however, an unfulfilled man in many ways. He wishes he had Bowgentle's education, Brass's military finesse and the personal courage to have taken a lover. He has no woman in his life and for this reason (a crippling shyness which is at odds with such an efficient butler), he visits, whenever he can, the Villa Rouge d'Amour in Aigues Mortes where he spends time with a particularly striking auburn-haired girl called Lunette. In his private dreams he is as bold as Count Brass, rescuing her from assorted villains and carrying her away from the Kamarg on a white charger, riding to his far-away dream palace where they will live happily ever after.

Characteristics: STR 11 CON 11 DEX 10 SIZ 16 INT 12 POW 13 CHA 14

Skills: Lore (Castle Brass) 125%, Lore (Kamarg) 63%, Lore (Service and Duty) 130%, Perception 90%, Persistence 55%, Resilience 41%

Armour & Hit Points

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1–3	Right Leg	–/6
4–6	Left Leg	–/6
7–9	Abdomen	–/7
10–12	Chest	–/8
13–15	Right Arm	–/5
16–18	Left Arm	–/5
19–20	Head	–/6

Weapons

Type	*Weapon Skill*	*Damage AP/HP*
Unarmed	45%	1D3
Improvised	40%	For weapon type

Special Rules: *Combat Actions:* 2, *Strike Rank:* +11, *Damage Modifier:* None, *Movement:* 4m

Mistress Bryess, Cook and Head of Kitchen and Parlour

A truly formidable woman of advancing years, Mistress Bryess has been in service all her life, having worked in the kitchens of several noble families of Arles. She likes everyone to know their place in the hierarchy and is intolerant of people who might have ideas above their station. She is fiercely critical of her kitchen staff but secretly proud of their talents.

Bryess has a fondness for drink, especially sherry and Madeira wines. When she believes no one is looking, she will steal a glass or two that is destined for a sauce or a stock and she always keeps a bottle of sherry in her room. When everyone has retired she indulges her fondness and weeps for her loneliness as the drink takes her into a maudlin state.

Characteristics: STR 11 CON 14 DEX 14 SIZ 8 INT 9 POW 10 CHA 10

Skills: Lore (Cookery) 120%, Lore (Castle Brass) 85%, Lore (Plant) 90%, Perception 45%, Persistence 53%, Resilience 35%

Armour & Hit Points

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1–3	Right Leg	–/5
4–6	Left Leg	–/5
7–9	Abdomen	–/6
10–12	Chest	–/7
13–15	Right Arm	–/4
16–18	Left Arm	–/4
19–20	Head	–/5

Weapons

Type	*Weapon Skill*	*Damage AP/HP*
Ladle	51%	1D2–1D2
Kitchen Knife	60%	1D3+1–1D2

Special Rules: *Combat Actions:* 3, *Strike Rank:* +12, *Damage Modifier:* –1D2, *Movement:* 4m

Leteesha, Head of Chambers and Chief lady to Yisselda

A somewhat dour woman of rake-think stature and a clipped nature, Leteesha is responsible for Yisselda's needs, her wardrobe, and similar for any female guests at Castle Brass. Something of a snob, Leteesha believes she is in a position of great privilege within the household and should therefore be accorded respect befitting her station. Naturally this provokes Mistress Bryess who cannot abide airs and graces.

Leteesha believes herself to be highly cultured but is, in fact, somewhat ignorant of most things save etiquette and the few arts she has learned from Yisselda. She has no interest in reading, little interest in artworks but likes to talk as though she is an expert in both.

Characteristics: STR 9 CON 9 DEX 16 SIZ 11 INT 9 POW 12 CHA 9

Skills: Lore (Castle Brass) 85%, Lore (Etiquette) 90%, Perception 45%, Persistence 50%, Resilience 40%

Armour & Hit Points

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1–3	Right Leg	–/4
4–6	Left Leg	–/4
7–9	Abdomen	–/5
10–12	Chest	–/6
13–15	Right Arm	–/3
16–18	Left Arm	–/3
19–20	Head	–/4

Weapons

Type	*Weapon Skill*	*Damage AP/HP*
None		

Special Rules: *Combat Actions:* 3, *Strike Rank:* +13, *Damage Modifier:* –1D2, *Movement:* 4m

Miklan, Head Footman

Barrel chested Miklan is proud of his huge, handlebar moustache, his fine, wavy black hair and his days as a solider in the army of Lyon. He never amounted to much as a soldier, having a ferocious temper and little regard for his colleagues but he is very good at obeying orders.

Miklan is married to Sebile although the union is not a happy one. Miklan treats his wife as simply another servant, expecting her to wait on him when their household duties are finished. He believes Sebile should also maintain responsibility for their four children because such duties are clearly below his particular station.

Therefore Miklan is a demanding and rather unpleasant fellow. Nevertheless he is liked by Count Brass and is sometimes invited to join in a wargame, when he does not have others duties. Miklan thus feels he has a special relationship with Count Brass and this will make him a natural choice as Head of Household when Ghraves retires from service.

Characteristics: STR 14 CON 10 DEX 15 SIZ 15 INT 10 POW 7 CHA 7

Skills: Lore (Castle Brass) 45%, Lore (Etiquette) 70%, Lore (World) 45%, Perception 36%, Persistence 47%, Resilience 58%

Armour & Hit Points

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1–3	Right Leg	2/5
4–6	Left Leg	2/5
7–9	Abdomen	2/6
10–12	Chest	2/7
13–15	Right Arm	–/4
16–18	Left Arm	–/4
19–20	Head	–/5

Leather Apron: –8% Skill Penalty

Weapons

Type	*Weapon Skill*	*Damage*	*AP/HP*
Dirk	*60%*	*1D3+2+1D2*	*4/8*
Broadsword	*64%*	*1D8+1D2*	*4/14*

Special Rules: *Combat Actions:* 3, *Strike Rank:* +13, *Damage Modifier:* +1D2, *Movement:* 4m

Sebile, Servant to Yisselda

Mundane duties for Yisselda are fulfilled by Sebile, Miklan's young wife. Sebile dislikes Leteesha and is growing to positively hate her husband. She is normally a headstrong woman but her marriage to Miklan and her four children have sapped much of her old spirit.

Sebile hails from Sanmaree and is a member of the Kalee-Maree sect. She journeys to the town every year, taking the children with her and leaving Miklan behind. Her position in the Castle Brass household is of considerable interest to Klawdeea (see page 26 of the Kamarg chapter) and Klawdeea is well advanced into indoctrinating Sebile into bringing Yisselda somehow into the Kalee-Maree cult. Sebile has little choice; Klawdeea knows about her affair with Gorst and the threat of revealing this to Miklan keeps Sebile obedient. So, whenever there is an opportunity, she extols her religion to an attentive Yisselda, dropping hints and suggestions that she should come to Sanmaree herself and witness the glorious celebrations of the Three Goddesses. Yisselda has resisted so far but is certainly intrigued by the notion.

The affair with Gorst has been underway for just less than a year. Sebile finds him funny and attentive – everything Miklan is not. She does not believe she is in love with

Gorst but is happy to run the risk of an affair because it is the only levity she has in her life and is a necessary distraction from Miklan's demands.

Characteristics: STR 8 CON 13 DEX 12 SIZ 8 INT 13 POW 16 CHA 16

Skills: Lore (Castle Brass) 40%, Lore (Cult of Kalee-Maree) 55%, Lore (Etiquette) 70%, Perception 35%, Persistence 45%, Resilience 48%

Armour & Hit Points

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1–3	Right Leg	–/5
4–6	Left Leg	–/5
7–9	Abdomen	–/6
10–12	Chest	–/7
13–15	Right Arm	–/4
16–18	Left Arm	–/4
19–20	Head	–/5

Weapons

Type	*Weapon Skill*	*Damage AP/HP*
None		

Special Rules: *Combat Actions:* 3, *Strike Rank:* +13, *Damage Modifier:* –1D2, *Movement:* 4m

Gorst, Footman

Gorst is tall, blond-haired, good looking and an outrageous flirt. He enjoys female company extensively and has a way of charming women that has, inevitably, led to his affair with Sebile. Gorst would happily run away with Sebile but he dislikes her children, is terrified of commitment and is afraid of Miklan's revenge. For now, the affair is a lot of fun but Gorst wants to play the field. When he gets time, he likes to carouse in Aigues Mortes where he has had a string of relationships (and, unknown to him, sired two children). Ghraves has spoken to Gorst about his behaviour and he suspects that Gorst is seeing someone within the Household but has no proof. Gorst is smart and manages to keep his tracks covered.

Characteristics: STR 13 CON 11 DEX 13 SIZ 17 INT 16 POW 9 CHA 16

Skills: Lore (Castle Brass) 40%, Lore (Etiquette) 50%, Perception 75%, Persistence 56%, Resilience 50%, Seduction 65%

Armour & Hit Points

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1–3	Right Leg	–/6
4–6	Left Leg	–/6
7–9	Abdomen	–/7
10–12	Chest	–/8
13–15	Right Arm	–/5
16–18	Left Arm	–/5
19–20	Head	–/6

Weapons

Type	*Weapon Skill*	*Damage AP/HP*
Dagger	35%	1D4+1+1D2

Special Rules: *Combat Actions:* 3, *Strike Rank:* +15, *Damage Modifier:* +1D2, *Movement:* 4m

Bedewin, Chief Stableman

Loyal Bedewin is an expert in the care of the unique horned horses of the Kamarg. There is nothing he does not know of their ways and habits and even the most strong-willed animal becomes tame and manageable when Bedewin has spent a few minutes with it.

He is a devoted family man, Bedewin and dotes on his family. He sees a future with his two sons but knows they do not share the same passion for the stable as himself and that they will pursue their own courses soon enough. So he works hard, tends the animals and accompanies Count Brass whenever horseflesh needs to be assessed.

Characteristics: STR 15 CON 16 DEX 12 SIZ 12 INT 13 POW 14 CHA 11

Skills: Lore (Animal) 80%, Lore (Castle Brass) 50%, Lore (Horned Horses) 120%, Perception 64%, Persistence 58%, Resilience 60%, Survival 60%

Armour & Hit Points

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1–3	Right Leg	2/6
4–6	Left Leg	2/6
7–9	Abdomen	2/7
10–12	Chest	2/8
13–15	Right Arm	–/5
16–18	Left Arm	–/5
19–20	Head	–/6

Weapons

Type	*Weapon Skill*	*Damage AP/HP*
Quarterstaff	75%	1D8+1D2 3/8

Special Rules: *Combat Actions:* 2, *Strike Rank:* +13, *Damage Modifier:* +1D2, *Movement:* 4m

Tidmash, the Gardener

Weather-beaten, one-eyed and as craggy as a mountainside, Tidmash is an absolute expert with things that grow. He is also a skilled herbalist and knows the best natural cures and remedies for many ailments. His horticultural vocabulary is matched only by his inventive lists of profanities, which drop readily from his lips although he tries (vainly) to curb his language when either Yisselda or children are about. Tidmash is particularly fond of dwarf apple cider, which he can consume in quite decent amounts although, inevitably, it makes him belligerent and drowsy.

Characteristics: STR 14 CON 10 DEX 15 SIZ 8 INT 15 POW 9 CHA 8

Skills: Lore (Brewing and Wine Making) 121%, Lore (Castle Brass) 53%, Lore (Kamarg) 115%, Lore (Plant) 185%, Perception 85%, Persistence 78%, Resilience 88%

Armour & Hit Points

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1–3	Right Leg	2/4
4–6	Left Leg	2/4
7–9	Abdomen	2/5
10–12	Chest	2/6
13–15	Right Arm	–/3
16–18	Left Arm	–/3
19–20	Head	–/4

Leather apron: –8% Skill Penalty

Weapons

Type	*Weapon Skill*	*Damage*	*AP/HP*
Rake	76%	1D3+1+1D2	3/10
Trowel	70%	1D3+1D2	4/14

Special Rules: *Combat Actions:* 3, *Strike Rank:* +15, *Damage Modifier:* +1D2, *Movement:* 4m

Typical Guards at Castle Brass

The guards wear the standard uniform of the militia – green cloaks over black leather armour with a simple, polished silver helm but don a brass-coloured tabard when on duty at the castle.

Characteristics: STR 13 CON 12 DEX 13 SIZ 12 INT 10 POW 12 CHA 12

Skills: Athletics 55%, Dodge 45%, Lore (Castle Brass) 30%, Lore (Kamarg) 50%, Perception 55%, Persistence 55%, Resilience 55%

Armour & Hit Points

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1–3	Right Leg	2/5
4–6	Left Leg	2/5
7–9	Abdomen	2/6
10–12	Chest	6/7
13–15	Right Arm	2/4
16–18	Left Arm	2/4
19–20	Head	6/5

Leather Hauberk, Trews, Cap: –22% Skill Penalty

Weapons

Type	*Weapon Skill*	*Damage*	*AP/HP*
Halberd	55%	1D8+2	3/10
Broadsword	60%	1D8+1	4/14
Flamelance	45%	2D8/1D4	2/6
Long bow	55%	2D8	2/7

Special Rules: *Combat Actions:* 3, *Strike Rank:* +12, *Damage Modifier:* None, *Movement:* 4m

Tarnished Brass

Despite Count Brass's success in bringing peace and prosperity to the Kamarg, there are still elements who resent his presence. For all his reasonable nature, the Count has made many enemies in his long career as a mercenary. When he was the scourge of Europe, men feared him and getting close enough to exact revenge was difficult but now he is settled in the Kamarg, there is a vulnerability that some are happy to exploit – and using devious means rather than the straightforward attacks the Count is used to handling with aplomb.

This chapter offers a series of linked scenario seeds involving a conspiracy against Count Brass. The conspirators' aim is to remove him from the Kamarg, disrupting the peace he has worked towards. The conspirators include old, defeated foes and lurking enemies within his own territory. In these scenario seeds the characters have an opportunity to either oppose the conspirators or join with them – the choice is down to the Games Master. The scenario concepts use the three main areas already discussed in this book; the Kamarg, Aigues Mortes and Castle Brass itself, giving the characters ample opportunity to interact with the many supporting personalities described, including the redoubtable Count Brass and his family.

A Banquet, Somewhere in Aquitaine

Following a fine feast of sucking pig and swan, stuffed with almonds, dates and lark's tongues, the guests repair to a variety of rooms in the castle to talk and socialise. Two men, sharing a bottle of decent brandy, find themselves in discussion. On the left is Grand Duke Ziminon of Normandia, a puppet governor of the Dark Empire. His dark hair and beard glint in the firelight, his eyes are heavily lidded and mischievous, his old arrogance dulled somewhat by past defeats and the will of his masked masters. On the right, all oily charm but with an alcohol-dulled wit, is Count Huras of Arles, travelling in Aquitaine to promote his stable at Gimeaux. The conversation has turned to the lands of the Kamarg and a common acquaintance.

'He defeated me at Rouen, you know,' Ziminon says at last, swirling his brandy in its balloon. 'He took my lands. Granbretan, in its wisdom and kindness, restored my dignity.'

'Aye, I heard of that battle. I am sorry for your loss. It means we are now plagued with that arrogant upstart with his wild ideas of peace. We are warriors, are we not?' The Count says wistfully. Ziminon throws the Count a sly look: *I am a warrior*, he thinks*, but you are a bull-whelp*.

'Quite so. Brass, then, does not please all within the marshlands?'

'He does not. He insults glorious Arles and makes Aigues Mortes the capital. He has little time for the Old Blood of the Kamarg. The old families…' Huras lets his voice trail away. Ziminon smiles at the emerging opportunity.

'It does not do to insult the Old Blood. But I hear he got rid of that fiend out of the Magyarian mountains? The one who made monsters in his cellars?'

'He was experimenting for cures to diseases!' Huras snaps. 'I knew Bogomil well. He was misunderstood. The… creatures were unfortunate by-products of genuine research. And they made good hunting.' He sips his brandy. He is drunk and when Huras is drunk, he is vulnerable. Ziminon knows this but bides his time.

'As you say. So, Brass deposed him and took his castle and lands, eh? Lands that should have been ceded to House Huras. A familiar story. Strange how history repeats itself when rogues like Brass are feted as heroes. Some hero. Did you hear of what he did to the prisoners he took in the battle for Destang? There was nothing heroic in that, I can tell you.' Ziminon tells of the atrocities Count Brass is said to have committed. Lies are spun. Huras's eyes grow wide.

'And they accused Bogomil of being a monster!' Huras says. Ziminon shrugs. The trap is baited. The prey approaches.

'I dare say Brass is really a decent man. Certainly a cunning warrior but even the most decent can be corrupted. Tell me, does he still have that withered old crutch, Bowgentle?'

'Of course!' Huras declares. He helps himself to more brandy; Ziminon covers his glass with his hand as the Count tries to refill it. 'Of course. The bastard is never far away. Are you saying Brass is beguiled by Bowgentle?'

'Bowgentle is learned in many arts. Sorcery amongst them. Why else would Brass be so keen to take a sorcerer's castle?'

Huras ponders this and drinks deeply. Ziminon's eyes gleam in the firelight. Huras leans forward. 'Brass is well protected by his Guardians and the weapons he has built around the Kamarg. Fearsome weapons! But I know that many who enjoyed Bogomil's hospitality would adore the chance to see Brass removed. Brass insulted many families when he rested control from Bogomil. And, I hear, Bogomil has family that would see his death avenged.'

Ah, thinks Ziminon. Here it comes. 'There would be support, then, for some form of movement against Count Brass?' His enquiry is well-timed, like a cobra poising to strike. Huras nods furiously.

'The Avig Brotherhood. Have you heard of them?' Grand Duke Ziminon has not. 'Oh, My Duke, they are wily men! They hunt mutants and monsters for profit and sport, ridding the lands of the filth that terrorises our good kingdoms. They were frequent guests of Bogomil and would hone their skills in the marshes of the Kamarg on baragoon and other by-products of research. Their leader, Murgas of Dre'den, fell to Brass's sword. They disbanded, those who survived but I know their whereabouts. They visit Arles, in secret, from time to time. They would love revenge upon Brass and his lackeys. They would help restore the Kamarg to the Old Blood, the old families…'

'To *you*, you mean,' says Ziminon and Huras quickly flusters, trying to deny what is throbbing in his heart. 'Oh come, Huras! You need not be coy. You are right. The Kamarg should be returned to its rightful glory and rightful blood. If that is you, then you should not deny yourself. Pay this Brotherhood what they want and have Brass driven out or killed.'

Huras is silent for a long time. 'There is a matter of money, my Duke,' he finally replies, almost apologetically. 'There is not much of it and the Avig Brotherhood does not come cheap.'

I have you now, thinks, Ziminon. *I have you now*. 'I thought you *wealthy*, my good Count…'

'In land? Yes. In good friends? Yes. In influence? Yes. In hard coin? Ah, my stables are not faring well. My wife has expensive needs. I have a reputation to uphold. My coin is spoken for, I fear.' Huras sniffs and gazes long at the fire. 'The Kamarg, for all its peace, is relatively poor.'

Ziminon has the answer but takes his time. His hatred for Count Brass exceeds that of the slithery Huras but he has waited 12 years for this moment. He must be cautious. He must consider his masters in Londra. There are things in the Kamarg that would interest them. 'I was impressed by the quality of your bulls,' he says finally and Huras brightens. 'I will buy eight breeding pairs. The Order of the Bull always needs good war-mounts and I will make a gift of them to King Emperor Huon. That will put you in favour with Granbretan and I am sure that the Order itself will come to you for more. We will agree the price tomorrow.'

'I am grateful to you, Grand Duke Ziminon,' Huras says, straightening. 'You are a man of wisdom and honour, as everyone says.'

Don't flatter me, you grovelling, treacherous pig, Ziminon thinks. 'And you, Count Huras, are a man of rare vision and talent.'

'But the price of a few bulls will not be enough to buy the services of the Avig Brotherhood. If I want them to make war on one such as Count Brass, the cost would be substantial.'

'Ah. I see,' Ziminon says and refills his brandy balloon, having to almost pry the bottle from Huras's quivering fingers. 'Well, what price for the Old Blood, eh? I know, I know. Times are hard, Huras. Very hard. But,' and he pauses again. Timing is all. Huras looks up, eyes moist with anticipation. 'But, we share a common enemy and a common cause. Perhaps I could help you…'

'A gift to employ the Avig? My Duke! You are most generous!'

'A *loan*, Huras. A loan.' He enjoys seeing Huras's spirits falter. He primes the trap. 'But you need not repay it in coin. These towers Brass has built. What weapons do they contain?'

Huras shrugs and sighs. 'No one knows. Brass keeps it a secret. Only the Guardians are permitted to enter the towers.'

Ziminon ponders. 'But I would wager that there are plans… blueprints… codices. The Order of the Serpent would consider such things most valuable. If they could be obtained, somehow and brought to me, then I would consider that a partial repayment of the loan.' Huras scowls. Now, now that it is too late, he realises that a trap is being sprung. But in his greed for patronage, in his lust for Brass's removal, he is prepared to tread boldly.

'And what would form the remainder?' He asks.

Ziminon smiles the smile of the snake and reclines in his chair. 'Aigues Mortes. When your brotherhood of assassins and mercenaries has rid the Kamarg of Brass and that crone, Bowgentle, I would want Aigues Mortes. Arles will become the capital again and you shall rule it solely. But I will garrison Aigues Mortes.'

Huras nods his understanding. The garrison might be Ziminon's idea but the troops would wear masks. 'Brass has a daughter. What of her?'

Ziminon laughs long and hard. 'Why, my good Count. I am always in need of an extra wife and if she proves unsuitable, pretty girls – I hear she is very pretty – have plenty of uses in Londra.' He sips his brandy. 'Everyone wins, Huras. You get money and power, Granbretan gets the plans of the Kamarg's defences, the Avig Brotherhood gets its vengeance – we all get *that* – and the great, indestructible Count Brass, who has been the scourge of the Old Blood of Europe, shall be erased from the earth.'

Huras nods. He understands the potential. He sees the patronage of Granbretan stretching before him, its gratitude and the wealth that comes with it. Aigues Mortes is a small price to pay. A small one. 'Grand Duke Ziminon, I believe we have a deal.'

'Good,' Ziminon says. 'I thought you'd see the possibilities.'

The trap slams *shut*.

The Avig Brotherhood and the Knights of Jorg

The Avig Brotherhood is an off-shoot of the reviled Knights of St Jorg. The self-styled knights are a wide-spread group of mutant-haters who have made it their business to hunt-down and either persecute or murder anyone who displays a mutation. This loathsome 'elite' believes in the purity of the human race and fears the differences displayed by those unfortunates who carry mutations. The order numbers landed nobles and aristocrats amongst its membership, either acting as sponsors for the knights' activities or joining-in the hunts that occur across Europe. The leaders of the order are a shady circle; none but the most senior knights know who they are and they are sworn to secrecy, on pain of death.

However, the Avig Brotherhood is well known within the right circles. This group of mercenary-assassins delight in the persecution of mutants, both for profit and sport, hiring themselves to any rag-tag noble who will pay for their services. Their skills were honed in the Kamarg where, at Bogomil's invitation, they led the hunts against the baragoon and those humans who displeased the sorcerer in some way, bringing further death and horror to the peaceful water lands. The Avig Brotherhood showed little preference for what they hunted: wild bulls, horned horses and flamingos fell to their swords, crossbows and spears. Baragoon were favoured monsters for a hunt but for sheer pleasure, Bogomil created mutants from the prisoners in his cells and so the Avig hunted them, too.

Their leader, Murgas, Marquis of Pesht, was killed in single combat when Count Brass sought to rid the Kamarg of the Brotherhood's evil ways. The Avig were driven out and swore revenge but other events in Carpathia and in the rust-city of Astrakan have occupied their time and so revenge has been unforthcoming. Now that Count Huras has secured gold and needs their services, the Avig return to Arles in disguise, there to listen to the Count's plans and take their place in the conspiracy against Count Brass. The Avig seek revenge first and foremost and gold to fill their depleted coffers (which is necessary to pay their dues to the Order of St Jorg). Greed and hatred motivates them. If there is blood to be spilled and money to oil their weapons, they are willing conspirators.

Earl Curlain of Prague

The new leader of the Avig Brotherhood, he is a disgraced noble of Shekia who slew his own brother

when a mutation was discovered. He is a tall, well-built man with ash-blond hair and a beard trimmed into a pointed design. Curlain is filled with arrogance and loathing for anything that is different and unnatural. He shows no mercy but prides himself on being a 'knight of humanity'. He swore upon the Runestaff to avenge the deaths of Murgas and Bogomil and is convinced that Count Brass, Bowgentle or even Yisselda hide mutations of their own. He requires no proof of this; his convictions are deep and motivated by insanity.



Characteristics: STR 15, CON 13, SIZ 13, INT 11, POW12, DEX 12, CHA 13

Skills: Athletics 67%, Dodge 74%, Influence 80%, Lore (St Jorg) 57%, Perception 58%, Persistence 75%, Resilience 69%, Riding 85%, Throwing 71%, Unarmed 70%

Armour & Hit Points

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1–3	Right Leg	3/6
4–6	Left Leg	3/6
7–9	Abdomen	3/7
10–12	Chest	3/8
13–15	Right Arm	3/5
16–18	Left Arm	3/5
19–20	Head	5/6

Ringmail Shirt, Helmet and Trews: –23% Skill Penalty

Weapons

Type	*Weapon Skill*	*Damage*	*AP/HP*
Warsword	97%	1D8+1D2	4/10
Shortspear	95%	1D8+1D2	2/5
Kite Shield	99%	1D6+1D2	10/18
Heavy Crossbow	79%	2D8	2/8

Special Rules: *Combat Actions:* 2, *Strike Rank:* +11, *Damage Modifier:* +1D2, *Movement:* 4m

Shlorm Naverre

A French warrior who claims links with the ancient crowns of pre-Tragic Millennium France, Naverre is a short and stocky soldier with one eye and half a nose, lost in the Battle of the Lot 15 years ago. He claims to see better with just the one orb and says it allows him to see hidden mutations and those who carry taint no matter how well concealed. He is a rapist and murderer of children, taking delight in their executions above all others. In battle he wields two axes, Biter and Slicer and is prone to howling like a mad dog when his blood is up.

Characteristics: STR 18, CON 13, SIZ 8, INT 10, POW 10, DEX 11, CHA 9

Skills: Athletics 32%, Dodge 78%, Evaluate 60%, Influence 29%, Lore (St Jorg) 45%, Perception 30%, Persistence 60%, Resilience 88%, Riding 31%, Sleight 21%, Stealth 63% (7%), Throwing 91%, Unarmed 81%.

Armour & Hit Points

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1–3	Right Leg	3/5
4–6	Left Leg	3/5
7–9	Abdomen	3/6
10–12	Chest	3/7
13–15	Right Arm	3/4
16–18	Left Arm	3/4
19–20	Head	5/5

Ringmail Shirt, Helm and Trews: –23%

Weapons

Type	*Weapon Skill*	*Damage*	*AP/HP*
Biter (Battleaxe)	87%	1D6+1D2	3/8
Slicer (Battleaxe)	84%	1D6+1D2	3/8
Longbow	51% (35%)	2D8	

Special Rules: *Combat Actions:* 2, *Strike Rank:* +10, *Damage Modifier:* +1D2, *Movement:* 4m

Glors of Liege

A thin man with a smiling face and seemingly kindly personality, he is a stone-cold killer, delighting in the cries of dying mutants. He smokes a long-stemmed pipe of ivory and it is his habit to light it and sit and watch those he has mortally wounded die whilst he smokes it. The tobacco he uses is prepared for him by the noted Liege tobacconist Condaw and he refers to these occasions of enjoyment as his Condaw Moments. Glors has substantial lands outside of Liege, which are in the keeping of his villainous sister, Llarra, with whom he enjoys an incestuous relationship.

Characteristics: STR 15, CON 14, SIZ 17, INT 16, POW 12, DEX 10, CHA 16

Skills: Acrobatics 30%, Athletics 35%, Boating 20%, Dodge 83%, Evaluate 46%, First Aid 16%, Influence 66%, Lore (Animal) 26%, Lore (St Jorg) 56%, Lore (Tactics) 56%, Lore (World) 30%, Perception 64%, Persistence 52%, Resilience 56%, Riding 37% Survival 36%

Armour & Hit Points

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1–3	Right Leg	5/7
4–6	Left Leg	5/7
7–9	Abdomen	5/8
10–12	Chest	5/9
13–15	Right Arm	5/6
16–18	Left Arm	5/6
19–20	Head	7/7

Exquisite Ringmail Suit, Helmet (Bulwark, Nimble): -15%

Weapons

Type	*Weapon Skill*	*Damage*	*AP/HP*
Greatsword	110%	2D8+1D4	4/12
Flamelance	79%	2D8/1D4	

Special Rules: *Combat Actions:* 2, *Strike Rank:* +13, *Damage Modifier:* +1D4, *Movement:* 4m

Racci of Palerm

A bitter Sicilian enraged at having lost his homelands to the Order of the Boar, led by Huillam D'Averc, Racci seeks to vent his fury on anything and everything he can. He saw Count Brass cut-down Murgas and has begged Curlain to be given the Count's head as his trophy. Racci adores close quarters combat with his favoured tactic being to gouge-out the eyes of his opponent with his talon-like thumbnails, which are shaped, filed and strengthened for this very purpose. He is renowned for having defeated a baragoon in unarmed combat and wears the monster's claws in a necklace that he constantly fingers when nervous or preparing for a fight.

Characteristics: STR 13, CON 15, SIZ 12, INT 14, POW 15, DEX 15, CHA 10

Skills: Acrobatics 60%, Athletics 78%, Dodge 90%, Lore (Animal) 44%, Lore (St Jorg) 34%, Martial Arts 128%, Perception 64%, Persistence 50%, Resilience 75%, Riding 40%, Stealth 43%, Throwing 105%, Tracking 88%

Armour & Hit Points

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1–3	Right Leg	–/6
4–6	Left Leg	–/6
7–9	Abdomen	–/7
10–12	Chest	–/8
13–15	Right Arm	–/5
16–18	Left Arm	–/5
19–20	Head	–/6

Weapons

Type	*Weapon Skill*	*Damage / AP*
Dagger	93%	1D4+1 4/6
Razor nails	Martial Arts	1D4

Special Rules: *Combat Actions:* 3, *Strike Rank:* +16, *Damage Modifier:* None, *Movement:* 5m

The Brotherhood's Arrival

The Avig Brotherhood slips into Arles under the disguise of fur traders coming into the city for the market; they maintain this pretence throughout their time in the Kamarg. A stall outside the bullring is rented and a few furs and pelts of varying quality are established for sale. To all they look like the kind of men who spend weeks in the forest trapping beaver, otter, bear and wolf but Count Huras knows who they are because he sent for them. He goes to meet them on the afternoon of the market, pretending interested in the bear furs they have for sale. The men converse, Huras buys a bear skin and then leaves. The Brotherhood return to selling their furs.

The Brotherhood acts very casually and restrains its behaviour; unwanted attention might lead people into recognising them or remembering who they are. They do not want to jeopardise their chance at revenge or Huras's promise of gold.

Any character who has spent time in the Kamarg during Bogomil's tenure has a chance of recognising one of the Brotherhood if a Perception test at –60% is successful.

Huras's Plan

That evening Curlain and Glors ride out to Gimeaux to negotiate with Huras and receive a down payment on their reward. Huras, in the privacy of Gimeaux's grounds, outlines his plan:



- The Avig Brotherhood is to find a way of gaining entry to Castle Brass.
- In the castle, Huras wants anything relating to the secrets of the towers and their weapons. He wants anything valuable to Count Brass. He wants to know Yisselda's routines. He wants proof that Bowgentle is a sorcerer
- One of the key tasks for the Brotherhood is to kidnap Yisselda, thus provoking the Count into leaving his castle and hunting for his daughter. Huras knows that the mad priestesses of Sanmaree want to 'liberate' Yisselda to join their sisterhood. He figures Klawdeea and her cult will make good scapegoats.
- Yisselda is to be kept alive for Grand Duke Ziminon. She is no use if killed or defiled. Where the Brotherhood hide her is up to them but Huras must be kept informed at all stages.
- Bowgentle should be killed as quickly possible. It should look like an accident.
- Rumours of atrocities committed by Count Brass, following the Battle of Destang, are to be spread far

and wide across the Kamarg. The people of Aigues Mortes, the Guardians and the folk of Gageron – all are to be turned against the Great Count Brass. The stories of the crimes he committed are lurid and gruesome; Huras claims there are living witnesses who are too afraid of the Count's wrath to come forward. Perhaps the Brotherhood could manufacture some?

- Huras wants to know what is left of Bogomil's laboratories. Are there ways in? Do his old machines still function? What of his research notes? He wants anything that can be used to show that Brass and Bowgentle are intending to start Bogomil's work again, in secret. Another weapon of disinformation.
- The rumour in Aigues Mortes is that a member of the Brass Household visits one of the whorehouses there. The Brotherhood should investigate this and verify if it is true. If so, then the information should be used for blackmail, gaining information to be used against Brass or for securing a 'friend' in the castle itself.
- Good friends of Brass, such as von Villach, Titus Picheny, Zhonzac Ekare and Edrikaan Xerencourt should be 'neutralised' somehow. They are powerful people and loyal to the Count. The Count must be isolated before the final revenge is exacted.
- The Brotherhood must be stealthy and discrete. Revenge will come with careful planning and patience. Nothing will be accomplished if details are rushed or the Brotherhood becomes too enthusiastic.

The Brotherhood's Tactics

The Brotherhood welcomes every aspect of Huras's plan. The opportunity to sow dissent, create mayhem, kidnap, steal and murder – all at Count Brass's expense – is too great to argue with and Ziminon's gold makes the job worthwhile.

However, the Brotherhood is smart enough to know that it cannot act directly. It requires agents to operate on their behalf and carry out the various strands of the plan Huras has outlined. Their first task, then, is to scour Arles, Aigues Mortes and the other settlements of the Kamarg for anyone who is looking for work and is prepared to take some risks. They need a selection of skills and a lack of scruples. They need to dupe people into believing that Count Brass is not a force for good and has tricked the Kamarg for an entire decade. The Brotherhood has gold, so money is not an issue. It is ruthless, so it is quite capable of silencing anyone who might turn against them. It is good at identifying weakness and gullibility and exploiting it. Moreover, it is patient and prepared to take its time.

Each member of the Brotherhood takes responsibility for a particular part of the plan.

Curlain of Prague takes charge for gaining entry to Castle Brass and learning the things Huras has outlined. He learns that a banquet is to be held in honour of Pons Yachar in two weeks time and this may be an opportunity to get loyal men inside the castle, either posing as guests or using the confusion of the banquet as cover for a covert attempt. Curlain himself cannot be part of an overt attempt to gain entry – Brass or Bowgentle would recognise him – yet he is willing to form part of any secret insurgency, if it proves necessary. He goes to Aigues Mortes to recruit likely and willing agents, renting a well-appointed room in Gallowgate and posing as Earl Berack, a merchant-venturer of Shekia looking to trade in fine wines. He scours the market, the inns and the taverns looking for possible accomplices or those desperate for money.

Shlorm Naverre is responsible for spreading lies about Count Brass and the atrocities he committed in Destang. He is to travel around the Kamarg posing as a veteran of the Count's army he is doing nothing but reliving old war stories. He intends to recite the tales of savagery matter-of-factly, as though all generals behave in this way. As people express horror and disbelief, he is to feign an enlightenment, suddenly seeing that Count Brass is as evil – if not more so – than the sorcerer he deposed. Shlorm then intends to gain allies from those who are already dubious about Count Brass and those who become dubious and either pay them or convince them, to spread the word far and wide.

Shlorm is also in charge of arranging the 'neutralisation' of those friendly with Count Brass. There are several methods at his disposal: public shame and humiliation; blackmail; kidnapping and outright murder. Again, agents are employed to research, stalk and monitor the various targets Huras has noted and any additional ones that are identified as part of this process.

Glors of Lieges takes charge of the logistics for kidnapping Yisselda. To do this he needs people who will undertake several things:

- Visit Sanmaree to learn as much as they can about the Kalee Maree cult and in particular, Priestess Klawdeea. Is it true that Yisselda is viewed as a potential goddess?
- Observe and learn Yisselda's routines. Discover who is closest to her and learn their habits. Uncover anything that would make members of her serving staff vulnerable. Uncover what would leave Yisselda vulnerable too.
- Find a suitable place somewhere in the Kamarg where Yisselda can be held prisoner, safe from prying eyes.
- Once Glors has established or ensured that the people he recruits will be loyal to him, to involve them directly in kidnapping Yisselda: through the planning, preparation, kidnapping itself, hiding and ransom demands/conditions. Glors will take a big role in this stage but plays things behind the scenes. If anything goes wrong, he requires as much distance as possible.

Racci of Palerm is given charge of arranging Bowgentle's murder and discovering which member of the Brass household frequents one of the Aigues Mortes brothels. For the murder, Racci needs people to watch Bowgentle and establish his routines – including his routines within Castle Brass. When it comes to the absolute murder, Racci is very happy to do this himself.

For uncovering the nocturnal activities of the household member, he needs agents to visit the Aigues Mortes brothels, question the girls who work there, clients, watch the comings and goings and gain all the necessary information. Once he knows who is visiting a whorehouse he aims to snatch them from the street and make it clear, in no uncertain terms, that, unless they want their shame to be exposed, they must be prepared to co-operate at some stage in the future. For this, Racci needs help again and will conceal his identity when the snatch takes place. A little rough-stuff will happen to show he means business but otherwise the member of the Castle Staff will be released unharmed and perhaps even placed under watch.

If this attempt at blackmail is successful, Racci aims to use the member of the household (Ghraves) as an inside informant that will feed information to his Avig brothers for use in their strands of the conspiracy.

Conducting the Tarnished Brass Campaign

There is clearly a huge amount of scope for plotting, intrigue, nefarious deeds and heroic ones, either using the conspiracy as a backdrop or involving the player characters directly.

The preceding chapters of Castle Brass provide a huge amount of information that can be used to fuel a Tarnished Brass campaign. The NPCs described throughout have been threaded with enough detail to make pawns, accomplices, allies or opponents although Games Masters will need to flesh-out the various plot strands and possibilities when preparing the campaign to either a greater or lesser degree. This is deliberate. The campaign does not seek to railroad the characters into taking one side or another; indeed, the opportunity to change sides is definitely an option and for this reason some vagaries of plot and character motivation need to be maintained to provide for such flexibility.

Here are some suggestions on how the adventurers can be introduced to the Tarnished Brass campaign which should fit with many ongoing Hawkmoon campaign structures.

Repaying a Debt

The characters are in debt to Grand Duke Ziminon of Count Huras for some reason. Their debt will be considered discharged if they become involved in the conspiracy.

Agents of Granbretan

If the characters work for Granbretan in some capacity, then they might have been despatched to the Kamarg as spies or sleeper agents, simply to observe the situation there. In the course of their work they receive word from one of the Beast Orders that some kind of plot is unfolding and they are to investigate it. Count Huras's name is mentioned but little else. It is up to them to discover what is developing.

Looking for Work

A mercenary adventure group is always on the look-out for work. Perhaps one or more of the characters have encountered Count Brass at some stage in the past and either worked for him or been on the receiving end of one of his defeats. Mercenaries, prepared to take risks, are the kinds of people the Avig Brotherhood needs to mount its operation and they will quickly identify the adventurers

as likely candidates. The characters' feelings towards Count Brass will obviously guide their allegiances but as the truth slowly begins to form and they are drawn deeper into the conspiracy, will those allegiances hold fast?

Innocent Dupes

The characters may simply be passing through the Kamarg or Aigues Mortes en-route to somewhere else. A casual encounter with one of the Brotherhood or someone already working for them hooks them into one or two elements of the grand plan. Once in, it might prove difficult for them to extricate themselves. Or they may want to learn more.

Friends of the Family

If the characters know Count Brass, Bowgentle, von Villach or any member of the Brass Household there is the opportunity for them to hear or see something that arouses their suspicions that some form of campaign against Brass is being hatched. Bowgentle may already have suspicions; if so, he invites the characters to act as his eyes and ears across the Kamarg in a bid to unravel the extent of the conspiracy and its perpetrators. This might involve the characters becoming double agents, intent on penetrating the Avig inner circle and thwarting each conspiratorial strand from within.

Timely Intervention

The characters happen to be in the right place at the right time when one of the Avig Brotherhood and agents he has recruited activates a part of the plan – Yisselda's kidnap, for example. By thwarting it, the characters earn the gratitude of the Count himself and are charged with working surreptitiously to root-out the perpetrators.

Friends of the Enemy

Perhaps the characters know Count Huras or his wife, Nikawl and are introduced to the conspiracy either overtly, because Huras trusts them or inadvertently when Nikawl overhears snatches of a discussion that make her suspicious. Nikawl has no wish to see the Brass family harmed and may be motivated enough to secretly work against her husband with the characters' help. She would be in a position to feed them information or hints and clues but would be risking her own life in doing so. If Huras discovered his own wife was betraying him, he would not hesitate to sacrifice her.

Actions and Consequences

No matter how the campaign develops there will be consequences. Count Brass is neither a fool nor a coward. Attacks upon his family will be dealt with swiftly and harshly, although Brass will take the time to find out who needs to be punished and the extent of their involvement.

Depending on how the characters are involved and how the various strands of the conspiracy develop (and in what order), will determine how quickly Brass realises there is a concerted plot against him. Once that conclusion has been reached, he moves with a surprising degree of subtlety to root-out the core perpetrators. If Duke Ziminon and Count Huras have made one mistake, it is in believing that Count Brass is just another rich mercenary. Brass is not; he is an extraordinary man for his time – both soldier and scientist – and he has an astute, logical approach to solving any problem.

Therefore Count Brass should not be seen to stand by idly whilst his name is slandered and family, friends and home threatened. His initial rage soon tempers to calm rationality as Bowgentle helps him work through the different scenarios, calculating who might be behind the various events and what is motivating them.

Huras, of course, will be an early suspect but Huras is, despite his title, relatively poor. Brass also knows that Huras is clever enough to cover his tracks to some extent, although he also suspects that someone with more money, more clout, may be tugging the bull breeder's strings. Brass's methodology is to first find the immediate culprits and isolate them, then, as he assembles evidence and proof, to go after the masterminds.

Yisselda is Kidnapped...

Yisselda is Brass's life. Anyone touching her can expect to feel the full wrath of Count Brass. However he does not behave foolishly; his daughter's safety is paramount. Ransom demands will be considered, instructions followed but Brass uses every friend, ally and Guardian he can to find her and bring her back to safety, leaving nowhere in the Kamarg unsearched. He and the Guardians know the Kamarg better than anyone and will search the most unlikely places using flamingo, horse, science and sorcery.



The aim of kidnapping Yisselda is to provoke Brass into leaving himself vulnerable: he realises this from the instant. So if it comes to negotiations he plays the game but plays it hard, always ensuring he has cover and assistance in the wings. His first priority is to secure Yisselda's safety. His second is to make people believe he is capable of leaving himself vulnerable to attack in the hope of flushing them into the open.

Neither is Yisselda a meek and willing captive. She is as brave and resourceful as her father. She co-operates so she can gain information and preserve her own safety. She watches everything and listens to all. She tries to engage her captors in dialogue and attempts to sympathise with them perhaps but all the while trying to preserve her own life and gain information for her father. She is not likely to make rash bids at escape or to be arrogantly defiant, petulant or foolish. That is not her way. She is calm, serene and methodical, truly grace under pressure.

Bowgentle is Killed

Killed or harmed. This too provokes Count Brass's full wrath and it may be the one action that lures him into acting impulsively. Bowgentle is Brass's conscience and guiding light. Harm to Bowgentle causes Brass to temporarily lose his way and thus become vulnerable.

His first action is to find and punish those who caused the harm. His second is to start sifting for evidence. Do not forget that both Brass and Bowgentle have access to their own sorcery (the Emperor Glaucoma Rune, as used in *The Jewel in the Skull*, is a good example of how the two men employ magic to learn what they need to know) and if Bowgentle is hurt rather than killed, their sorcerous knowledge is put to full use to discover why and who is behind it.

Brass is certainly not above pretending that an assassination attempt has succeeded, even it fails, going as far as staging a mock funeral whilst Bowgentle is secreted somewhere in the Kamarg so he can recover. If killed there is a definite period of mourning before Brass turns the full weight of his mind towards the task of finding the killers.

The Secrets of the Towers are Stolen

If the plans for the towers are stolen and delivered to Huras, Huras passes them to Duke Ziminon. Ziminon intends to use them in preparation for an invasion of the Kamarg once Brass is defeated but not before. He knows he cannot easily out-think Brass on the battlefield and he needs Brass as weak as possible before sending in troops. He would also need the permission of Granbretan before launching an invasion. Londra considers the Kamarg a backwater and until Baron Meliadus is despatched to forge an understanding with Brass, the region does not figure in its plans.

Nevertheless, the plans to the towers are exceedingly valuable. Granbretan will be interested in them but Ziminon keeps them for later use. In the interim he may suggest to Huras that the towers in a particular region be sabotaged somehow, once he has studied schematics and understand the weapons each uses. This would make for additional missions involving the Avig Brotherhood and the characters.

If the towers can be disabled and Brass defeated, then Ziminon begins to mobilise his own troops from Normandia to march south, alerting Granbretan to the possibility of a new conquest in the hope they will support his actions.

Defending the Good and Honest Name of Brass

Brass is, of course, innocent of the atrocities he is accused of. Anyone who knows Brass knows he would never and has never, done the dreadful things that happened at the Battle of Destang. There are people in Aigues Mortes, like von Villach, who will attest to that but there are also survivors of that battle. Destang is a small town in southern Brittany and there are people there who, if they can be brought to the Kamarg, will testify that Count Brass treated the prisoners he took with civility and mercy.

Yet there are plenty in the Kamarg who are willing to believe the worst of Count Brass. Dreadful things are done in war and is Brass truly any better than the other cruel and vicious mercenaries abroad in Europe? Once the seeds of doubt are sown, it requires a lot of hard work to undo the lies and for a time, Brass's integrity is called into question. His response is to address the public and meet the case, challenging anyone who has spread the lies with hard fact and witnesses brought from Destang. His powers of oratory and reason, supported by those who truly know his reputation, should sway the day.

More difficult to shake-off are accusations of sorcery, for this is one area where Brass has indulged and done so secretly. If pressed, he will display his research, which is for genuinely peaceful ends and the safety of the Kamarg. Bogomil's laboratories will be opened so that all can see that Brass destroyed the equipment, putting Bogomil's vile methods beyond any further use.

The Conspiracy Prevails

The conspirators prevail if Count Brass is defeated – that is, killed or driven out of the Kamarg (an unlikely event but perhaps an interesting twist for any *Hawkmoon* campaign) and there are several consequences.

- Brass makes a stand to out his enemies and defeats them in battle. This may lead to a climactic showdown between the Avig Brotherhood, Brass, his Guardians and allies, somewhere in the Kamarg. The Avig Brotherhood can call on the Knights of St Jorg to reinforce them and there are plenty more in Europe who would like to see Brass taught a lesson. The Brotherhood wants personal revenge, though and concentrate their efforts on Brass. They do not want lands or territory, just blood.
- Ziminon marches south with an army, perhaps supported by the Order of the Bull and Wolf. The whole area is garrisoned. Count Huras is given Arles, as promised but Ziminon is in no position to keep his word. Granbretan decides how the Kamarg will be administrated, so Huras may find himself no more than being a puppet for the Dark Empire, just as Ziminon is a puppet.
- Ziminon will try to take Yisselda as his wife but his ambitions are soon thwarted by Baron Meliadus who, visiting the Kamarg to view the new conquest, falls in lust with Yisselda just as he does in the beginning of the Hawkmoon saga. A power struggle of some kind is bound to ensue
- The Guardians and those still loyal to Count Brass mount resistance, going underground to stage a rebellion and using their unparalleled knowledge of the Kamarg to strike back hard. The character may form part of such a resistance, or be employed to end it.

Other Adventures Using Castle Brass

The *Tarnished Brass* campaign is a radical, wide-reaching way of using this book. The preceding chapters contain dozens of ideas for plots, stories and adventures in the wild, remote beauty of the Kamarg.

Most of the major NPCs have some form of personal agenda on a small scale and are willing to employ the characters to achieve their ends. There s scope for political shenanigans within the Aigues Mortes Prefecture, for example; low-key stories set within the streets of Aigues Mortes; more bizarre plots involving the Kalee Maree cultists of Sanmaree and their obsession with Yisselda; and the strange revenge sought by the Mother of Pearl of Beauduc. The castle itself offers scope for low-key domestic adventure and intrigue. The Household has its secrets and agendas; Brass and Bowgentle have theirs. Involve the characters in such tales and make them part of the fabric of Castle Brass.

This book is intended to fuel stories and campaigns within the region. It is intended to inspire Games Masters to tell their own tales, using a variety of different characters, motivations and situations to create memorable and engaging adventures. One good story leads to others and they often take surprising directions. Let this book act as the springboard for adventuring further in the lands of the mistral.

Forces of the Kamarg

'Ten lines of fire poured toward the surprised Granbretanians, turning men into living brands that ran screaming for the water. Fire swept across the ranks of men in the masks of mole and badger and the protecting force in their vulture masks – Asrovak Mikoseevar's mercenaries. Then Hawkmoon's men had clashed with them, and the air rang with the clangour of weapons. Bloody axes swung in the air, swords swept back and forth, men screamed in death agonies, horses snorted and whinnied, hooves flailing.'

– The Jewel in the Skull

When Granbretan sets forth to take its revenge on the rebellious Kamarg, the insane Baron Meliadus at its head, the relative peace of the marshlands becomes a battleground of treacherous ferocity as Hawkmoon leads guerrilla raids against the Dark Empire and their own armies clash with those of Count Brass. This chapter provides details of the forces the Kamarg can muster, couched in terms of the massed combat statistics found in the *Granbretan* sourcebook, along with guidance for Games Masters intending to use the Kamarg as the scene for their own pitched battles.

General Conditions in the Kamarg

With few large areas of dry, stable land, the Kamarg offers treacherous conditions for any army that is unwary of the terrain.

All units fight in the Kamarg at a –10 penalty to their Combat Strength and cavalry fight at –20. The only mitigation to these penalties are for the Guardians who, being experts in the ways of the land, are able to choose their fighting places and tactics carefully enough to avoid the Kamarg's natural hazards.

If a unit is forced to retreat it suffers an additional –10% penalty to its CS as it tries to fall-back whilst avoiding treacherous patches of land.

Troops of the Kamarg

The Kamarg's army is not of any considerable size; it relies on a mixture of volunteer levy, militia troops and the Guardians, both mounted and on foot. The real strength of the Kamarg lies in Count Brass's formidable towers and his own strategic acumen. Where troops are concerned, the cities of Aigues Mortes and Arles are capable of fielding both a city levy, a certain degree of trained infantry and cavalry and in the case of Aigues Mortes, the elite troops of the Guardians.

Troop Types by City

Troop Types	Aigues Mortes	Arles
	Number of Units Available	**Number of Units Available**
City Levy	3	3
Trained Infantry	3	3
Trained Cavalry	2	3
Trained Archers	3	3
Veteran Archers	2	2
Guardian Infantry	5	–
Guardian Cavalry	5	–

City Levy

CS: 7
Morale: 25%
Number in Unit: Aigues Mortes 300; Arles 500
Notes: the City Levies of the Kamarg comprise of hardy volunteers equipped with leather armour and medium quality weapons – a broadsword, spear and shield.

Trained Infantry

CS:22
Morale: 75%
Number in Unit: 100
Notes: the Trained Infanty units comprise of serving city militia soldiers, equipped with Chainmail armour and decent quality swords, shields and spears.

Trained Cavalry
CS:32
Morale: 75%
Number in Unit: 30
Notes: Trained Cavalry are drawn from the city militia ranks and ride the Kamarg's famed horned. horses. They are armed with either a war sword or longsword, shortspear and are clad in leather armour.

Trained Archers
CS:22
Morale: 75%
Number in Unit: 30
Notes: More militia soldiers, armed with a longbow and clad in leather armour.

Kamarg Guardian Infantry
CS:38
Morale: 100%
Number in Unit: 50
Notes: Most Guardians fight from either the saddle of a horned horse or a giant flamingo but when needed to bolster the ranks of the infantry, will fight on foot. Armed with good quality swords and shields, they also carry flamelances, allowing them to engage the enemy from range,

Kamarg Guardian Cavalry
CS: 48
Morale: 100%
Number in Unit: 20
Notes: Commanding horned horses or giant flamingos, the Guardian Cavalry offer a true spectacle in the their shining helms and striking capes. All Guardian Cavalry carry flamelances as well as melee weapons for close quarter fighting.

Veteran Archers
CS: 36
Morale: 100%
Number in Unit: 15
Notes: The Kamarg cannot field many truly veteran archers but the small numbers it has are effective, particularly when engaging in street combat.

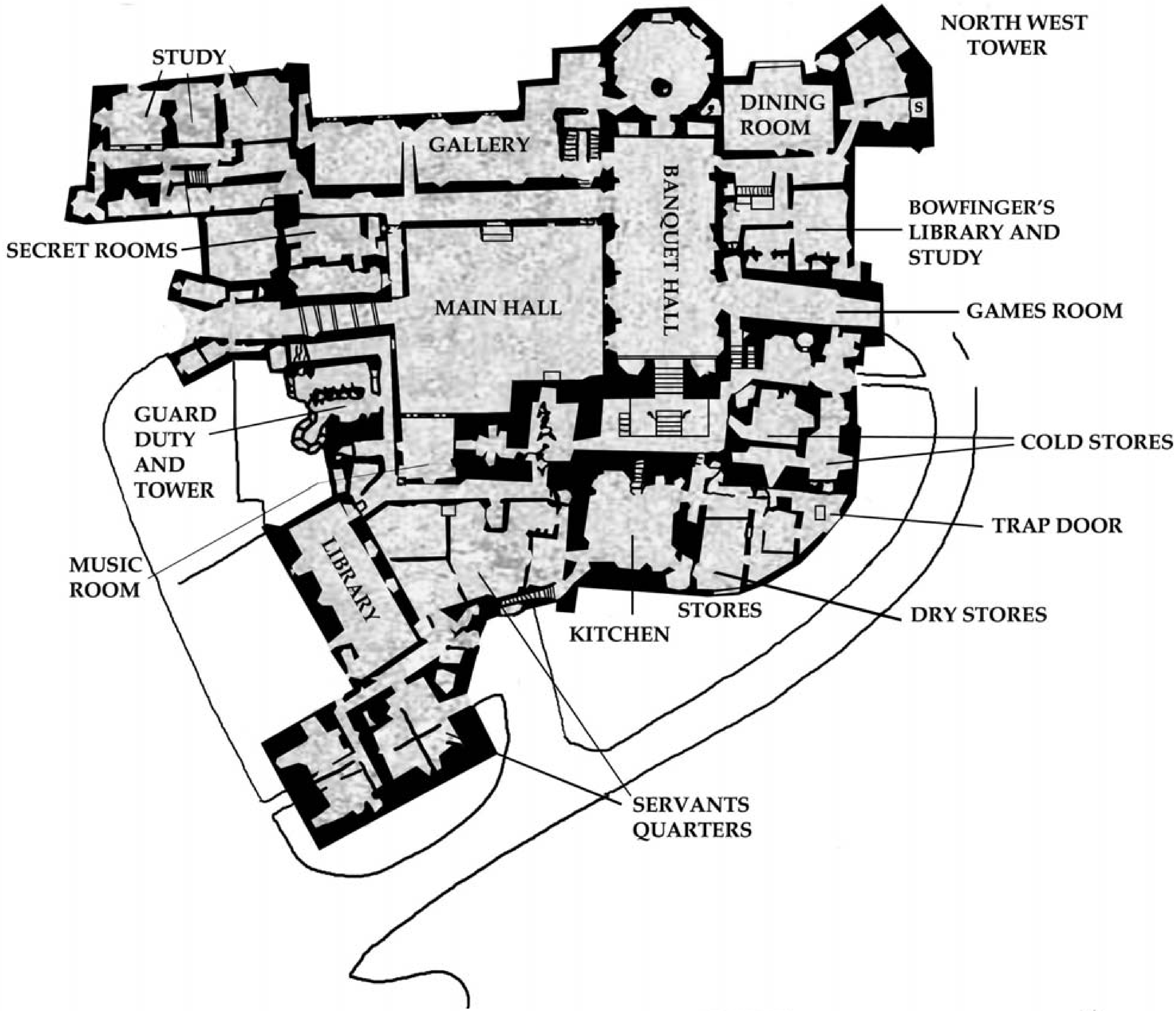
Towers

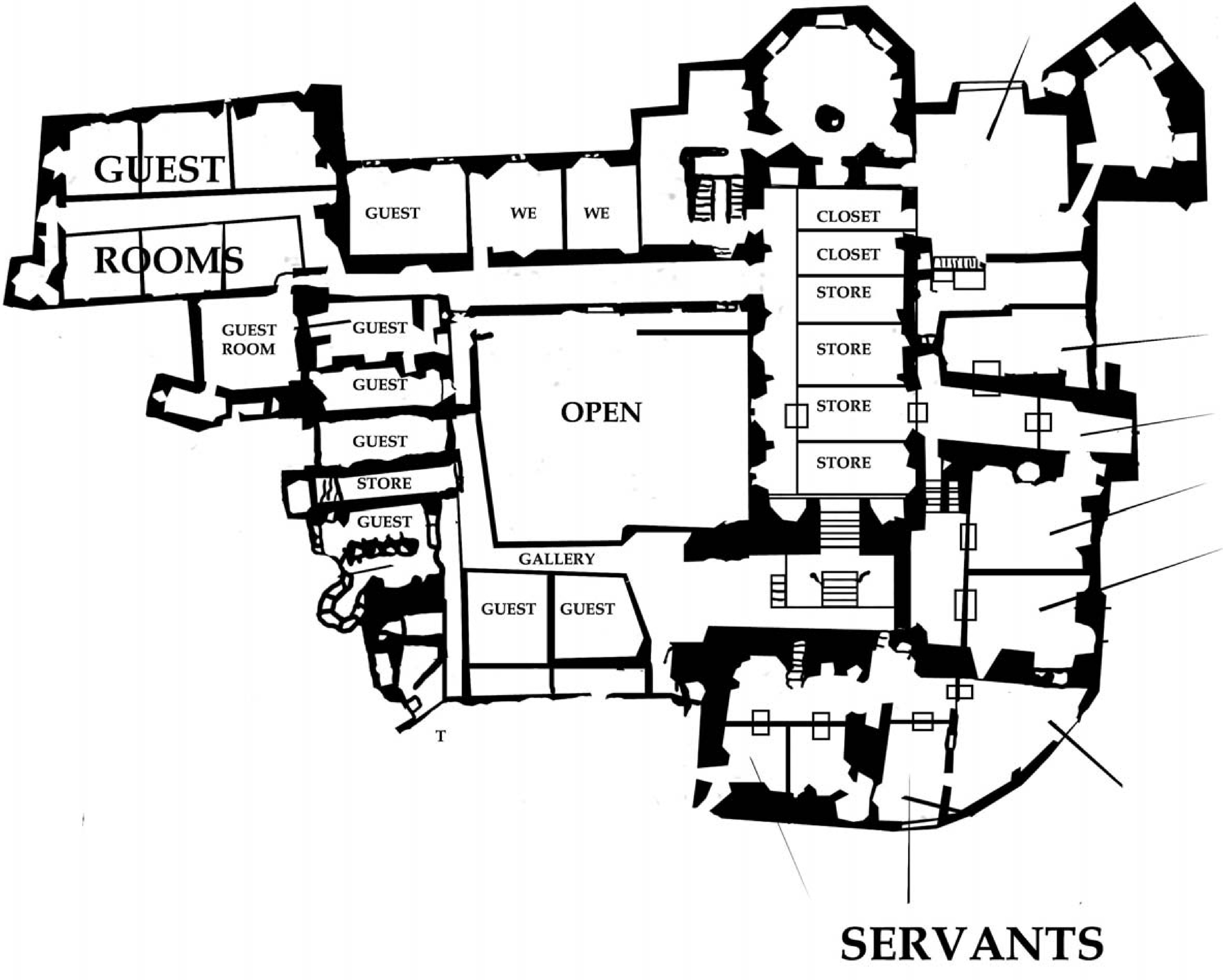
The towers encircling the Kamarg are detailed on page 9. Their sophistication, coupled with the expertise of the Guardians, enables them to fire not once but *twice* per battle round.

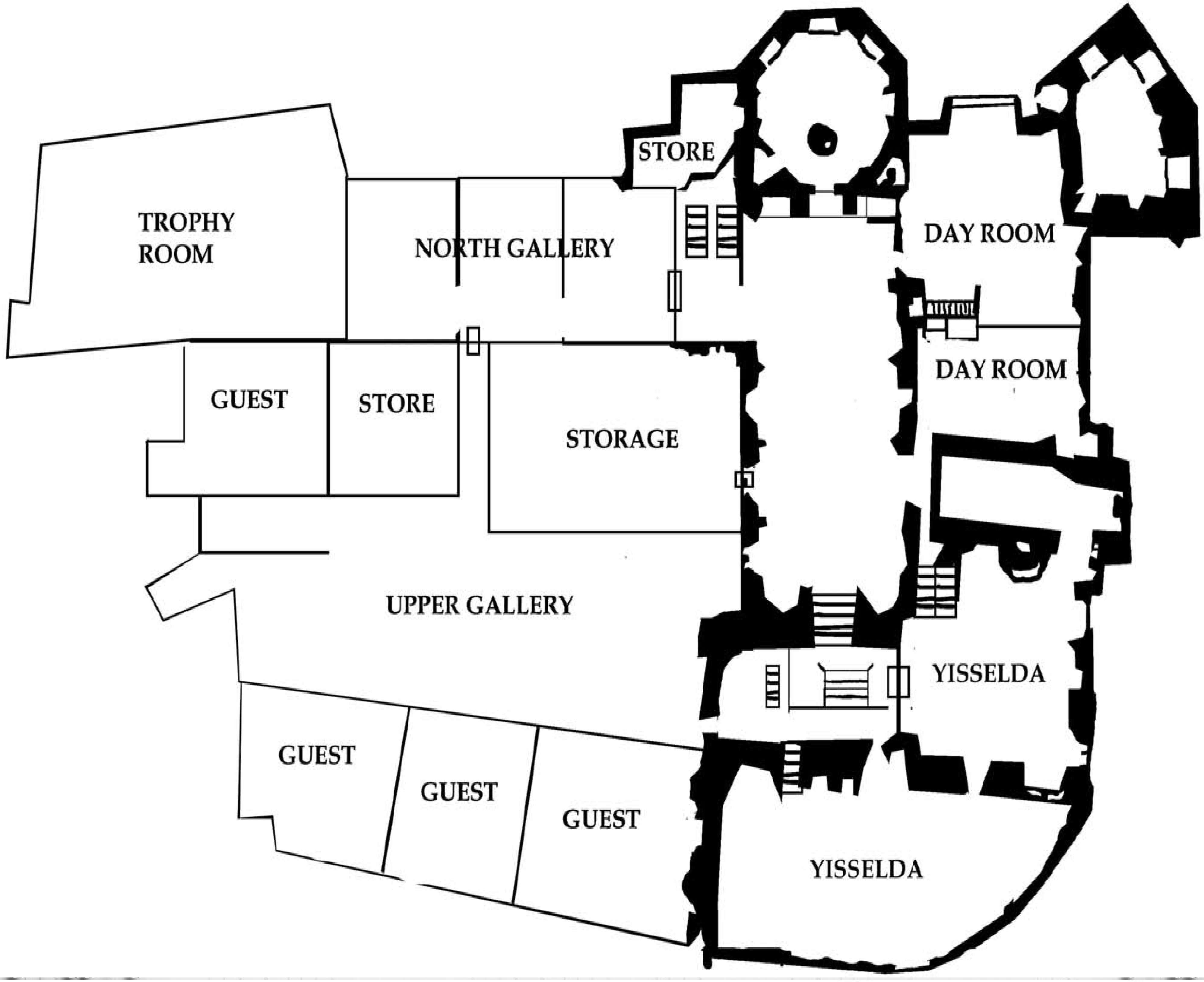
When using towers as part of a pitched battle, consider each tower, irrespective of its armament, to have a CS of 80 and offers the same protection for its occupants as a Small Tower or Low Walls. If a tower is forced to retract into the ground, it takes one battle round for it to complete the manoeuvre and a further battle round to re-emerge. Once submerged beneath ground it is completely invulnerable although it cannot, naturally, engage an enemy.

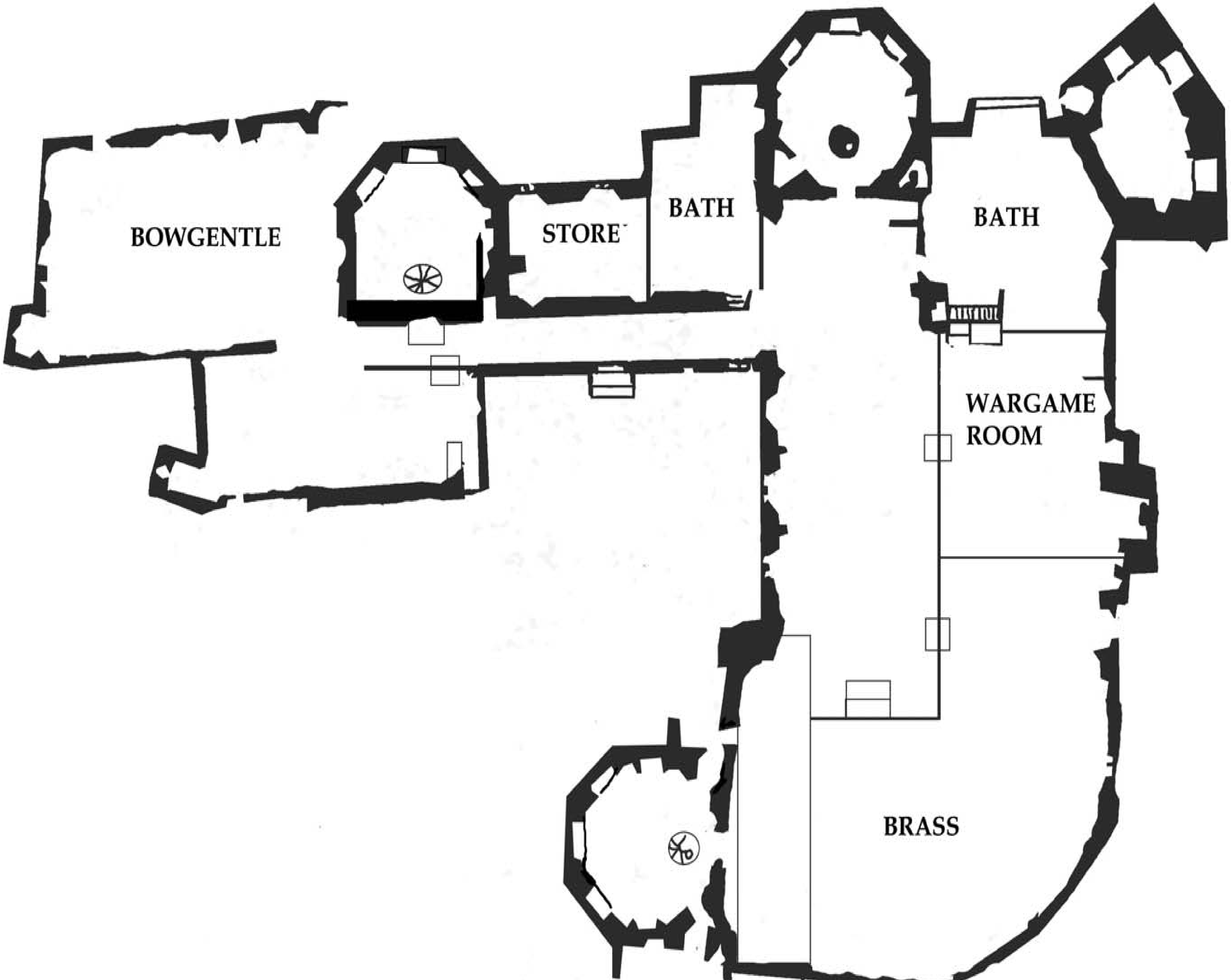
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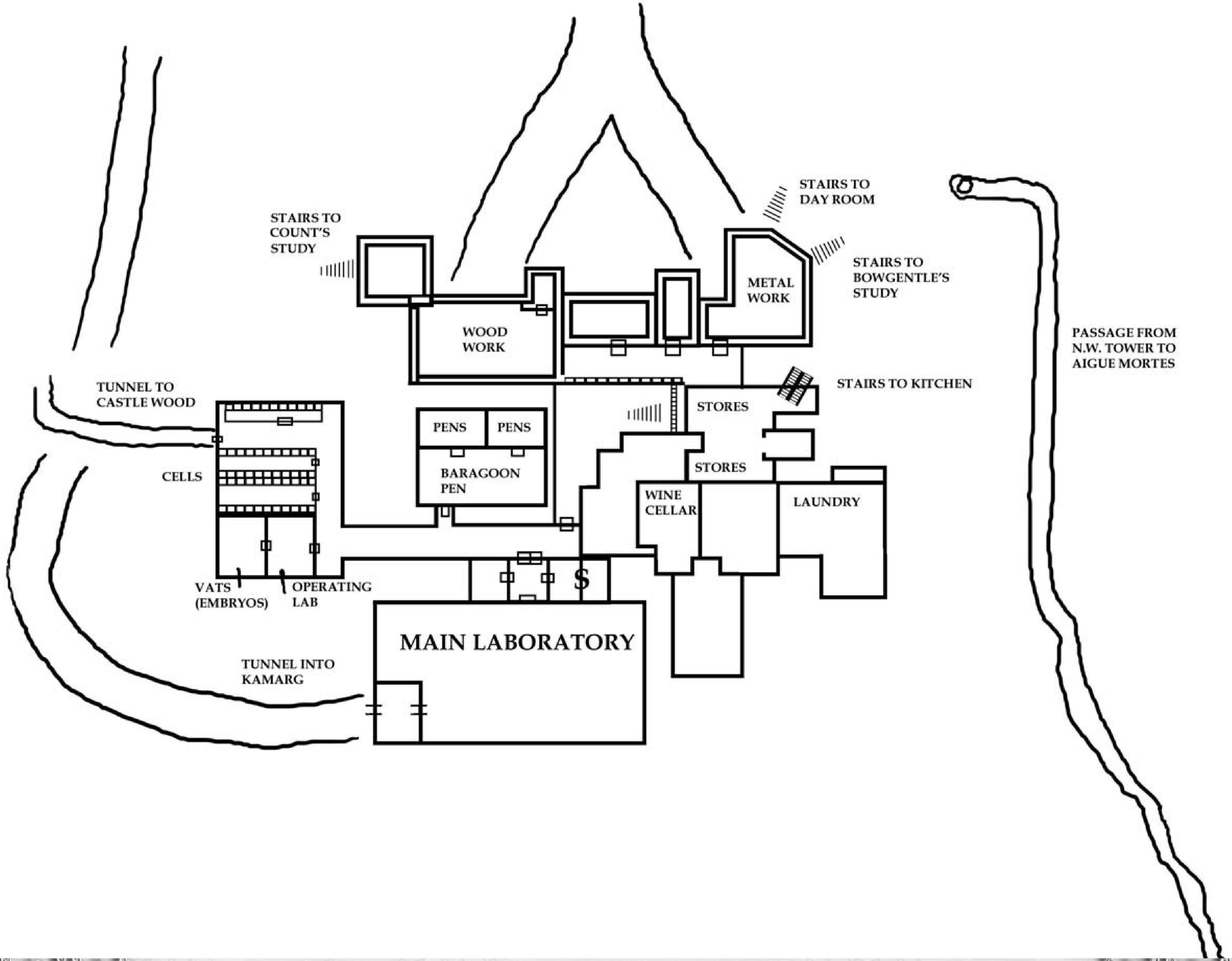
GROUND FLOOR




GUEST
ROOMS
GUEST
WE
WE
CLOSET
CLOSET
STORE
STORE
STORE
STORE
GUEST
ROOM
GUEST
GUEST
GUEST
STORE
GUEST
OPEN
GALLERY
GUEST
GUEST
T
SERVANTS


STORE
TROPHY ROOM
NORTH GALLERY
DAY ROOM
DAY ROOM
GUEST
STORE
STORAGE
UPPER GALLERY
YISSELDA
GUEST
GUEST
GUEST
YISSELDA


BOWGENTLE
STORE
BATH
BATH
WARGAME ROOM
BRASS


STAIRS TO COUNT'S STUDY
STAIRS TO DAY ROOM
STAIRS TO BOWGENTLE'S STUDY
METAL WORK
WOOD WORK
PASSAGE FROM N.W. TOWER TO AIGUE MORTES
STAIRS TO KITCHEN
TUNNEL TO CASTLE WOOD
STORES
PENS
PENS
BARAGOON PEN
STORES
CELLS
WINE CELLAR
LAUNDRY
VATS (EMBRYOS)
OPERATING LAB
S
MAIN LABORATORY
TUNNEL INTO KAMARG